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Drawing by C. M. Manly, A.R.C.A.

THE MILLER'S MEADOW, CONESTOGO

(See page 25)

THE

CANADIAN MAGAZINE

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The Japanese in British Columbia

By MARGARET EADIE HENDERSON

THE records of the Japanese Consulate at Vancouver give the Japanese population of British Columbia at the close of 1907 as about seven thousand five hundred persons, including women and children. Of this number more than three thousand are naturalized British subjects. At the close of the year 1906, the Japanese population numbered six thousand, three thousand of whom were naturalized. During the first seven months of the year 1907 there landed at British Columbian ports three thousand three hundred and thirty-four Japanese passengers, this number including merchants, students, women and children, some of whom were *en route* to Eastern Canada or to points in the United States, while others who had previously resided in Canada were returning to their adopted country after a visit to their native land. From January to October of the same year there arrived at Victoria and Vancouver eight thousand one hundred and twenty-five persons, nearly three thousand of whom came from Hawaii, and it is to these unwelcome arrivals that the serious difficulty in the matter of Japanese immigration may be mainly attributed.

The Japanese population of British Columbia, according to the Canadian Government census of 1901, was four thousand five hundred and fifteen, so that during the past six years there must have been an increase of about three thousand Japanese, or five hundred persons per annum. Those of them who arrived in British Columbia during 1907, and who have remained in the Province have found employment in the logging camps, as saw-mill hands and as laborers, while many who have gone to the United States have obtained work on the Great Northern Railway or on the Japanese rice plantations in Texas and Louisiana.

In a new and sparsely settled country the question of competition in labor must always take precedence over considerations of social sentiment, and in many quarters the fear was entertained that the presence in large numbers of even a friendly allied people might prove to be an injustice to the people of British Col-

JAPANESE FISHERMEN DRYING NETS AT STEVESTON, B.C.

umbia. From this arose the agitation in favor of a "white" British Columbia, fanned as it was by alien elements.

In this connection it is well to remember that the Legislature of British Columbia in its legislation to regulate immigration into the Province, from the year 1900 to the year 1905, regularly passed Acts whose tendency was to place the Japanese among prohibitive immigrants. These Acts were frequently and popularly, though incorrectly, called "Japanese Exclusion Acts." Just as regularly on representations from the Japanese Government were these Acts disallowed by the Federal Government. For, by the "British North America Act, 1867," "In each Province the Legislature may make laws in relation to immigration into the Province which shall have effect in and for the Province, as long and as far only as it is not repugnant to any Act of the Parliament of Canada." The prohibitory feature in the Acts was the Educational Test, requiring of the immigrant applying for admission into British Columbia ability to write at the dictation of the immigration officer, a passage of fifty words in some one or other of the languages of Europe. It is true that provision was made for the conditional entry of immigrants who might fail in this test, on condition of their depositing the sum of five hundred dollars, which sum was to be returned to them, on their securing a certificate of exemption, which, however, was given for a specified period only, and could at any time be cancelled by the Minister within whose province was the administering of the Immigration Act.

In the event of the expiration or cancellation of the certificate of exemption, the applicant became again a prohibited immigrant, liable to be deported from the Province. At the last session of the Legislature, however, a later prohibitory Act was passed, applying to Asiatics and

again requiring of them an examination in at least one of the European languages. The application of this Act has, however, been disallowed as regards the Japanese, owing to the pre-existing treaty between Japan and Canada.

In the industrial development of British Columbia, and in the opening out of her resources, the sturdy little brown men have proved themselves a distinct factor — on the fishing grounds, in the saw-mills, in the logging camps, and on farms, adapting themselves to novel conditions with marvellous capability. It is, however, as a fisherman that the Japanese is admitted to be *facile princeps,* and the sails of their fishing boats picturesquely dot the Fraser and the Skeena during the season of spring salmon, and later, when in turn sockeyes and cohoes and steelheads enrich the rivers.

At the close of the salmon season, the same little brown men engage in deep-sea fishing, loading their boats with halibut, or fishing among the shoals of cod that frequent the coast, or with marvellous dexterity managing nets strained by the accumulated energies of scintillating herring.

Not infrequently it happens that, in the gray dawn after a fierce storm on the Gulf of Georgia, when the dull gray water is lashed to a crested fury, a fisherman's boat, keel up, tossed at the caprice of the billows, tells the grim tale of another fisherman buried in "the graveyard of the Pacific," the individual being recognized by the number of his boat. With their characteristic, philosophical calmness they accept such fatalities as the inexorable decree of Fate.

The fishing industry in British Columbian waters gives employment to about nine thousand persons, including Norwegians, Swedes, Scotch and other nationalities as well as Japanese, but of the total number of fishermen, nearly one-half are Japanese, and as their superior skill is unquestioned, it will be conceded that the

Photograph by Okamura

A JAPANESE FISHING CAMP AT MILLSIDE, B.C.

Photograph by Wadds

HON. KISHIRO MORIKAWA, JAPANESE CONSUL AT VANCOUVER DURING THE RIOTS LAST YEAR

Japanese fishermen are valuable agents in exploiting the wealth of the rivers and deep waters of British Columbia. As may be inferred, the number of fishermen required to gather in the harvest of the rivers varies from year to year. In a poor year not more than perhaps seven hundred Japanese fish for salmon, while in a bountiful year, which occurs at least once every four years, two thousand five hundred or more Japanese hold fishermen's licenses. They are debarred by the alien law from a fisherman's license, and from employment at Government labor, or in public works, until they have become British subjects. Before naturalization papers can be issued, the applicant for naturalization must have resided for three years in British Columbia, and must be able to read and write. though the degree of attainment in these two accomplishments is not necessarily very high. The three years' probation is not spent disadvantageously, the Japanese doing in the meantime any work they can secure, making themselves invaluable as household helps, and employing their time in acquiring a knowledge of English. The period of probation over, on payment of the naturalization fee, and on swearing allegiance to King Edward, they may obtain a fisherman's license.

In the Fraser river district, known as District No. I., during the season of the year 1906, four hundred and seventy-four licenses were issued to Japanese fishermen, one thousand two hundred and seventy-seven licenses being issued to fishermen of other nationalities. In 1907 seven hundred and seventy-one licenses were issued to Japanese fishermen, nine hundred and fifty-five licenses being granted to applicants of other nationalities.

In 1905 for District No. I., which then included the Vancouver Island District, and the Fraser River District, one thousand and forty-nine licenses were issued to Japanese fishermen, while one thousand seven hundred and twenty-seven licenses were issued to fishermen other than Japanese.

Probably twice as many Japanese as the number of licenses would indicate were actually engaged in the industry, as each fishing boat is manned by two persons, a fisherman and a boat-puller.

By the Fisheries Regulations, in conformity with the Fisheries Act, every fisherman must hold a license, and consequently must be a British subject, but the boat-puller, whose work is simply the mechanical manipulation of the boat, does not require a fisherman's license. Therefore it is not usual for the boat-puller to possess naturalization papers.

In Northern British Columbia, the Skeena River District, known as District Number II., in 1905 the number of licenses issued to Japanese fishermen was three hundred and thirty-six, exclusive of the boat-pullers. In the Vancouver Island District, known as District Number III., one hundred and twenty licenses were granted to Japanese fishermen who had become British subjects.

Neither the fishermen or the boat-pullers are employed by the canneries, and at the beginning of the season the fishermen and the cannery men agree upon a fixed price for the salmon which the fishermen sell to the canneries individually.

In the canneries, where the salmon are prepared for shipment, probably not more than seventy Japanese are employed, the majority of the fish-cleaners being Siwashes, while most of the cannery-workers are Chinese, who are wonderfully expert in operating the machines used in the different stages of the work.

The boats and nets which form the fisherman's equipment in many instances are the property of the cannery men, and are rented for the season to the fishermen, but more frequently the fisherman has his own boat and net, possession of which indicates a considerable measure of prosperity, for a good net costs one hundred and fifty dollars, and a fisherman's boat costs from forty to seventy-five dollars, a flat-bottomed boat being worth forty dollars, while a good round-bottomed boat costs seventy-five dollars. The Japanese themselves construct excellent fishing boats, and they supply a large number of those used in British Columbian waters during the fishing season. An achievement of which they were rather proud was the building several years ago of a small steamboat which regularly plies the Fraser in the prosecution of Japanese trade.

In the Vancouver Island District, District Number III., after the close of the salmon season, the herring industry employs a large number of Japanese who have themselves invested about five thousand dollars in the Nanaimo herring trade. The magnitude of the industry may be imagined from the fact that one firm alone put up six hundred tons of herring during the season of 1906.

A new industry, for which the Japanese are especially fitted, is salting the herring, the most approved method of performing the work having been taught the salters by Mr. Cowie and the Scottish girls who two years ago visited the various fishing districts throughout the Dominion to instruct the salters in the art of packing the herring, as practised at

Photograph by Trueman

MRS. MORIKAWA, WIFE OF THE LATE JAPANESE CONSUL AT VANCOUVER

Photograph by Okamura

THE JAPANESE RED CROSS AUXILIARY SOCIETY OF VANCOUVER. THE PRESIDENT, MRS. MORIKAWA, IS IN THE MIDDLE OF THE FRONT ROW

the great centres of the herring trade in the Old Land.

In fishing for cod, the Japanese use a hook and line, removing the hook from the live fish before throwing them into a net or cage which trails along with the fisherman's boat. Those Japanese who can afford a gasolene launch have, in the centre of the launch, a tank or vat filled with salt water into which the catch is placed. The Japanese thus dispose of their cod alive, the purchaser procuring the fish fresh from the brine. And yet it is not so much consideration for the customer as protection for themselves that may be given as the reason for this custom. The Japanese are accustomed to eat certain kinds of fish raw, among them being smelts, cod and oysters. The cod is sliced thin, highly seasoned, and served with a salad. The necessity for the fish being absolutely fresh is obvious.

Though the Japanese benefit so largely by the fisheries of British Columbia, they cannot legally be employed in the mines of the Province, for all tunnel and drain licenses issued by virtue of the powers conferred by the "Mineral Act," and the "Placer Mining Act," and all leases granted under the "Placer Mining Act" are granted on the express condition that "no Chinese or Japanese be employed in or about the said 'tunnel,' 'drain' or 'demised premises,' as the case may be."

Farm work and gardening are occupations that engage the energies of many Japanese, especially in the early days of their residence in British Columbia, market gardening in particular apparently yielding a fair measure of prosperity. Still, it is chiefly the Chinese who supply the greater part of the vegetables used in the Province. Many Japanese find employment at felling the forest giants that must give way before the march of progress, while in most of the sawmills, Japanese are employed either in cutting lumber or in some other department of saw-mill work.

Comparatively few Japanese are engaged in mercantile pursuits, their largest shops being filled with Japanese curios, silks, porcelain and other Japanese commodities, though they have stores, too, where the ordinary necessities can be obtained. The preparing of rice for the market is carried on in very modest places, dignified with the name of rice factories. A more pretentious mill, however, is one at Lion Island on the Fraser river, about four miles below New Westminster, built several years ago by a naturalized Japanese who installed the machinery necessary for preparing the rice for commerce. The Japanese are usually credited with the possession of imitative skill, and a certain habit of ingenuity rather than any inventive genius. The latter may follow with the culture of years, as they are excellent craftsmen, and are not lacking in enterprise.

An enterprise proposed by a small syndicate of Japanese is the purchasing of farm land in Alberta for the culture of beets for the beet sugar industry. The Japanese interested in the purchase are actuated by a double motive—partly the desire to embark in a successful enterprise, and partly anxiety to provide work for their compatriots.

The artistic talent of the Japanese is well known, their innate taste for art being fostered by very careful training, while the artistic environment they enjoy in their native land and the beauty of their gardens all tend to favor this natural bent. They have a passionate admiration for trees and flowers, their skill in arranging the latter amounting to genius, with so dainty a touch do they impart peculiar grace to the grouping of even the most commonplace flowers. The ordinary garden or field turnip, of the prodigious size peculiar to the vegetation of British Columbia, scarcely seems to appeal as a motive

for artistic expression, except perhaps as a stimulus to thankfulness at a harvest home service. And yet in the hands of a clever Japanese lad named Norimoto, I once saw the prosaic turnip transformed into the very poetry of vegetable carving. It was about six years ago at a college in British Columbia, where young Norimoto was a student, giving such help as he could, in return for much coveted instruction in English. A reception was to be held at the college, and elaborate arrangements were being made for the decoration of the rooms. Norimoto, everywhere helpful with evergreens and flags and bunting, had in his spare moments prepared an additional contribution to the general effect. In a rather dim corner of the scantily-supplied conservatory (for finances had to be devoted to strictly necessary objects), Norimoto had placed a large tub, in which he had planted a laurel whose glossy dark green leaves were relieved by what appeared to be the large and exquisitely waxy blooms of the camellia. Closer examination revealed the cunning work of the craftsman. Each flower was carved from a solid piece of turnip, the pure petals having been scooped out with the spoon-shaped blade of a potato knife, the wonderfully realistic illusion being completed by slight touches of color in the shadows.

That the lad had been thinking of his home in Tokyo, and of the cherry blossoms of its cherry-lined streets was to be inferred from his having sought in the neighboring woods a wild cherry tree in bloom—though it was not the blossoming season — with quantities of beautifully tinted popped corn, dexterously fastened to the branches.

The artistic instinct peculiar to the race is developed and cultivated often in the most unlikely conditions. A Japanese house boy, after his day's work is done, and his daily lessons are prepared will spend many a half-hour with pencil or crayon working at a drawing that has seized his fancy. One boy found happiness for a fortnight in working at an ideal head of Saint John the Evangelist, while another who possessed no other drawing materials than one pencil and a piece of rubber, spent his leisure in making exquisite drawings of groups of flowers, carelessly tossed on the table before him, deftly rearranging them to provide himself with a variety of models.

The artistic taste of the women finds expression in needlework, especially in the work of embroidery so exquisitely wrought that the under surface of the fabric is a duplicate of the upper surface, this result being attained by using two needles in the production of the design. Their delicate fingers and fine sense of touch render them peculiarly adapted for the work of photographic retouching, but it is as home-makers and nurses that they are best known.

Some of the women give their work as household helps for small remuneration in return for the advantage of acquiring a knowledge of English, and of Canadian ways of living. Of course such arrangements are usually only temporary, for the Japanese women learn very quickly, and they soon apply their newly-acquired knowledge in the management of their own homes. Their home-training includes instruction in housework and in the art of caring for the sick, so that the transition from home nursing to hospital work is not difficult. Their self-control and gentleness of manner tend to make them ideal nurses, and the work appeals to them with peculiar insistence. In the work of the Red Cross Society the Japanese women of British Columbia have taken a very real interest, and it has given them peculiar joy to be able to add their contributions to so noble a work. A Japanese Red Cross Auxiliary Society, with Mrs. Morikawa as president, has been conducted with grati-

fying success, young girls as well as those of more mature age doing what they could to help, a neat badge awarded each active member being a coveted distinction.

The Japanese mothers are particularly impressed with the importance of educating their children, and they deny themselves much to have them properly equipped for school, and it is only just to add that the Japanese children in Canadian schools, by their intelligent grasp of their studies and their courteous demeanor, do their mothers infinite credit.

The same ardent love of knowledge characterizes the Japanese in their own land, not even famine causing them to neglect their duty in this particular. We are apt to overlook the profound history and learning of Japan, existing for thousands of years, and perhaps we fail to understand the mental attitude of proud intellectuality peculiar to the Japanese, an intellectual superiority which causes them to resent being classed with the Chinese or the Koreans. But this attitude partly explains the deep-seated reverence for their ancestors, peculiar to the race, and it is therefore not surprising that though a large number of Japanese are rationalists, many still profess Buddhism. No temple yet exists in British Columbia for the Buddhistic rites of worship, but there is in Vancouver a Buddhist mission with a membership of three hundred Japanese, though not more than seventy members assemble each Sunday to perform their devotions after the manner of their ancestors. They propose, however, to erect a temple for their peculiar form of religion at no remote date.

In the religious life of the Province the Japanese people of British Columbia are not conspicuous, though the different Christian denominations have undertaken missionary work among the race—work which has already borne fruit, for some of the most useful members of the different churches are Japanese. The Presbyterian Church numbers Japanese among its members, and only a short time ago a number of Japanese were baptized and received into the communion of the Church of England. The Methodist missions among the Japanese dotted throughout the Province have been remarkably successful, among those who attend the Japanese Methodist Church and labor zealously for the moral and spiritual good of their countrymen in British Columbia being several Japanese who are studying for the ministry, with the intention of returning to their native land to do missionary work among their people at home.

With praiseworthy independence, the Japanese of Vancouver have themselves built a mission building, which cost ten thousand dollars. This building is provided with, not only a church auditorium, but also with a men's club-room and a school-room, completely equipped for educational work among the race in the city. A smaller mission building had been previously opened in Vancouver, a dwelling for the Japanese teacher being a convenient feature of the building.

From the outset the Japanese people of British Columbia have manifested a readiness to identify themselves with everything that pertains to the interests of the Province, and in the most unobtrusive way they have assumed their full share of responsibility in philanthropic movements, assisting in maintaining the efficiency of charitable institutions and in equipping hospitals with the most approved appliances. To the Fund opened to assist the sufferers from the fire that devastated the city of Hull, in Quebec, and to the Relief Fund after the New Westminster Fire in 1898, the Japanese were prompt in tendering their aid.

In 1902 a liberal gift, spontaneous and quite unlooked for, was sent by the Japanese of British Columbia to

the South African Patriotic Fund, Mrs. Shimizu, wife of the Japanese Consul at Vancouver, having herself collected the amount of several hundred dollars among her compatriots. On the other hand, British Columbia's contribution to the Japanese Red Cross Fund during the Russo-Japanese war was warmly appreciated by the Japanese people, as was also the wheat sent by the Dominion Government, and the salmon sent by the British Columbia Packers Association for the relief of the famine sufferers in Japan. In this connection mention may be made of the extraordinary self-denial practised by the Japanese people of British Columbia that they might contribute to the relief of their starving countrymen at home, many Japanese depriving themselves of necessary food that they might be able to send a slightly larger gift as their share of help.

Among the many admirable qualities displayed by the Japanese population of British Columbia is their respect for law, their loyalty to their adopted country and their devotion to the British Crown, under whose protection they enjoy security.

When the Prince and Princess of Wales, then the Duke and Duchess of Cornwall and York, visted Vancouver on their tour through the Dominion, every element of the population joined heartily in the popular welcome to our future King and Queen. That the reception might be a thoroughly representative one, the various classes of the population had erected triumphal arches along the royal route, the Japanese and the Chinese each contributing a structure of characteristic design, which elicited expressions of admiration from the royal guests, the Japanese tribute to the Sovereign's delegates receiving a special word of commendation. To the Japanese arch a special interest was attached, for, in awarding the contract for the work, the Japanese Consul had stipulated that every nail was to be driven, every flag to be in place before midnight on Saturday in readiness for the reception on Monday. On the Sunday following, it seemed a curious anomaly that bustling preparation should be seen on every side, while in stately beauty the completed Japanese arch rose, a mute tribute to the Japanese regard for the British Sabbath. And now that the Parliament of Canada has placed upon the Statute books the Lord's Day Act, to secure rest for the toiler and to preserve the sanctity of the Sabbath, it may come with a sense of distinct surprise to many to learn that in the year of grace, 1901, it remained for the Japanese people of British Columbia to set an example in this particular.

In the gentlemen who represent her at the Consulate of Japan, the Empire of the Rising Sun has been exceptionally fortunate, and in British Columbia the Japanese Consulate is recognized as a centre of social and beneficent influence. On the mainland, the first Japanese Consul was Hon. P. Sugimura, who was followed by the Hon. T. Kito, and he in turn, by the Hon. T. Nosse, now Consul-General of Japan for Canada. Mr. Nosse's successor was the Hon. Seizaburo Shimizu, who was in charge of the Consulate until June, 1902, since which time he has held various appointments, his present position being Japanese Consul at Chicago. Since June, 1902, the Hon. Kishiro Morikawa has been the Mikado's representative at Vancouver, and during his occupancy of the Consulate, the reputation of the Japanese for graceful hospitality has suffered no diminution. In the social duties of the position he has been greatly aided by Mrs. Morikawa, whose graciousness and unaffected simplicity of manner have endeared her to many friends in all classes of the community. Mr. Morikawa's consular term at Vancouver expired at the close of 1907, his successor at the Consulate being the Hon.

C. Yada, formerly the Japanese Consul at Mexico.

It is true that in the early days of Japanese immigration into Canada, it was with the hope to be able to return to Japan with their savings accumulated after years of toil, to spend the remainder of their days in their native land. But as they have grown to understand and appreciate the freedom of British institutions, as well as the material advantages which residence under the British flag secures for the subject, they have more and more inclined to settle in Canada as naturalized citizens.

Retaining a strong attachment to their native land, very naturally they do not wish their sons and daughters to grow up ignorant of its great history or disloyal to its traditions, and those who can afford to do so, send their children to Japan, after completing their public school course in British Columbia, partly to acquire a Japanese education and a knowledge of the accomplishments valued by the Japanese, but principally to obtain the advantage of a Japanese environment.

But with all their intense patriotism, the Japanese who have settled in Canada recognize the fact that Japan, owing to its dense population has many limitations, and that it can not give to the individual Japanese the advantages that Canada affords. This fact explains the eager desire of Japanese immigration to settle in the Dominion.

Apart, however, from motives of interest and from diplomatic considerations, there seems little reason to doubt that a lofty aim is entertained by many of the Japanese who have settled in British Columbia.

In this connection it may not be indiscreet to quote the words of the Hon. Seizaburo Shimizu, a former Japanese Consul at Vancouver. "It had been our aim to cement in friendship the Japanese settled in British Columbia with Canadians, so that Canadian interests and sentiments and aims might be, as far as possible, intelligently shared by the Japanese people. When leaving my post at Vancouver in 1901, I felt our endeavors to attain that aim had not been altogether in vain. The news of the regrettable occurrence at Vancouver in the autum of 1907, naturally caused me much sadness."

In a Japanese artist's studio, rich with glowing Satsuma pottery and gorgeous silken embroidery from Nippon, where water-color drawings of the Grotto at Lourdes and of Saint Bernadette reveal the artist's varied studies, there is conspicuously hung on the wall a framed facsimile of Runnymede's immortal charter—the first safeguard of British liberty. The artist, remarking on the excellence of the reproduction—the color of time-stained parchment, vivid with the heraldic bearings of the nobles who had secured this pledge of freedom for the subject—said thoughtfully: "A great charter of liberty; it has made Britain great. It is because Britain stands for liberty that the Japanese are so proud of the Anglo-Japanese treaty."

Perhaps the amazing admiration felt by the Japanese for our "rough island story" may be partly accounted for by the physical position of the Island Empire of the Pacific, not dissimilar to that of the British Mistress of the Seas. However, that may be, the naval glory of Britain appeals to them with a potency only second to their inbred passion for their Emperor. And when, two years ago, six hundred picked sailors from a Japanese war-ship visited London, where they were welcomed with a warmth called forth by their prowess in the Russo-Japanese war, they won the good-will of every Jacktar that sails under King Edward's flag, when in the crypt of St. Paul's, before the sarcophagus of the world's greatest Admiral, they reverently paid homage to Nelson's dust. And

if, as it would appear, the Japanese have studied freedom, as interpreted in the text of Britain's example, they have learned their lesson well. They are the most tolerant people in the world, courteous, humane, faithful to friends, generous to foes, ever open to new light.

In the Russo-Japanese war it is admitted that the rules of the International Red Cross Society were observed faithfully by the Japanese, whose surgeons, hospitals, nurses and hospital equipment were employed to aid suffering humanity irrespective of race. And though, to use the words of Rudyard Kipling:—

> "East is East, and West is West,
> And never the two shall meet,"

it is a cause of pride to many Japanese, as it surely must be a cause of satisfaction to many Canadians, that this people allied with us by treaty have been able in some degree to realize the meaning and the inestimable privilege of Canadian citizenship.

Remembered

A VILLANELLE

By JAMES P. HAVERSON

Red rose and gay Grisette,
Do you recall the hour
My heart will not forget?

That heart is holden yet
Within thy subtle power,
Red rose and gay Grisette.

Full many suns have set
Behind that ruined tower—
My heart will not forget.

With tears your eyes were wet
All dew-bedecked, the flower,
Red rose and gay Grisette.

Fresh as the day we met,
Remains that golden hour—
My heart will not forget.

Untinged by least regret,
Fair woman and sweet flower—
Red rose and gay Grisette,
My heart will not forget.

Drapeau the Patriot

By LOUIS FRÉCHETTE

VISITORS to our country readily acknowledge that the basin of Quebec presents one of the most beautiful sights, not only on this continent, but in the whole world.

One evening, chance had led me in my stroll to the edge of the lofty cliffs of Levis, from the top of which the eye embraces the marvellous panorama, and in my childish reverie—I was hardly fifteen years of age—I had forgotten the flying hours.

The sun was sinking in a blaze of glory behind the proud fortress surnamed the "Gibralter of America," outlining the pinnacles, domes and steeples which crown the giant promontory.

The lower town was lost in darkness up to the summit of Cape Diamond, whose sombre mass projected its shadow on the surface of the great river; while the mouth of the St. Charles and its vast estuary reflected the rose and lilac tints of the glowing sunset, which from the heights of Charlesbourg, filled the western sky with splendor.

On the slopes of Beauport, alternatives of dim spots and flakes of light, variable as a transformation scenery, faded slowly and gradually in the decreasing twilight and the recoiling perspective.

Right and left, the distant objects died away by degrees, enveloped in the bluish shades of a soft and floating mist. In front of me, the embattled old city, squatted down in the dark, with her brow lost in a radiant nimbus, girted itself with a myriad of golden sparkles multiplied to the infinity in the shiverings of the waves.

At my feet, from the deck of the anchored vessels, or from the blazing hearths of the great rafts at rest in the remote coves, an isolated voice rose up by intervals, blending its melancholy note to the last sounds of the closing day.

The night was falling, falling, enveloping in its obscurity, like a rising tide, the meadows, the houses, the rocks and the woods, while the St. Lawrence, growing dimmer and dimmer, could hardly be detected in the dark, and semed to retain its breath of sleeping giant, for fear of troubling the peace of that serene hour.

Suddenly a flash of lightning broke out from the top-most bastion of the fortress.

A few moments later—just the time required for the report to reach my ears—a detonation was heard, strong as a thunder crash, and its rumblings, re-echoed in the far distance, slowly died away among the lonely gorges of the Northern mountains. It was the cannon of the citadel announcing nine o'clock from its lofty granite carriage.

The last vibrations still floated in the atmosphere when a nervous shock started me from head to feet. A thundering voice had just broken out above me. I raised my head, and in the last glimmers of the fading light, I saw a tall old man who from the top of a rock near by was brandishing

a heavy cudgel with a wild gesture, while hurling a torrent of invectives at the distant city.

If the voice had frightened me, I was tranquillized by the sight. Old Drapeau was a well-known character. "Drapeau the wild man," as children used to call him. Though I had never met him face to face, I had more than once heard him haranguing from afar.

"Cursed English!" he used to shout out with thundering voice. "Nation of assassins! fire out, fire your cannons! If the great God is just, he shall chase you from this soil some day, you execrated invaders! Ah! you triumph now, with your powder and bullets, but wait a while! Look at me, I have none of your powder and bullets; but I challenge your cannons, your guns and your bayonets! Here I am, waiting for you, do you hear me, traitors? Come along, a hundred to one, as usual, you cowards! You don't care, do you? Bandits, scoundrels, reprobates!"

The vociferations of the maniac died away in the echoes of the night, amid the barking of the dogs roused in the distant coves and solitary farms.

Long did the old man cast his wild provocations in the face of the imaginary enemy, his voice faltering by degrees until nothing but inarticulate growls could be heard, broken by long sighs and heart-rending sobs.

At last he remained silent, absorbed in a kind of tragic reverie; and then after having thrown an inquiring glance around him, he slowly disappeared in the thicket, muttering in a tone half sad, half raging, an old war refrain from the Ardennes, imported with so many other ballads, by the first settlers on Canadian soil:—

A cheval, gendarmes!
A pied, Bourguignons!
Montons en Champagne:
Les Anglais y sont!

Which may be translated thus:—

On horse-back, men of arms!
On foot, boys of Burgundy!
Let us march on to Champagne:
We shall find the English there!

Drapeau was a grim-featured lunatic who spent his life travelling between Levis and Montmagny—a distance of about forty miles—somewhat savage, generally taciturn, accepting charity here and there, without a fixed residence or known means of existence. In spite of his frowning expression of face, he was not inclined to mischief; he even proved of use occasionally. And, as his inoffensive disposition was well known, nobody thought of annoying him; on the contrary people treated him with sympathetic kindness.

He travelled with a wallet on his stooping shoulders, ever sombre and thoughtful. When he felt hungry, he would sit down by the road, at the corner of a bridge, anywhere at all, to nibble a crust. In the evening he would knock at some humble dwelling and ask for a night's hospitality. Such favor he would recognize by sawing firewood, by sweeping the front doors or doing errands. He won his welcome in the evenings, by singing old songs and ballads.

He used to sing the ballads as if he had been alone, in a tone and with an accent that strangely impressed all who heard him. His glassy eyes seemed then as if gazing inward, and the singer looked as if he attuned his voice to some extraordinary scene, to something tragical that was going on in the inmost recess of his soul. He ventured occasionally upon some objectionable refrain to which he succeeded in giving a mournful expression, by dragging his tremulous voice through the endless grace-notes with which country people like to adorn their rustic couplets.

One thing he used to intonate with fiery spirit was the old refrain already quoted:—

A cheval, gendarmes!
A pied, Bourguignons!
Montons en Champagne:
Les Anglais y sont!

The fact is that his chief mania—we might say the only truly objection-

able one he had—was his boundless hatred for the English; a ferocious, mad, wild, hatred. A single word of English would put him in a rage. If he met an Englishman on the way, he would shake his fist at him, swearing and gesticulating wildly with his deadly cudgel.

With this exception, as I have already given you to understand, there was no real harm in him. A severe glance was enough to calm his anger.

That man had a history.

Drapeau's grandfather — Jacques Placide—was born in St. Michel de Bellechasse. His family had early settled in the country and had originally come from Fontenay-le-Comte, in Vendée.

During the Seven Years war he shouldered a musket like others, and valiantly fought for the supremacy of France in the new world. Two years he had nibbled the poor ration of hard brown bread distributed to the starving garrison of Quebec. From the ramparts he had watched the smoke of the burning farms, and, wounded on the battlefield of Abraham, he had seen the British troops entering Quebec, behind the litter of the dying *Marquis*.

The wounded soldier had returned to his country home, with fury in his heart, and dreaming of one thing only: a turn of events.

France defeated, Canada in the hands of the enemy, gave him the impression of a nightmare; and, amid the circles of the villagers, during the evening gatherings, the poor invalid endeavored to revive the courage of his compatriots by alluding to the rescue that could not fail to come from abroad and save them.

Montreal had surrendered.

Levis had burnt his flags in the island of Ste. Helena, and sailed off for France. The long expected liberating fleet never came; but, instead, to the forsaken soldier still hoping in anguish and distress, this terrifying and incredible news was conveyed: Louis XV had ceded Canada to England.

It was, of course, received with a general shrug of shoulders. France accepting her defeat! An entire population delivered up like merchandise! Canada to England, nonsense! All this seemed so absurd that every one obstinately refused to believe it, until the day when, from all the pulpits of the country, the priests officially announced the event and preached submission to the new régime.

This aroused a cry of universal protest:—

"Never! never!" was the unanimous exclamation; "we will never be English! we will die French! *Vive la France!*"

Drapeau wept with rage, biting his fists.

In presence of this defiant attitude of the population, the clergy redoubled their efforts to induce the country people to accept, as had been done in the cities, an order of things imposed by necessity and against which all resistance was useless.

"It is now the established power, my dear brethren," said every pastor in his Sunday discourse; "it is the legitimate authority: God commands you to submit and obey."

Such was the thesis developed by the parish priest of St. Michel de Bellechasse, in his sermon, on the 13th of July, 1763, when a man stood up in the audience and violently interrupted the preacher.

It was the soldier, Drapeau.

"*Monsieur le Curé,*" he said, "that's enough preaching for the English, can't you preach a little while for God now?"

Such *algarade* created a great scandal, as may be easily imagined; and the result was deplorable.

Two parishes—St. Michel and St. Valliers—who had sided against their common priest were excommunicated in a body by Mgr. Briand, who was then bishop of Quebec.

The rebellion lasted four years; and one may yet be shown the unhallowed spot where, without the prayers of the Church, were buried five of the rebels—three men and two women—who never consented to submit.

Those simple hearted believers renounced their eternal salvation in order to remain faithful to France.

As for Drapeau, after his extraordinary interference in the sermon, he left the Church, singing with all his might.

A cheval, gendarmes!
A pied, Bourguignons!
Montons en Champagne:
Les Anglais y sont!

The unfortunate being had lost his mind.

He had a son—Pierre.

The young man inherited the paternal homestead, married, and became in his turn the father of a family.

Being peaceful and industrious, he prospered.

But with his imagination excited by the patriotic ramblings of his father, he voluntarily indulged in a state of sickly exaltation, which could not but lead him to grief also. It was impossible for him to realize that the power of England over the country was to be permanent. He constantly dreamt of some return, insurrection, or reconquering invasion, which would drive away the strangers and restore on our shores the victorious flag of France. When he had been selling his products on the markets of Quebec he always returned in the height of exasperation.

"Confounded English!" he grumbled; "the streets are full of them. Sentry boxes at every door! Bayonets in every corner! Always some frigate landing cannons in the harbor! One is no more master at home! Quebec is turned into an ant-hill of *goddams*. Won't God's thunder ever blow up that vermin? Ah! if Bonaparte would only come!"

Napoleon was then master of Europe, and the world trembled at his name. The news of his marvellous progress reached the land; and in spite of all the efforts made to lessen their effect, such echoes of continuous success exalted the souls, and revived the lingering hopes in the hearts still devoted to the past.

The triumph of France meant for them salvation and deliverance at an early date.

The old Canadians wept at this thought, and the young patriots longed for the day when they would draw from its hiding place the rusted musket of their fathers, to resume anew, and without mercy, the eternal and legendary strife.

One day—in 1815—Drapeau, the son, set foot on the Quebec market with a full load of rich and inviting products, which he exhibited with more than ordinary satisfaction.

The news had arrived that the Emperor, escaped from the island of Elba, had re-entered Paris triumphantly. The Bourbons had fled. England had to look out for herself this time!

At last, the accursed red-coats would have to clear off. Drapeau fancied he could see them pack bag and baggage, hurrying away distressed and disbanded. Poor fellows, after all! He almost pitied them, and in the kindness of his heart felt half disposed to forget the past.

Suddenly:—

Boom! . . .

A cannon shot.

Then two . . . then three. . . then four . . . At last twenty-one!

"What is it?"

"Don't you know?"

"I don't."

"It's a ship that anchored in the harbor this morning with a big piece of news, they say."

"Is that so? What can it be?"

"Don't know."

"Hold on, you fellows over there, do you know?"

"What?"

"The news."

"What news."

"The great news of this morning, what else?"

"I know it," interposed an old woman out of breath, "its published everywhere in the upper town."

"What is it then?"

"They say Bonaparte has been beaten!"

"That's a lie!"

"Hard to believe, no doubt!"

"It's unfortunately too true," said a new comer. Napoleon has been defeated by General Wellington, at Waterloo, near Brussels, in Brabant. The English, Russians and Prussians are now marching on Paris with the Austrians, that's all!"

At the same time a flourish of trumpets broke out in the distance amid a roll of drums. And the band of a regiment solemnly sent forth to the echoes of the old French city the first notes of *God save the King.*

That same night—at one o'clock in the morning—having stabled his horse as usual, Pierre Drapeau entered his house, sobbing like a child and singing with a terribly lugubrious voice:—

A cheval, gendarmes!
A pied, Bourguignons!
Montons en Champagne:
Les Anglais y sont!

His wife and children, disheartened, opened their eyes to the fact that the poor man had become insane in his turn.

Misfortunes never come singly, they say. This one was followed by a whole series of fatalities. A barn burnt down, an entire harvest destroyed, an epidemic among the cattle; at last, mortgages, bailiffs, ruin.

Drapeau died a pauper, and his son Charles—the hero of this true story—had to shoulder a bag and leave his native parish in search of a living in the Western shanties.

At first he managed to keep body and soul together, in the forest of the Ottawa during winter, on the floating rafts during spring, and in summer time, along the coves of Point Levis, the driving hook or the squaring axe in hand.

It was a hard life, but it would not have made him so unhappy, however, had he not been obliged to work for English masters. This shockingly aroused his old race rancor. All that timber—rich elms, splendid oaks, lofty pines—which he saw stowed away on board English ships, gave him the impression of as many robberies committed to the detriment of his own country. That labor of his to the benefit of the enemy, which seemed to him as a cowardly abdication of his rights, weighed on him as the yoke of slavery. The wages received for his day's work burnt his fingers like the price of treason.

Meanwhile, 1837 drew near.

The name of Papineau was in every mouth; and from one end of the country to the other the valiant and incorruptible tribune was hailed with enthusiasm as a future liberator.

The insolent claims of the reigning oligarchy drove the population into open rebellion. The old leaven of independence fermented everywhere. Everywhere was heard the first rumor of a conflict which was, alas! to die out only on the bloody planks of the scaffold.

As may be well imagined, Drapeau was not the last to furbish his arm. After the famous meeting of the Five Counties, finding that the district of Quebec was not ardent enough in entering the path of insurrection, and excited to extremes by the more or less authentic news that came from the south and the north of Montreal, he buckled up his knapsack, shouldered the old musket of his grandfather, and started afoot for Sorel and Chambly, singing as in the old time:

A cheval, gendarmes!
A pied, Bourguignons!
Montons en Champagne:
Les Anglais y sont!

Where did he go? What did he do?

Did he take part in the combats of St. Denis and St. Charles? Did he join Chenier, at St. Eustache? Nobody could tell. But an old Patriot, Mr. Phillipe Pacaud, who had fought at St. Denis along side with Wolfred Nelson, talking of that memorable encounter, told me one day:

"There was a fellow there by the name of Drapeau whose thirst for massacre made us shiver. We had neither powder nor bullets: I saw him in less than ten minutes break and shatter the skull of three British soldiers, with the butt end of his gun. 'No prisoners,' he cried; 'kill! kill!' "

Was it the same Drapeau I am telling about?

At all events, when this one reappeared in Levis, his hair had turned white, and he had become insane like his father and grandfather.

From this moment the history of the poor lunatic can be summed up in a few words. As already said, he led a nomadic life, attracting attention only by his hereditary hatred for the masters of the country. It was the characteristic of his insanity.

Every evening—at least when in Levis—he could be seen climbing up one of the great hills at dusk. A little later, on some of the towering cliffs which face the rock of Quebec, his tall silhouette would appear, motionless, profiling its dark outlines on the crimson shades of the sunset.

He would remain there waiting and waiting, until the firing of the nine o'clock gun from the citadel, when the mad imprecations of the lunatic would resound in the calmness of the night—always the same.

The urchins of the neighborhood would follow him sometimes, laughing, but they never molested him, as it is often their habit with the unfortunate fellows deprived of reason. His folly, the source of which was so touching, after all, seemed to inspire that pitiless age with a kind of sensitive commiseration. It might also have been naturally inferred that the terrible voice of the insane man and the wild gestures which accompanied his savage eloquence, were not entirely without their influence, in the matter. At all events, when, after having exhausted his litany of maledictions to the address of the eternally hated conqueror, Charles Drapeau turned away muttering in his teeth:—

A cheval, gendarmes!

Those who had witnessed the scene took sometime to shake off the impression produced.

Poor Drapeau, he sleeps now in the old cemetery of St. Michel de Bellechasse, beside his fathers, awaiting like them and with them the mercy of Him who forgives those who have truly loved.

When the priest—according to those who were present at his last moments—attempted to awake a last glimmer of reason in the so long vacant mind, he could obtain from his dying lips nothing but the unconnected syllables of the old Ardennes refrain stammered amid the death-sobs of painful agony:

A cheval, gendarmes. . .

Frieda's Engagement

A MONOLOGUE

By MADGE MACBETH

MAY I come in, Frieda? It's Kathleen. Don't look so surprised, my dear, though I suppose you *are* due an apology for my bursting in so suddenly; and I told your man down stairs a bit of a fib, too. I told him you were expecting me, because I was so *crazy* to see you, you darling!

Glad of it? Well, of course, Frieda, although I don't see you very often, I always think of you as my *best* friend. And that's why I came this morning—to tell you of my engagement and show you my ring. Isn't it a beauty? It was *very* expensive; I know, for I chose it myself; and, you see, the canary diamonds are very large and deep. I hate cheap rings, and said so quite frankly. This will never combine with any but the best, and I saw another one which I am going to have——. The man? Ha, ha, is'nt that funny? I forgot all about him! Why, Tom Cartwright.

No, I don't suppose you do, he doesn't care for girls, and is all for business, which is most commendable in a man—husband—isn't it? He has plenty of money, and I am going to have every thing I want, and be able to travel around just like Ethel.

However, the advantages are not all on my side; no, indeed! I am going to be a great help and inspiration to Tom. He is a little—what word shall I use?—er—sordid—earthly—you know what I mean—thinks so lightly of the higher life; and, I assure you, Frieda, his keen enjoyment of a low order of wit is most painful to me. He even enjoys puns!

You know I am so different—high-minded and spiritual—and I am always credited with being clever, you can't deny that, Frieda. Why, when I was only a little girl I wrote a splendid story. No, it was never published, but I had a personal communication from the Editor, which was very flattering; and at school my essays were considered remarkably deep for one so young.

My goodness! What queer questions you ask, Frieda! Of course, that has nothing to do with my marriage. I was just letting you see Tom is getting a woman vastly superior to him mentally. That is strictly between ourselves, as I wish the news of my engagement to be—for I am not going to tell any body for *ages*.

Oh, yes, a *few* people know. I met Jessie Hayes and Margie Walters on the way here and told them, and Fred Paxton was in Martin's where we were looking at rings, and—why that's so, his sister is a reporter—how killing! But I have only told a *few* people.

My, how unbecoming that kimona is to you, if I may say so, my dear. A person with sandy hair should *never* wear yellow. I know what I am saying, for I gave a great deal of time to the study of art.

A present? Well that makes no difference: you might easily exchange it at one of the stores for another kind. I'm sure Ethel sends me lots of things that I don't like at all, and I always manage to get rid of them.

How heavenly it will be, not to have to take many more from her! I am often bothered to death trying to remember to thank her for the right thing. Suppose she sent me a pair of gloves when I would rather have silk stockings. I change the gloves *for* the stockings. Then with my intense straightforwardness I am most apt to say in my note of acknowledgment, "thank you, dearest Ethel, for the lovely stockings," when I should say gloves, and Ethel gets cranky. She hasn't a very nice disposition, I must say.

And that reminds me of an incident which will give you an idea of Tom's unpleasant failing. He asked me to go shopping with him last Tuesday, and although it was *most* inconvenient, being Lord Fitzhugh's bath day (I have to be so particular about him in summer, or he gets fleas), I sacrificed myself and said I would go. Well, I met him at Fisher's and went to buy some socks. He wanted me to choose them. I went to the counter and said, with the dignified air I always use towards salespeople:

"Kindly show me some black men's socks"

Now, Frieda, I leave it to you—is there any foundation there for a lengthy argument? Don't trouble to answer for, of course, there isn't. Nevertheless, Tom made a scene. He laid his hand on my arm and said:

"No, Kitty, they are for *me.*"

"Well," I said.

"But you've made a mistake," he insisted, and the impudent sales-person tittered.

"I think not," I answered coldly; "I have not mentioned the size."

Well, the outcome of it all was this engraved bracelet, for he saw that I was very much annoyed, and any way—

Why, my *dear,* isn't that a new ring? An engagement ring? Oh, you precious darling! Why didn't you tell me before? And me your best friend! I adore being the first to know about engagements!

Why, it's huge! Do you believe it's real? Now, *don't* be cross, Freida; I know plenty of men who give girls paste until they are really married. You see, there are loads of girls who hate giving back handsome rings; and if you were a man, and engaged to a couple of girls each summer, you can see for yourself how expensive it would be.

Engaged to be *married?* Why, why of course, you are—Oh, ha, ha, you *are* queer, Freida! Fancy making a distinction between being engaged and engaged to be married!

Why didn't you get a marquise? With a stubby hand like yours—what? Oh, who is he? *Allen McDonald!* Why I used to be engaged to him myself!

But don't worry, Freida, for though *I* did not care for him, I don't doubt that he will make you very happy! Of course, you must hate being second choice, and I don't suppose I should have told you; but I would never have felt comfortable—being your best friend—with that between us. I can't see, though, how he fancied you, you are so—forgive me for speaking frankly, dear; it's because I am so fond of you—unattractive to men.

Oh, did he tell you? Well, I must say, Frieda, that you showed very little spirit—*consenting* to be second choice! You might have another chance. One can never tell!

Oh, he told you that, too, eh? No doubt he made me out a perfect dunce. It would be just like him.

I was young, and every other girl at the Island was engaged, so I went to Allen one evening (you see, I knew that he admired me immensely; I

could tell by the way he listened when I talked) and simply told him I *had* to be engaged. Why, it was awful not having a letter every day; and waiting on Saturdays for the boat, when I expected no one in particular, was spoiling the whole summer for me.

So I said: "I have decided to accept you as my suitor, Allen (I had never called him by his first name before), "and you may kiss my hand."

I assure you, Freida, he was overcome, for he sat stock still a full minute, then laughed to cover his embarrassment, and said: "So I'm to be the goat." Do you see the point? A very neat compliment: implying that I was a lamb.

What are you laughing at? Yes, I broke it: I couldn't stand his relations. Oh, poor girl, I'm sorry for you!

When we all came back to town I went to a dinner—my first, I remember—at Donald McDonald's, and intended to announce my engagement that evening, though I said nothing of it to Allen (he was always so bashful and never would speak of it before people). Well, when I got there (a little late, and expecting to make a sensation in one of Ethel's evening gowns) everyone was making a tremendous fuss over some Mrs. Macbeth —the prodigal daughter of some one. I took an immediate dislike to her, she monopolized everything and everybody, which was exceedingly bad taste, you must acknowledge. Whenever she spoke the whole company roared, in fact, they did nothing but roar, for she never stopped talking, and no one could call her conversation clever. It was the kind that Tom would enjoy.

One of the Hoare girls asked: "Where *do* you live now, Mrs. Macbeth?" Billy Hoare answered at once: "She lives in Alaska, you stupid." "I don't, at all, Billy. You surely haven't found me as frosty as that, have you?" she said. Then everyone laughed and began to guess where she did live.

Finally I grew tired of such nonsense, and with Shakespeare in my mind said: "Why you all should know that Mrs. Macbeth lives in Denmark."

That night was enough for me. I saw at once that the McDonald family could not hold that woman and me, so I broke our engagement.

Allen was terribly distressed, and vowed that, having known *me*, he could not bear to think of ever knowing any one else like me. Poor fellow!

Are you crying, Freida? Oh, I thought you were; and that just reminds me: I have forgotten my handkerchief—do lend me one. Thanks. I'll try to remember to return it.

Now I must hurry off. I want to see Phoebe King and ask her to be one of my bridesmaids. I've got all the rest promised.

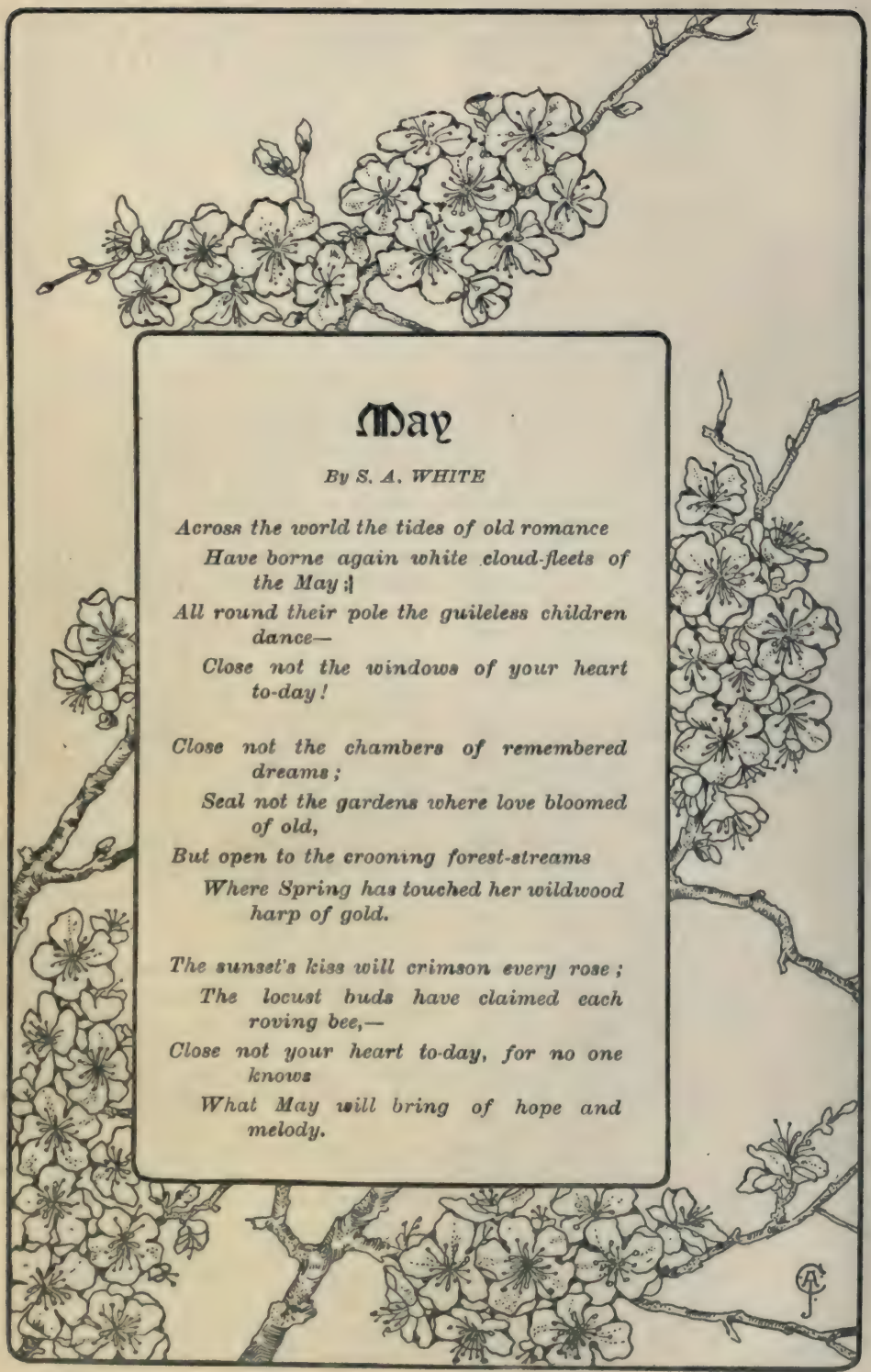
You musn't be offended at not being asked, dear. Truly, you were my *first* thought; then I decided that I would ask only pretty girls, and show, in that way, how able I was to hold my own without fear or jealousy. There are no mean or petty sentiments in *me*.

But if any one backs out at the last minute I will surely ask you.

Oh, don't thank me. I do this out of pure affection for you, dearie. Now, good-bye. I am sorry I must hurry off, but I am obliged to catch Phoebe. I will come again, when I have time to talk about *my* engagement.

Don't be disheartened when you meet Allen's relatives. To a less sensitive nature than mine they probably would not be so antagonistic; and you are quite phlegmatic, I think.

Good-bye! Don't tell anyone about my engagement, and I'll keep yours a secret. Good-bye. Oh, Frieda—may I tell Tom? Thanks, and Phoebe too? Good-bye again. And Frieda? Don't forget: if anyone backs out, you are to be a bridesmaid—you dear thing! Good-bye!



May

By S. A. WHITE

Across the world the tides of old romance
Have borne again white cloud-fleets of the May;
All round their pole the guileless children dance—
Close not the windows of your heart to-day!

Close not the chambers of remembered dreams;
Seal not the gardens where love bloomed of old,
But open to the crooning forest-streams
Where Spring has touched her wildwood harp of gold.

The sunset's kiss will crimson every rose;
The locust buds have claimed each roving bee,—
Close not your heart to-day, for no one knows
What May will bring of hope and melody.

Conestoga.

Written and Illustrated by C. M. Manly, A.R.C.A.

LOOKING back over the years of the early settlement of Canada, after the lapse of more than a century, we find some very interesting records that have never been worn threadbare by too much telling; in them, the many Indian conflicts do not appear, and the gradual subjection of the redman forms no part of these particular bits of Canadian history. The records have to tell of a sturdy people, some of whom left the State of Pennsylvania, crossed the Alleghany mountains, came on into Canada, and began to settle in the particular part of Ontario, now known as Waterloo County. In the beginning this alien band of hardy toilers selected well, and being great and persistent workers, they, and especially those that came after

them, quickly brought that particular part of the country, which most concerns us in this article, to a state of rich and ripe perfection. The well-farmed fields are a treat to behold; prosperity seems to be writ large over the face of the whole country, the comfortable homes, the huge and well filled barns, the abundance of good cattle and fine horses, and more especially the people themselves, all speak plainly for the success of the move that took place so many years ago.

In the early part of the sixteenth century the Non-Conformists of Northern Italy, France, Switzerland, Germany, Holland, Poland, Denmark, and even Russia were cruelly persecuted and subjected to all manner of suffering. "They advocated strongly against warfare of all kinds; under no circumstances whatever would they bear weapons of war, or take part in military operations, and no persuasion would induce them to consent to the taking of oaths in court." We read that in the year 1536 Simon Menno renounced his connection with the Roman Catholic Church, of which body he was a priest.

Associating himself with others of a like mind—Non-Conformists—he became a preacher; later on, all Non-Conformists of Holland, Germany and Denmark were called Mennonites. Thus we find that in the year 1700 the first of the Mennonites came from Holland and settled in Germantown, Pa. The first Mennonites from Pennsylvania came over into Canada in the year 1798, and in the fall of 1799, Joseph Sherk and Samuel Betzner came from Franklin County, Pa., arriving safely on the Canadian side of the Niagara river. One of the principal causes of the "Coming of the Dutch" into Canada would seem to have been the great faith they had in the British Government in keeping the promises made to them over one hundred years before, regarding their exemption from military service and taking of the oaths. It is at least so considered by the descendants of these two men. Sherk spent the winter following his arrival near the Falls, while Betzner remained in the neighborhood known as Ancaster, until the spring. They pushed forward about thirty miles beyond the limit of civilization, having heard of a region traversed by a fine river. On examining this virgin country, they found the soil, surface of the land, timber and such things very good; there was excellent water in the rivers and smaller streams, all of which were well stocked with fish. So they decided to settle upon the banks of the Grand River. Sherk transported his family to Waterloo in the early spring of 1800, and located upon the east bank of the Grand River, opposite the present site of the village of Doon. Betzner took up land on the west side of the river and adjoining the part now occupied by the interesting village of Blain.

At this date there was no white settlement where now so proudly and busily stands the city of Buffalo. The site of Hamilton was an impassable swamp; the only indications of a village on the land now covered by the town of Dundas consisted of a small mill and a diminutive store owned by Mr. Hatt. Coming to the fall of 1801, we find this beautiful county of Waterloo had a population of twelve families, all from Pennsylvania. On the twenty-fourth of May, 1806, Benjamin Eby and Henry Brubacher, two young men from Lancaster County, Pa., came across the Alleghanies into Canada, turning up at the farm and home of George Eby, who had settled upon the old J. Y. Shantz farm, a little to the southwest of Berlin. They made the journey on horseback. During the first week of June, in company with G. and Benj. Eby, they crossed into Woolwich Township, tracking over the farms of Aaron S. Shantz, P. Martin and Levi Cress; arriving on the south-

side of what we now know as the Conestogo river, and about fifteen rods below the present bridge at St. Jacobs and the E. W. B. Snider flour mills. B. Eby made the remark that this river, with its beautiful rising on the northside, bore a strong resemblance to their own Conestogo, in Lancaster County, Pa., to which George Eby replied: "Then this stream shall be called the Conestogo." That name it has borne ever since.

Crossing the river, they continued their tramping northward, coming to a small stream a little to the west of D. S. Snider's farm. This water they gave the name of Kinacachic after a stream of similar character, in Lancaster County, Pa., and with which they were quite familiar. Breaking the thread of this early history for a moment, it is worth while noting that the Kinacachic stream is still very much in evidence and passes through many a beautiful glade or meadow, while just before its junction with the Grand river, below the village of West Montrose, it is crossed in quick succession by four picturesque, if none too safe bridges. The somewhat peculiar name that this charming little waterway possesses is now corrupted into something which sounds extremely like "Kanakajiggs." To resume the interrupted tramp: wending east from the stream and again south, they came upon a large river. Not knowing whether it was the Grand river or the one they had just named Conestogo, they followed its course southward and soon came to the confluence of the two streams a little below the ground on which now stands the pleasant village of Conestogo.

As far back as 1816, the site of Berlin was an impassable swamp, inhabited by wolves, bears, foxes and other wild animals. Waterloo village had a saw-mill, built by Abraham Erb. During the same year Erb erected a grist-mill; this same mill is still standing, although it has undergone many changes and improvements, as well as having had a large addition built to it.

Significant and rather remarkable is the fact, that throughout the whole Continent of America, no other class of settlers has been known to be so universally successful as the Mennonites, more broadly described in Waterloo County as the "Pennsylvania Dutch." They have always had the greatest good fortune in selecting the best parts of the country in which they settled; the combining of their great and untiring industry with these natural advantages has resulted in making the locality of the State or Province in which they settled the best to be found.

So much for the things of the past and the interest they add to what has yet to be said about our "Village that is set on a hill," the Conestogo of 1908.

Eight years ago, two enthusiastic young artists had penetrated as far as West Montrose, that tiny and all but unknown little hamlet lying far away from any railway station, and showing nothing more important in a business way than the combined store and post office. With the Grand river at their feet, and delightful subjects tempting the brush on every hand, little wonder that the place was liked and its manifold charms put to good account. The year following, a third man, friend of the first two, also visited West Montrose, taking hold of and putting to good use the abundant opportunities; not content with this he goes afield, instinct drawing him to inspect a place with so good a name as Conestogo. A dinner at "Jake's" was followed by an extended ramble round about, which opened up the beauties of the place. Action followed enthusiasm, and five artist-friends were induced to join him, share in the hospitalities of "Schweitzer's," and try their none-too-prentice-hand at the many fine subjects which invited to paint, to pen or pencil.

This is the first knowledge we pos-

Drawing by C. M. Manly, A.R.C.A.

CONESTOGO, FROM THE WEST

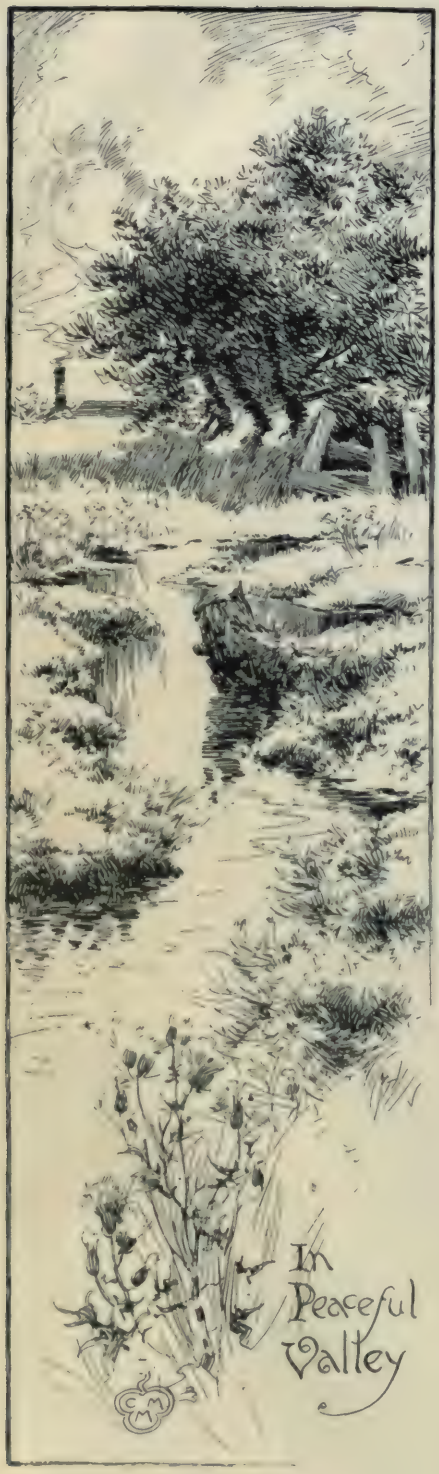
sess of the "descent of the artist" upon Conestogo; these six pioneers were the leaders of the many, who in the few years since have made happy pilgrimages, again and again, to this village that is set on a hill and round about whose base, on either hand, sweep the shining waters of the Grand and Conestogo rivers; while in between steals quietly a little stream, and through what the men of paint at once described as Peaceful Valley; where now it has been expanded into a trout pool, finally to slip into and be lost among the larger waters of the Grand river. The meeting of the waters, the junction of the two rivers, takes place about a quarter of a mile below the village; the spot is fair to look upon, somewhat altered in appearance from the time the Ebys came upon it; even to-day the native fisherman who is well posted about the deep pools below the joining can take out some good fish.

The Conestogo of to-day has emerged; the seal of approval has been set upon its attractions and possibilities, and the first of our Canadian Painters to make it his home and workshop, is comfortably ensconced therein. His Lares and Penates have been set up. The flight of the years alone can show what may result from this initial move: visions will come of a little band of accomplished men, very much in love with their work and very loyal to nature, forming a truly Canadian School and shedding off the effect of too much foreign example, at the same time being large and open-minded enough ever to do homage to and profit by the great things of both past and present. Dreams of this kind steal in, and we see rewards to the men who will paint the many good things, ready and waiting, of their own great country. Seven years have passed by since the first man screwed a "James Newman" sketching umbrella into the fallow fields of Conestogo and sat him down under its friendly and sheltering shade to "map down the sceneries," put on record something of the villagers and their daily life, and seize on canvas or paper some of the many incidents that make the open-air life of the country so intensely interesting and attractive. The good people of Woolwich Township took kindly to the painter, accepted him as a reasonable quantity at once. were willing to pose for him; and the children of these Pennsylvania Dutch were notably well mannered and willing to help in the making of the picture. All went well, and the good word was passed on; others came and went and each succeeding year brought a fresh face or two to make use of the good things lying about as well as to enjoy the change and rest of so likeable a place.

Last year found the original discoverer back upon the well-remembered spot, roaming over the familiar fields, along the roads and up and down the rivers' banks. Scarcely any change had taken place and the welcome and good cheer was as hearty as ever.

The village of Hawkesville is a seven-mile ride or drive from Conestogo. The road is very interesting and many stretches of it follow the river closely, holding it in full view. On one memorable occasion we called a halt at a wayside smithy. The darkness of the interior was confusing; the contrast a sharp one, as we had plunged into its recesses out of the blaze and brilliancy of an August sun. Thirst consumed us, and when, on getting accustomed to the deep glooms, we descry the ancient smith and ask him for a drink of water, his reply is, "Look in the teapot, and if you find that too warm, why, ther's plenty more in the well outside, and that's cooler. I'm going out to plough in the garden."

Arrived at the village, we took dinner at the Come-by-chance hotel; when our little waitress had ministered to our most pressing wants, she with a marvelous celerity skipped into



a room adjoining and seated herself at the piano. The connecting door was partially open and we were treated to a musical medley, the like of which is not often heard. The poor piano was in a like predicament with the poet's "Sweet bells jangled." The little maid's intention was so good, her desire to add to our enjoyment so evident that it ill became us to criticize or discount the quality of the music. Dinner and music ended, we find ourselves outside in the brilliant sunshine and make a gentle, strolling survey of the place. A great piece of industry is in full swing: the laying of a concrete footway. These cement sidewalks are breaking out everywhere through the country and have put an element of activity and persistence into this aspect of country labor that was completely absent in the very recent times when a like band of workers would be busy constructing the old-fashioned wooden walk. Then the easy-going workers could call many a halt to fill the pipe and chat a bit, or cross the way to where cool ale was, perchance go the length of a wink or two in the shade of nearby trees. But the good old time has gone: the "coming of the concrete" has done away with all the little leisure touches. For if the cement walk is to be any good at all the work of making it must be brisk and continuous.

Hawkesville is a pleasing place, the approach to and first view caught from the bridge crossing the Conestogo river are decidedly picturesque. All too soon, the "pinxits" returned to Toronto; they said it was the call of duty; one of them, however, was hard hit with the beauty of all he saw and came back in a few days. Possible homes were inspected, and finally the choice fell upon one with a fine garden attached, a sunny, southern slope, with a fine look-off over the wide country and the gleam and flash of the mill-race at its lower border. In this way Mr. F. S. Challener has come

to make his home in Conestogo, having removed thither from Toronto with his family.

Into the prevailing peace and quiet of Conestogo was inserted one day the hustle, vivacity and unquenchable energy of a young German, whose business was the peddling of cloth, clothes, watches, etc. The story went that he was not long out from the Fatherland and that he had no acquaintance with the English language, but on more than one occasion, when our man of trade was off his guard, something went to show that he knew more than he cared to admit about conversation in English. Energy surrounded him like a zone of fire, bubbling up and seeking outlets all the time. With a touch of the truculent in his countenance, which was adorned with a huge and bristling moustache, this man of action compelled business; the hesitating and weak were an easy prey to his untiring pursuit. The village stayed his feet for several days, the volume of his business culminating in a grand nocturnal sale. Business opened rather late but strong, with our peddler thoroughly alive to the value of free beer. His speech was tumultuous, incessant, like unto the voice of strong waters among rocks; convincing too, for many who came to scoff at his goods and prices remained long enough to fall a prey to his art of making sales. One gross doubter, who would "touch nothin' nohow, nor at no prices," after settling up for five suits and two watches, took himself off to home and bed. His July sale was a huge success, and such was the remaining energy of this man of bargain clothes that even in his sleep he snorted, blew, struck wildly out and appeared to be carrying on the usual business, in the usual way.

How good it is to find the Canadian painter waking up to the possibilities and charms of his own goodly land, going forth to do it the justice and give it the credit so well deserved.

Drawing by C. M. Manly, A.R.C.A.

LOOKING INTO HAWKESVILLE

The beauties of the Old Country, which we lovingly speak of as home; the attractions of France and Spain; the glories of the Alps and the Italian lakes—these have been upheld and exploited for many, many years. The good, the bad and the only middling have "handled the brush" in all these and numerous other places, but we rejoice to think that the great good things which Canada possesses and offers us are still ours to do, waiting and calling to be done in the great true way.

Only from the west of Conestogo does one fail to note the dominating poplar. Viewed from the north, south or east, the hill-character of the little village is plainly seen, and this solitary poplar is the highest cutting point of the broken sky-line. The villagers were anxious to remove this tree, they said it was "scraggy." But one of our painting-brethren rose in his might and declared that the beauty of the place would be gone forever. This man, held in great respect and esteem by the natives, spoke with the voice of authority, and the hand of the destroyer was stayed. Standing as high, we are told, as the highest land of Muskoka, our village has a beautiful setting; streams and rivers are all about it; roads radiate in all directions and carry the traveller to any number of villages and small towns. The roads are well travelled and well kept and invite the robust pedestrian to many good tramps. Those who will stand by the "bike" can have glorious spins; the highways and byways turn and twist in the most delightful way, always retaining an element of the unexpected. Being of the number of those who have spent many days in the place, we can sum up in a word and declare that the worst thing was the leaving of it.

Glimpses of Canada in 1796

By IDA BURWASH

NOT long ago, a distinguished Irishman paid Canada a visit. In the comfort Western travel now affords he crossed the continent from coast to coast. As the train flew on, from the windows of his car he must have seen cities, farms and woodlands blend behind him in a dazzling streak. If he compared the manner of his trip with that of his compatriot, Isaac Weld, who visited Canada in 1796, he doubtless marvelled at the change.

A century ago railways had not even been imagined. Trouble was brewing in his country when young Mr. Weld, in 1795, sailed for the new Republic of the West. But though prepossessed in favor of the States, on closer inspection they failed to attract him as a home. His heart turned to struggling Ireland. Before leaving North America, however, he resolved to make a trip through Canada, for he was eager to see for himself the difference in the aims and governments of these separated English peoples in the New World. On starting he had no intention of publishing his travels — his correspondence was solely for his friends — but his letters proved so interesting he was persuaded to allow their publication in book form. This book was produced by John Stockdale, of Piccadilly, London, in 1799.

The closing years of the 18th century proved a stirring time. George the Third was on the throne of England. Pitt was supreme in Parliament. Burke had but just left its scenes, his "silver tongue" silenced forever by grief at the death of his son. France was heaving under the Directory. Napoleon, a young man of twenty-six, was rising into notice. Nelson was sweeping the seas. Australia and India were looming up as British colonies.

Ten years after Canada was taken by the English, an officer's wife gave a glimpse of its society in a novel called *The History of Emily Montague*. After the production of this book little was written of domestic life for twenty-seven years. They were fateful years, too, years that saw the invasion of Quebec by Arnold and Montgomery, the coming of the Loyalists and the first settlement of Upper Canada.

So determined were the Loyalists that in thirteen years succeeding to the War of Independence, they had scattered far in Upper Canada. Along the St. Lawrence and the lakes their clearings stretched as far as Fort Malden, opposite Detroit. This Fort, which was then on the borders of the wilderness, was made the headquarters of the Indian Department. It was commanded by a Government officer, part of whose duty was to distribute the King's "presents" to the Western tribes.

Mr. Weld's itinerary included all that was then considered "worth seeing" in Canada. It will strike the modern tourist probably as curious. Crossing in July the border line between the States and Canada, he tra-

velled by trading vessel down the Richelieu to St. John's; from St. John's to La Prairie by waggon; from La Prairie to Montreal and to Quebec by *bateau*; back from Quebec to Montreal by post-stage or *Marche-donc*; from Montreal to Kingston by way of the St. Lawrence; from Kingston to Newark (Niagara), then the capital of Upper Canada, by schooner; from Niagara to Fort Erie on foot; from Fort Erie to Malden in a lake vessel; back from Malden to Presqu'isle and Erie in a sloop, crossing finally to Buffalo to travel on horseback through the Genesee country *en route* for New York and home.

Custom houses had not been established, but on crossing the border he was met by an armed brig of twenty guns flying English colors. On board her decks he underwent a strict examination. Passports and luggage were inspected. Though British soldiers stood on duty, it was odd, he writes, to see the British flag flying over French people running about in red night-caps, and to be greeted by *habitant* children running down to boat or waggon to salute him; while the neat exterior of the houses, the odd *calèches*, the *bons dieux* or wayside calvaries, Roman Catholic churches, nuns and priests going to and fro in their black robes, with the sound of the French tongue heard on all sides, made up what was certainly a novel Britain.

He knew little of the depth of the St. Lawrence, and on nearing Montreal was surprised to see ships of 400 tons burden lying close to shore. On arriving at the city proper, its old walls and the stone shops fitted up with iron shutters in case of fire loomed prison-like and sombre. Lodgings were engaged on Notre Dame street, and from his windows here the Irish lad looked out from eager eyes on this old Montreal of a hundred years ago. It pleased him that the doors of the Cathedral stood open day and night—a refuge for the troubled —but the jangling of the bells annoyed him greatly, for he insists that with marriages, christening and burials, they were never still. On fine Sundays he was surprised at the number of worshippers who, unable to find room within the church, knelt humbly on the steps throughout the service. A funeral procession passing by struck him as both sigular and picturesque. It was led by the chanting priests, followed by acolytes in white robes and black caps, bearing wax-lights. And as it wound away into the distance to the burying ground outside the walls the traveller was impressed by its solemnity.

Though the townspeople were largely French, already the most influential inhabitants were Scotch or English. But all alike vied in showing hospitality to strangers. The town was so sociably inclined that in winter society was said to be like one large family. Through the busy summer there was less social stir, but a club of the principal people, about a hundred in number, met weekly or fortnightly to picnic on the slopes of the mountain. The view from the top of Mount Royal delighted Weld then, as it has delighted all travellers before and since. The silver flash of the rapids, the changing lights on the distant mountains, the dreaming islands and the shining spires below never pall in beauty; but the shipping of that time, lying under the old walls, makes a quaint picture when contrasted with the docks of to-day.

On August 5th he started for Quebec. The traveller accustomed to present-day comfortable steamers will follow with amusement, possibly with envy, young Weld embarking in his flat-bottomed *bateau* — the accommodation increased by an extemporized cabin formed of an awning of oil-cloth stretched over hoops, gypsy fashion. As he glided leisurely on, the cultivated farms along the river banks formed a charming picture. "It was pleasing beyond description," he

writes, "to see one of these villages opening to the view round a point of land covered with trees, the houses in it overhanging the river and the spires of the church sparkling through the groves with which they were encircled, before the rays of the setting sun." At Batiscan he stayed over night at a farmhouse. Received with Canadian politeness, he was placed at a small table, neatly spread, his bill-of-fare consisting of bread and butter, milk and eggs. On demanding his accommodation for the night, he was shown to a large French bed four or five feet high, piled up with *paillasse* and feather bed. The log houses, whitewashed without, were lined within with deal boards, less rough than those of the United States, he thought, but their lack of ventilation offended his British nose extremely. Remonstrance, however, was of little use, for it only produced the remark, accompanied by a shrug—*ce n'est pas la manière des habitants.* At St. Augustin Calvaire, near Quebec, he stopped again, where he was amused by a scene typically French-Canadian. Strolling about till dark, on returning he found the light from the hanging lamp so dim he could scarcely see what he was eating. On explaining to his host, the obliging habitant refilled and trimmed the lamp, though with little benefit. *"Sacré Dieu!"* exclaimed the apologetic host, "but you shall not eat your fish in the dark." So a candle was lighted. All went well till the wife coming in poured a sudden torrent of abuse on her wondering husband. "It is the holy candle!" she screamed, as she extinguished it. It had been blessed that very morning and there stood the stupid husband calmly watching their precious charm—their protection against tempest, fire and sickness — dribble down. That night the traveller risked his fish in the dark.

Next morning, August 8th, he entered the Basin of Quebec. The beauty of the scene and the superb position of the city divided his attention. Frowning guns pointed to the Basin from the ramparts, while on the heights rose the imposing fortifications, greatly strengthened by the British.

Somewhat larger than Montreal, Quebec contained about 2,000 dwellings, in all a population of 12,000 souls. Society here was altogether charming, for as the capital of Lower Canada the city was the residence of the Governor, the civil officers and many of the most prominent Canadians. Lower Town was given over to the trading and shipping, but if its narrow, shut-in streets were disagreeable, the charm of Upper Town made up for all shortcomings. There, the air was pure, breezes cool, streets and houses quaint, if not beautiful.

Weld gives a slight sketch of the old Chateau St. Louis, which is interesting as probably the first account given by an English writer. He describes it as a plain building of common stone situated in an open space, the houses round it forming an oblong place. It was built in two parts, an old and a new, separated by a spacious court; the old part was built on the verge of the rock, with a gallery at the back, from which a pebble if dropped would fall sixty feet perpendicularly. The awkward rooms of this old part were used for public offices. In the new part, which was the Governor's residence, the rooms were larger, though not elaborate. Built without regularity of design, neither part had a uniform front. Nor was it a place of strength, as its name might indicate, though in the garden there was a parapet wall manned by a few guns. In summer evenings, in fine weather, the band played for an hour or two in the open place, while a regiment paraded. This was an event enjoyed immensely by the lively Irishman, as it brought out in a body the gayest and most fashionable society. The monasteries were pretty well deserted at this time.

Brotherhoods were not encouraged by the English. The nuns, however, flourished as in Montreal, the convent of the Ursulines standing in the spot it occupies to-day. But near the spot where the City Hall stands, there stood in Weld's day the engineers' drawing room, the Houses of Assembly and a barracks.

A visit to the market was a favorite amusement. It was well stocked, and the dogs, yoked into little carts, which were then used for drawing market produce, gave it in the traveller's eyes "a medieval air." But the greatest attractions to the guest were the superb view from the heights, and the Montmorenci Fall. From the house beside the fall, built by General Haldimand when Governor, Weld first saw its graceful spray drifts. Later, when he followed his host down the steps built by the General on the face of the cliff, his enthusiam knew no bounds.

While in Quebec the observing young Irishman gleaned information of all sorts. Though there were 126 Roman Catholic clergy in the country, he noticed that the English Church had only twelve. The expenses of the civil and military lists seemed to him enormous—the Indians alone costing about a hundred thousand pounds sterling annually. To manage these adopted children of the forest necessitated a little army of officials—superintendents, inspectors-general, deputy inspectors, secretaries, assistant secretaries, storekeepers, clerks, agents, interpreters, issuers of provisions, surgeons, gunsmiths, and even others. Though all these posts were sinecures in Lower Canada, in Upper Canada every one was needed. The Governor's salary was then two thousand pounds, the Bishop's the same, the missionaries receiving fifty pounds each, the schoolmaster in Quebec one hundred, in Montreal fifty. Public overseers were also appointed to sweep the chimneys of the poor in order to prevent fires. The import duties were slight, levied only on tobacco, sugar, salt and spirits. The chief export, furs and pelts, was immense, but wheat, flour, flaxseed, potash, timber, lumber of all sorts, and dried fish were also exported.

Among other Quebecers Weld was introduced to Dr. North, the head of the General Hospital. The doctor had just made some interesting experiments in maple sugar. Not only had he granulated and refined the sugar, but had also made from the sap a good vinegar, a table beer, and distilled from it a fine spirit. Both French and English gentry, Weld reports, lived in plain and simple style, their lands as yet yielding little income.

In addition to the water route, a line of post-houses extended from Quebec to Montreal. On learning this the tireless traveller decided to return overland. The post-calash, he states, though clumsy in build, was more comfortable than the stage waggons of the United States. The horses. though small and heavy, made good travellers. The drivers, oddly, were more susceptible to praise than tips, and by a skillful use of native blarney he insists that he gained at least three miles an hour. He was much amused at what he calls the "series of expressions" used to hasten the speed of the horses—"First, Marche! in the usual tone of voice—then Marche donc!, hastily and louder—then Marche donc! with one of Sterne's magical words in a shrill and piercing key with a lash of the whip, which last was always effective." His driver, who was six feet high and wore a queue bound with eelskin, never omitted to salute the hostess of each post-house emphatically on each cheek.

The road he describes as being excellent, the scenery grand, the merchant vessels on the river looking like fishing boats from the height of the lofty banks. As he rolled along the white cottages, glittering spires, fields and trees against the rich green moun-

tains with the cheerful air of the busy workers in the fields made a fascinating picture. Women in blue or scarlet bodices, with skirts of different colors, worked industriously on all sides. The men, on the contrary, were indolent and slovenly, as farmers. Yet as bush rangers these very men were bold and hardy, laughing at storm and rapids, hunger or danger.

At Three Rivers he waited a few hours to wander through the narrow streets and visit church and convent. As an honor he was presented to the "Superieure," an old lady, agreeable and lively in her conversation." The nuns were famous for their bark work, which was embroidered in elk hair, dyed most brilliant colors, and their models of canoes and Indian implements were exhibited with every indication of pride.

The post-calash reached Montreal about the end of August, and on the 28th Weld was in Lachine busy with his outfit for the "West." Buffalo robes were needed, also dried provisions, and kegs of wine and brandy, all of which must be packed into the Government *bateaux*, in which he with eleven others had taken passage. By August 29th the "brigade" was ready—poles, oars and sails in place to fight the current. It was a hard pull up stream and frequent stops obligatory, each stop called "*une pipe*," for the Frenchman, who was rarely without a pipe in his mouth, measured his distances by the amount of tobacco smoked. An average "pipe" was said to cover three-quarters of a mile. The experience was novel to the visitor, for at the foot of the first rapid the whole cargo was unpacked, to be portaged in carts to the foot of *The Cedars*, the passengers going on on foot. Their way lay through dense woods whose "solemn gloom," together with the loud roaring of the hidden rapid, filled the susceptible Irishman with what he calls "a pleasing horror." At *The Cedars* he rested for a while admiring the beauty of the scene and the pretty French girls spinning in groups at the cottage doors. He then went on again on foot till at five o'clock the *bateaux* appeared once more in sight. But after two miles by water they were obliged once more to land to escape the Coteau Rapid. This rapid he describes as very grand, its white breakers visible for four miles. On August 30th they were sailing Lake St. Francis, but on August 31st a head wind drove them to camp on St. Regis Island. The evening turned out perfect, but a fierce storm rising in the night woke them to sodden misery till a stroller returned in the morning with news of a house near by. It belonged to an old provincial officer, from whom and his daughters they received a cordial welcome and bountiful breakfast. While congratulating themselves on the now "lucky" accident, the clouds broke, the sun came out and the order was given to embark at once. On September 2nd they were once more portaging past the Long Sault Rapids. The pigeon shooting on the way proved most exciting, for immense flocks were migrating from the north, in such numbers that the year was afterwards known as the "pigeon year." September 3rd they passed their last rapid, and the following morning at eight o'clock entered the Lake of a Thousand Islands.

"All," he writes, "were wooded to the smallest, the water deep in the narrow passages between and beautifully clear, the bold rocks standing up in some cases twenty feet high, the whole scene beautiful in the highest degree. At times apparently landlocked, suddenly a sweep of lake appeared bounded by the horizon only, again a dozen different channels like so many rivers opened, every minute varied, while the Indian hunting camps on the different islands, with the smoke of their fires rising up between the trees, added to the beauty. Through fifteen miles of this he tra-

velled to Kingston. On an average, seven days were supposed to cover the trip from Montreal via the St. Lawrence, which Weld calls the Prince of rivers of North America, surpassing even the Mississippi.

Kingston was still a fur trading post, where supplies from the upper country were landed. It was then the proud possessor of a stone fort with bastions, built by Frontenac. It boasted also a barracks, an English church and one hundred houses. Settled chiefly by Loyalists, strangers—especially British—were hospitably welcomed. Its principal merchants were partners of old established houses of Montreal and Quebec. On the lakes at this time were three King's vessels of two hundred tons each, with from eight to twelve guns, also several gunboats. It was the duty of these King's ships to carry the Indian presents, the stores for the troops, and to transport troops when changing quarters. Every officer's luggage went free of charge. Naval officers, however, if room permitted, were allowed to carry cargoes of merchandise freight for their own profit, and also passengers across the lake at a stated price. Both commodore and officers of the King's vessel on Lake Ontario were French, wearing blue and white uniform with yellow buttons stamped with a beaver and the letters "Canada." The naval officers were under control of the military commandant at each post. As well as these King's ships, Weld passed on his journey several decked merchant vessels, schooners and sloops of from fifty to two hundred tons each, and sailing *bateaux*.

On September 7th he left Kingston for Niagara on a schooner of one hundred and eighty tons. Soon out of sight of land, "all was conducted," he writes, "exactly like an ocean voyage—the ship steered by compass, the log regularly heaved, way marked in the log book, and an account kept of procedures on board." They remained out of sight of land till the 9th, when the blue hills near Toronto appeared in view.

At daybreak, September 10th, Fort Niagara came in sight. All was at once excitement. *Habits de voyage* were quickly changed for proper dress in which to appear at the capital of Upper Canada, the centre of the *beau-monde* of the Province. The schooner's yawl being launched, our eager traveller was landed on Mississauga Point, with a walk of a mile before him through the woods to Newark, the capital. Without as within the town there was agitation. The Point was the camping ground of the Mississauga Indians, and one of their chiefs had just been killed in a fray by a white man. The tribe was roused; revenge might follow any moment. The stir in the little town was of another sort, however, for Newark's days of glory now were numbered. Much to the disgust of her inhabitants, many of them Englishmen of education, an order had just been issued that the seat of Government was to be removed to Toronto. The town consisted in itself of seventy houses, a courthouse, a gaol and a building for the legislative bodies. At the moment its charm for the traveller lay in the fact that it was the nearest stopping place to Niagara Falls. For to see this famous cataract was the chief object of his journey. Altogether, he was very fortunate; for when the day was decided on the Attorney-General and an officer of the British Engineers accompanied him. As they drove along he was constantly on the watch for the column of white mist and stopped the carriage at least a hundred times, he writes, in hope of hearing the thundering sound of the cataract. But as on and on they drove to the foot of hills and over hills doubts arose in his mind as to the truth of any fall at all; and still more doubts when within half a mile of it the mist was barely discernible and no sound heard. For he had been told that the noise could be heard at times at a

distance of forty miles. He had not noticed that the day was thick and cloudy, the wind in an opposite direction. Finally they alighted at a little group of houses, where they lunched as a "preparation against fatigue." Crossing the fields then they made their way towards a hollow, from which rose a thick volume of whitish mist-like smoke. Here is the Irishman's description of the Falls in the primitive setting of the wilderness one hundred years ago:

"Down a steep bank of fifty yards we struggled over wet ground to Table Rock; from Table Rock to the edge of the Horseshoe Fall, where we had an unobstructed view of the tremendous rapids above the Falls, of the thickly wooded shores, of the Horseshoe Fall below and of Fort Schloper Fall in the distance to the left, and of the frightful gulf beneath, into which the man who has the courage to look near the exposed edge of the rock, may look down perpendicularly. The astonishment excited by its vastness is so great that few persons can for the first time collect themselves enough to form any tolerable conception of the stupendous scene. Many think that only with years of contemplation they discover its full grandeur as it grows upon them more wonderful and sublime. Following our guide to a point opposite Fort Schloper Fall, the prospect of the whole cataract was better and more complete, more beautiful and less grand. The officer who so politely directed our movements on this occasion was so struck with the view from this spot that he at once had a wooden house constructed and drawn down hill by oxen, in which he lived till he had finished several drawings of the cataract. One of these we were gratified by the sight of which exhibited a view of the cataract in the depth of winter in a most curious and wonderful state. The ice at this season of the year accumulates at the bottom of the cataract in immense mounds, and huge icicles like the pillars of a massive building hang pendant in many places from the top of the precipice, reaching nearly to the bottom."

Leaving this spot they walked on to the "Indian ladder," for descent to the bottom of the Fall. There were several of these ladders, which were simply long pine trees with notches cut to rest the feet on. Unsteady from the first, each year they grew more dangerous, though still used by daring passengers. All three went down by "Mrs. Simcoe's ladder," one that had been made specially for the Governor's wife. It was strong and firmly placed, but the descent most fatiguing. At the bottom they found themselves "among a huge pile of misshapen rocks, with great masses of rocks and earth projecting from the side of the cliff, overgrown with pines and cedars hanging overhead and apparently ready to tumble down and crush one to atoms." The spray from the opposite Fall was like rain, while on the shore towards the Great Fall they saw dead fishes, squirrels and other animals that had been swept down and washed in, attracting the birds of prey that circled overhead. Stumbling on to the Great Fall, the little party went six yards behind it till the newcomer's breath was taken away by the violent whirlwind, "always raging at the bottom of the cataract."

"No words," he writes, "can convey an adequate idea of the awful grandeur of the scene at this place. Your senses are appalled by the sight of the immense body of water that comes pouring down so close to you from the top of the stupendous precipice, and also by the thundering sound of the billows dashing against the rocky sides of the cavern below; you tremble with reverent fear, when you consider that a blast from the whirlwind might sweep you from off the slippery rocks on which you stand and precipitate you into the dreadful

gulf beneath from which all the power of man could not extricate you, you feel what an insignificant being you are in the creation; and your mind is forcibly impressed with an awful idea of the power of the Mighty Being who commanded the waters to flow."

Evening was far on before the top of the cliff was regained. As they left the foot of the Fall, the sun broke forming a quivering rainbow across the spray. Wet from head to foot and greatly fatigued by the day's tramp they halted on the bank where in the morning they had hidden some brandy and goblets beneath a stone. They looked in vain however. It had been stolen by the river nymphs—not "Nymphs with sedged crowns and ever harmless looks," he writes, "but a pair of squat sturdy old wenches with close bonnets and tucked up skirts, busy with long rods fishing, the noisy clack of their tongues indicating that the brandy was undoubtedly good. So without further stop they made a bold push forward in the dark to their station of the morning. Here they found—most welcome sight!—a well-spread table waiting for them in the porch, and here the traveller, with a hearty good-bye to his friends, set off in the moonlight to Fort Chippewa, three miles above the Falls. Charlevoix, writing in 1720, states that the Falls could only be viewed from one side, and only a side prospect of them was possible. Weld was so fortunate as to have seen them at the most favorable season—in mid-September, when "the woods are seen in all their glory beautifully variegated with the rich tints of autumn." He had escaped the rattlesnakes which in summer were frequently seen, and the mosquitoes, then so thick that, to use a phrase common to the country, "you might cut them with a knife."

At Fort Chippewa he found a farmhouse or two and a blockhouse, occupied by a lieutenant and fifteen soldiers. It was part of the duty of these men to carry the stores for the Indians and the upper country in *bateaux* to Erie. With his servant Edward, he went on from Chippewa to walk to Fort Erie, fifteen miles. Though October, the heat was so intense they threw off their packets, waistcoats and cravats, envious of the Indians who, in "nature's garb," paddled comfortably on the river. Fort Erie, at the eastern end of the lake, was a small stockaded fort with extensive storehouses and a few miserable little dwellings; but a hundred yards from shore three war vessels and three merchant ships, windbound, rode at anchor. "Altogether, with the rich woods and distant hills opposite, the vast lake itself running out to the horizon and the ships at anchor, it made an interesting and beautiful scene."

Leaving Erie he went by schooner to the new British post of Malden. He describes the evening that they left as being perfect—"the vast lake bounded only by the horizon glowing with the rich warm tints reflected from the western sky, the tops of the tall forest trees fringed with gold as the sun sank behind it." A storm arose, however, that sent them on shore to dine at a farmhouse on roasted potatoes, coarse bread and bear's flesh. But next morning smooth water and a cloudless sky set all in the highest spirits. As they skimmed along the white cloud formed by the mist of the Falls of Niagara was distinctly seen.

On September 10 at sunset they passed the islands of the Detroit river. A lively scene surprised them here, for they found the river dotted with canoes, *bateaux*, and the pleasure boats of officers and traders who had come out specially to meet them. As the schooner entered the river she was joined by two of the war vessels from Fort Erie, so the three ships in return spread every bit of canvas they could muster in order to create a good impression. On arrival, Weld gladly accepted the invitation of Captain

E——, the head of the Indian Department, to remain a few days as his guest. The Captain's house was placed on the river bank with a charming view of the water and of *Bois Blanc* Island from its parlor windows. Before it a large lawn dotted with clumps of trees, was neatly paled in; while at the foot of the lawn near the river stood a large Indian wigwam called "The Council House." In this the Indians assembled to discuss important matters with the officers of the Department, and Weld was greatly pleased to hear that five hundred Indian families were encamped on *Bois Blanc* Island. In the orchard adjoining the house the peach and apple branches were bowed with fruit, though the peach season was almost over.

From Malden two routes offered for return. The one overland was quite impossible, as neither guides nor horses were forthcoming. For the other, by water to Presqu'isle, Weld secured a passage in a trading vessel. Two weeks he was told must intervene before the ship was laden. The delay was very welcome, as he was anxious to see something of the Indians and the distribution of supplies was fortunately just then due.

To the Britisher it was a fascinating scene. First, the chiefs handed in little bundles of cedar chips about the thickness of a pencil indicating the number of individuals in each tribe—the longest sticks, the men, the second length, the women, shortest, the children. All were carefully noted by the clerks, who prepared the gifts accordingly. Next morning at daybreak the busy clerks were out driving stakes into the lawn, each labelled with the name of its tribe and number. Several bales were then brought out from the stores and thrown in heaps at the foot of each stake, according to its tribe. In the bales were blankets, scarlet, blue and brown cloths and figured cottons, large rolls of tobacco, guns and ammunition, with other articles, in all about the value of five hundred pounds sterling. No liquor was presented, or silver ornaments, except to a favorite chief from the Governor. While these arrangements were going on the four hundred and twenty warriors lounged about on the edge of the lawn. When all was ready they were called in, ranged in a large circle on the grass while the Captain delivered a speech. He told them "that their great and good Father, who lived on the opposite side of the big lake, was ever attentive to the happiness of his faithful people, and that with his accustomed bounty he had sent the presents which lay before them to his good children the Indians; the guns, hatchets and ammunition for the young men, the clothing for the aged, the women and children; that he hoped the young men would have no occasion to employ their weapons in fighting enemies, but would use them for hunting merely; and that he recommended them to be attentive to the old, to share bountifully with them what they gained by the chase; that he trusted the Great Spirit would give them bright and clear skies and a favorable season for hunting; and that when another year should pass over, if he should find them good children he would not fail to renew his bounties by sending them more presents across the big lake."

This speech was delivered in English, interpreted paragraph by paragraph, the end of each drawing from the Indians a coarse "Hoah! Hoah!" The chiefs were then called forward, the heaps pointed out, thanks were returned and in less than three minutes all was conveyed by the warriors to their waiting canoes, yet all regularly and properly, without wrangling or jealousy and in perfect silence.

The days were full of interest to Weld, who was always ready for a visit to the Island. But most interesting of all was an invitation to their mid-night dances. Both squaws and

Indians were fantastic figures. The Indians wore embroidered moccasins, blue or scarlet leggings edged with fringes, embroidered aprons, loose shirts of figured calico, a pouch and scalping knife, with over all a blanket —one end tied round the waist, the other thrown over the shoulder and pinned on the breast. The squaws were less fierce, he thought. Over their leggings they wore broadcloth skirts, generally dark blue or green, and in full dress covered their bodices with silver brooches or buttons and tied ribbons to their hair, falling in long loops to their heels—sometimes a favorite squaw wearing quite five guineas worth of ribbon. Earrings, bracelets and a few nose pendants were also worn.

The dances were weird in the extreme. For the first one three old men with drum and rattles marked the time and led the song in which the dancers joined. To this no squaws were admitted, but the men, in a circle, with their hands round each other's necks, swayed sideways round a small fire with close short steps. Later the fire was made up larger and fifty men in a large circle marched round it one after another with short steps, keeping time, the best dancer leading and giving the step. Gradually the step widened and stamping began, till every three or four rounds was marked by little leaps with both feet, their faces all turned to the fire, their heads bowed but still moving sideways. After a dozen or two rounds at the end of each, all stamping with incredible fury, all together gave a loud shout and the dance was over. To please them Weld with the other guests joined in and danced till daybreak. Of this extraordinary dance he writes: "There is something inconceivably terrible in the sight of a number of Indians dancing thus round a fire in the depth of the woods, and the loud shrieks at the end of every dance add greatly to the horror which their first sight inspires."

By the time the sloop was ready it was late October. Still new beauty charmed his eyes. His farewells said, as he glided past the river banks, "the rich autumn woods whose gaudy color mingled with the shadows of the rocks were reflected in the clear water." By the second morning land was out of sight, the weather promising. But a sudden storm sweeping down the lake sent the vessel on the rocks. Their suspense was terrible; for by nine in the evening the vessel was striking every minute. Then suddenly the wind shifted, by degrees the anchor was hauled and they found themselves again in deep water. Next morning the sun rose fair. The skies were so clear and the air so mild that but for the disabled boat all might have seemed a "dark dream." Luckily a passing sloop came to their aid and after four days, though not without alarming squalls, they arrived at Erie. From Erie he crossed at once to Buffalo expecting to travel by horseback to Philadelphia, but the horses failing he finally made the journey on foot with "China Breast Plate" his Indian guide.

He had spent four months in travelling through Canada from her eastern to her western settlements. As a sympathizer with the "Patriots" of Ireland, his opinion was not likely to be biased in favor of English rule in Canada. Yet while visiting Quebec Weld could write frankly to a private correspondent—"The mind is equally gratified by the appearance of content and happiness that reigns in the countenances of these inhabitants. Indeed if a country as fruitful as it is picturesque, a genial and healthy climate, and a tolerable share of civil and religious liberty can make a people happy none ought to appear more so than the Canadians during this delightful season of the year."

Grant and the Nation

By ELSIE REFORD

IN the lives of nations Canada is still young, a fact we must not lose sight of when we see her taking on the arrogance and complacency which are not uncommon to, but rather characteristic of, youth. But already she can boast of some "giants among men" as her sons who have contributed a lion's share in the development of things, which will go far towards the fulfilling of her splendid destiny. Among the first few of the foremost row of such men stands out assuredly the name of George Munroe Grant, late Principal of Queen's University, an imperialist and practical-idealist in all that the terms imply. It is just six years since Kingston witnessed the filing through her streets of a silent throng of men, representing all parties, politics and creeds, men in many and divers conditions of life, all gathered there together to pay their last tribute of respect to the earthly remains of this great Canadian.

Imperialism and Imperialists are words we hear in constant use in public and in private, "in the synagogue and in the market-place," though frequently those who use them have but a faint conception of their actual meaning, in fact, one might safely say that the number of persons who have a full understanding of all they embrace and involve is but comparatively small. Not everyone is gifted with an imaginative grasp of unseen things, and this is necessary for at least the majority to have if we would "build Empire wide as the world." Still, we cannot fail to feel that in these times there is a vague something moving abroad and gradually working its way into the minds of men up and down the earth, and that something is the *Spirit* of Imperialism. It is fastening itself upon their intelligence in a way that augers well for its crystallization into form and action sometime in a future which cannot be far distant. Hopes are justified in running high that ere long its notes will ring out full and rich with such quality of tone as will reach to and find its echo in the farthermost corners of the most widespread and mightiest heritage it has ever been given to an Empire to enjoy. There have been those of the keener insight and clearer vision who, long before the duller majority, dreamed their dream of realization and unification of Empire and have passed out from among us with but few results visible to the world of all they had labored and toiled so unceasingly for, and for which they had sacrificed so much. Pioneers do not often attain their object in entirety, but who is there who for this will call them failures? Through these hewers and path-finders we have come to know that he is but a poor harvester who looks to reap the fullness of his crop in the evening of his own day.

It has been said of some men, even of those who by virtue of their achievements can rightly lay claim to greatness, that only after their

death did the world awaken to the knowledge that they had lived; but this cannot be said of Grant, for from him there radiated a living force which made itself felt. He was alive in every thought and fibre, and no matter what was the nature of the field, or on whatever side he chose to throw his weight, at all times and in all places he was a leader. At the time of his death he was known far and near throughout the breadth of the Dominion—"envied by some, but admired by all."

The rising generation knew him not in person; and in these hurrying days, when everything is changing with a heretofore unknown rapidity, improving, progressing, yes and prospering at such a rate of speed that it threatens to become a source of danger alike to individual and state, these younger men do neither stop to ask who were the layers of such foundations as they found ready waiting for them to build upon, nor do they always show their gratitude in the only way it ought to be shown, viz., by continuing the construction on the same solid basis on which it had been begun by their thoughtful and farseeing predecessors.

It is on the younger portion of her people, with their advantages of strength and buoyancy and the stretch of years ahead of them that the hopes of a country must needs be centred, and to them there can be no better guide or inspiration than to look back again and again over the records of lives of men who were filled with patriotic sentiments and public spirit of the highest order.

Principal Grant was born in Nova Scotia, and his earliest years were spent in that Province amidst surroundings of extreme political and sectarian bitterness. This, however, seems, instead of narrowing and warping his ideas, to have had the opposite effect, for all his life he passionately denounced intolerance on all subjects and stood for a freedom of conscience for the individual. From his first schooldays he was a worker; and, by scholarships, he was enabled to go to Glasgow to pursue his theological studies at that university. There he very soon won distinction, quite as much by his irresistible geniality, wholehearted enthusiasm and chivalrous spirit as by the bursaries and medals obtained, not only by superior and versatile gifts but also by diligence and industry. He entered into every sphere of student life; he was a familiar figure on the football green, at debating societies and in lecture halls—all knew him. His was a splendidly receptive mind, and he revelled in all the literary, historic and architectural charm and associations with which the atmosphere of the Old World supplied him. He loved and reverenced her traditions, and his whole being expanded under such warmth and mind-food.

Norman Macleod, the great Scottish minister, soon became the strongest human influence in the shaping of Grant's career, and at the conclusion of his university course he offered him the position of his assistant at the Barony Church. Had he accepted that important charge in Scotland his work would have been along different lines and before a bigger and more imposing audience than it later proved to be. The path would have been more smooth, fewer difficulties would have presented themselves, and so those wonderful powers of combat, linked with absolute fairness, which showed themselves time after time in the battles he fought with so much eagerness for his native land, would not have been called into execution. An easier life might have made him more of a scholar and less of a doer, though it is doubtful if he would have found the same happiness in a more tranquil life, for his nature and temperament enjoyed riding "on the crest of the wave."

After a few months amongst a struggling community of a Nova

Scotian Mission Station, to whom he had been a very saint in adversity, he was removed to Prince Edward Island, and there, besides taking charge of the largest station, within eighteen months he succeeded in building two churches and had obtained provision for the payment of their incumbents. He soon entered a wider field, being given a church in Halifax. At once he threw himself with vigor into the discussion which ended in the passing of Sir Charles Tupper's (then Dr. Tupper) Educational Act, and with this as a coping stone he set about reviving Dalhousie College and raising it to the status of an undenominational Provincial university. In this work he met with endless difficulties, but he was successful, and in April, 1863, the bill for the reorganization became law. Scarcely had this been accomplished before he was in the midst of a fierce struggle for the founding of a theological hall at Halifax. A controversy of such bitterness arose that it was deemed expedient by the committee to abandon the idea, and all Grant's protests availed nothing. He struck out with full force and that courage which distinguished all his undertakings, speaking his mind clearly and strongly regardless of personal enmities and unpopularity incurred. He asked Scotch Protestantism why it had not fulfilled its mission. "Because," said he, "when it became powerful, it was the first to deny its own spirit and principles and it became intolerant and persecuting." Even more calculated to rouse opposition were his attacks upon the clergy for their coldness, faint-heartedness and bigotry and on their willingness to rest contented in vain repetitions of formulas which had lost all relation to the real life of the community. Would that another with like courage might arise to waken not only Scotch but all Protestantism from the dangerous lethargy into which it has drifted to-day! A warning note was sounded not long since by one of England's bishops when he delivered a striking address on the present-time attitude of society to the church, and *vice versa*. "The world is too much in the church, and the church too little in the world" were the words he used and the convictions he set forth.

These were now hard days for Grant, for he was distrusted alike for his attack upon Protestantism for its attitude towards science, as being equally cowardly and unscriptural, and a sin against the principles of liberty, as well as for what was looked upon to be his undue sympathy towards the Church of Rome. When we take into consideration the conditions and prejudices of the time and the stiff-necked, blind and dogged adherence of the people to their misconceived idea of Protestantism, the bravery of the man, an ordained minister of the Church, who thus fearlessly expressed his view in support of whatever he sincerely and deeply believed to be right, cannot fail to command our highest admiration and respect. Grant was a true patriot, inasmuch as he seized every opportunity for serving his country and to try to level out strange differences, arising out of prevailing ignorance and narrow prejudices, which must have injurious effects upon those who allow themselves to be governed by them. That he held as a duty from which he had no right to shrink.

But a bigger issue was already at hand. The question of Confederation. Of this Grant was an ardent advocate, for although he saw plainly that at the outset individual and Provincial interests would suffer, he realized it was the only means towards development into nationhood. He saw clearly what a number of his fellowmen saw but dimly, and he devoted himself and all his brilliant persuasive powers to the furtherance of laying this corner-stone of Canada as a nation. He spoke often and eloquently on public platforms for the

cause. In argument he was unequaled, for he carried with him that personal force which transcends all tactics and causes its will to prevail, and few will deny that it was in a very large measure due to him that Tupper gained a victory and that Nova Scotia became one of the Confederate Provinces. His financial and executive abilities were remarkable. During his pastorate in Halifax he established and carried on successfully the work of one charity after another, and, what is more difficult, put them on a basis which ensured the continuance of the work already begun.

In 1872 Grant set out with Sandford Fleming on a pioneer expedition across the Canadian Northwest, and thence through the Rockies to the Pacific coast. His very soul was stirred by the splendor and vastness of the inheritance, and he came back in a red-hot glow of enthusiasm over the magnificent future which awaited us in those possessions. In lectures full of the finest spirit of patriotism he called on Canada to "rise up and build," and when the great company was formed to connect the Atlantic and Pacific by means of iron bands, his voice was always raised in its support, and during a long and discouraging time, when those who stood at the head of that company and were responsible for it needed every friend, he was its steadfast champion. He helped them to fight that most difficult of all opponents, an atmosphere of disbelief, for having himself seen he believed in the country and what was in store for it. His book, "Ocean to Ocean," revealed Grant in a new light to the people of Canada, but more than that it revealed to Canada the glories and richnesses of her northern and western territories, and did not a little to "steel the hearts of many through the dark days that were to come."

The last years in Nova Scotia Grant identified himself more closely than ever with educational reform. In 1877 he accepted the offer of the Principalship of Queen's University, Kingston. His installation address was a masterpiece, in which he spoke out, with his usual fearlessness and boldness, of university ideals, university work and university policy. His very audacity in immediately taking up the position he meant to hold and at once proclaiming it compelled and arrested public interest in the university which had hitherto been quite lacking. The work of collecting was of the most repellent kind to him, of it he had an absolute loathing; nevertheless when he had been but six months at Queen's we find him starting out on his endowment campaign. Feeling himself more or less of a stranger in Ontario made it all the harder for him, and weariness and disgust are often expressed in his letters about this time. But to the keynote of his appeal "a country's prosperity depends on learning and religion and therefore on colleges," to their honor be it said, the people responded not ungenerously. The canvassing for funds was started in May, and after eight months of painful toil and all the discomforts of traveling from place to place in the country districts throughout Ontario, Grant was stricken down in Ottawa by illness and racked by pain, but with $140,000 subscribed to Queen's, an immense sum when one realizes that it was raised chiefly amongst small merchants and farmers. It represented a tremendous effort. His largest subscription was given to him by the one colored graduate of the University. He gave it freely and willingly, saying that at his "Alma Mater he had always been treated as a gentleman." There is something pathetic in the statement and in the extent of the gratitude shown. His colleagues were amazed at the boundless energy of the new Principal. One reform of organization followed another in quick succession under his administration. Besides the writing of artic-

les for *Scribner's,* Grant became the editor of *Picturesque Canada,* to which he gave the greatest care and industry, supervising and recasting excellent material and putting his best work into his own chapters.

In '83 the Hon. Mr. Mowat, then Prime Minister of Ontario, offered him the portfolio of education in his Cabinet. The position had many attractions for Grant, especially as he saw through it the means of guiding the educational development of his country, round which his chief interests were centred. However, after much thought and deliberation he declined. His reasons were principally his fear that his abandonment of Queen's at such a juncture would, in all likelihood, injure its prospects; then too he felt he could not associate himself so closely with a political party without identifying himself throughout with that party to which he was unwilling to bind himself to do, but most of all, he was not prepared to give up his status as a minister of the Presbyterian Church, which the acceptance of such a position would necessitate.

The next question of importance to arise was that of federation of universities in Ontario, and Queen's, backed and stimulated by her Principal, decided to retain the independence she had won. That independence cost Grant another gigantic collecting effort. Again he went through all the old trials and distasteful work, and again success crowned his endeavor, the Jubilee Fund, a quarter of a million, was raised, but again at the cost of Grant's health, and he absolutely broke down. The doctors prescribed a sea voyage, and the University Board showed their appreciation and gratitude by voting him a gift of money which enabled him to make a tour of the world.

In politics Grant was first and last independent, not that he was never an adherent of any party, but when that party to which he belonged and had given his support ceased to uphold his principles, then he would swing from it with a readiness that puzzled and dazed the ordinary politician. Speaking broadly, he was Conservative till 1893, but then, disapproving the methods of the Conservative leaders he became a Liberal, and his influence was a telling factor in favor of Laurier's side. His habit, however, of judging issues on their merits and according to fundamental principles one can easily imagine to have been disconcerting to Conservatives and Liberals alike. Incensed and horrified at the revelations of '91, he wrote a series of impassioned letters on a policy for Canada, in which he showed that selfishness, localism and inaction in public life made each and every Canadian citizen responsible for the scandals. The letters were inspiring. His refusal to take part in the Jesuits Estate agitation was characteristic of the man, for with his usual far-sightedness he saw only evil resulting from it, and later he was acclaimed for the refusal as much as he at first was condemned for it.

A side of Grant's public activities which is of pecular interest at the present moment, was his long continued fight against the exclusion of the Chinese from Canada. After the defeat of the Conservatives in '96, against whom his strictures had carried great weight, he was in a position of almost a consulting publicist, and at that time his journalistic work was very considerable. He was in close communication with Sir Wilfrid Laurier during the negotiations of the Joint High Commission in '99, and his instinct for the true relation of things rendered his advice and opinion always of value. He was keenly interested in Canada's transportation questions, for he knew them to be of primary importance. Against prohibition he thundered with vehemence, for he neither believed in its efficiency or in the righteousness of an attempt to compel men to sobriety. He fore-

saw that the results of such a law would only be the increase of such evils as hypocrisy, evasion and defiance of law and perjury. This fight he had to undertake singlehanded, for though many agreed with him in the main, it required too much courage for them to say so. There were too many material interests at stake for men to speak their minds openly, and for the first time the majority of Queen's University trustees opposed him. Nothing could daunt him, for he firmly believed in the right of his opinions. He defeated the Prohibitionist's champion in open debate, and three letters from his pen which appeared in the newspapers created a sensation and showed the people that a man of intellect, disinterestedness and moral fervor could be in opposition to the enforcement of sobriety by legislation.

Grant's liberal views on doctrine and dogma, as may be supposed, gave some offence. He was ahead of his time in advising the study of theology in an undenominational way just as the study of science and philosophy is pursued. Very recently, in a speech of unusual breadth, one of our foremost Presbyterian ministers made a similar appeal for the very same thing.

This is but a slim account of a life of extraordinary activity. If the goal of all life be "more life and fuller," truly in his sojourn in this world Grant must have been nigh unto that goal. From the humble position of a minister of the Scottish church in Nova Scotia country districts, he rose to be a recognized power in the land.

Grant like every one human had his stumbling blocks within himself, and all his life he had to strive and struggle for the control of a hot and impetuous temper and against an inborn impatience. Those who knew him best say that the finest aspect of his character lay in his great love for his fellow-men and his confidence in them to respond to all reasonable appeals. He called to the best that was in them and got the best from them. Like Abou-ben-Adhem, he might have asked the angel to write him as "one who loved his fellow-men" and the angel would have written and when it would appear again with "a great shining light to show the names of those whom the love of God hath blessed" lo, his name would "lead all the rest."

At Dawn

By

VIRNA SHEARD

Turn to thy window at the silver hour,
When day comes stealing down the hill of night,
Infolded as the leaves infold a flower
By all her rose-leaf robes of misty light.

Then like a joy born out of blackest sorrow
The miracle of morning seems to say:
"There is no night without its dear to-morrow,
No lonely dark that does not find the day."

Lake Louise

By FRED LOCKLEY

MIDWAY between Revelstoke and Calgary, in Alberta, on the line of the Canadian Pacific Railway there is a little station called Laggan. You are likely to give it only a passing glance, but if you do you will always regret it, for Laggan is the nearest railway point to one of the most exquisite gems of nature to be found on the western continent.

If ever a lake deserved the name of an emerald gem it is Lake Louise. It is situated in one of the most pictureque regions in Canada, being in the immediate vicinity of Paradise Valley, the Valley of Ten Peaks and the Lakes in the Clouds. Its surface lies more than a mile above the level of the sea and its depth has not yet been determined.

On a recent summer morning I started from Laggan at daybreak, so as to witness sunrise on the lake. The road leads over the impetuous and picturesque Bow River, by a bridge near the village, and winds in many a sinuous curve, steadily upward. You hear the noise of dashing waters which grow louder as you advance till of a sudden you see through the trees to your left a ribbon of silver. Soon the road, as though unable to resist the charm of its alluring beauty, winds down to the bank of the ice-cold glacial waters of Louise River and faithfully follows the stream to its source. Louise River descends over seven hundred feet in a distance of less than three miles. As a consequence, it is a succession of cascades and falls hyphenated, at rare intervals, by a stretch of a few yards of green water. Though the water, dashed to milk-white spray, has a hint of green, delicate as the curling crest of a storm-driven breaker just before it breaks, yet one would not know how green the water really is were it not for the occasional deep pools where the water pauses for a moment after its wild dash down the rapids to regain its force, to recruit its strength, and with reformed battalions to dash on in a yet more furious onslaught, a yet more determined charge against the grim gray granite boulders that litter its course. On it hurries at top speed as wild and free as a band of Arabian horses with manes and tails, white as milk, flying in the breeze.

We cross a rustic bridge. On both sides of the stream the delicate ferns creep down to nod their reflections mirrored in the less turbulent water above the bridge. They cling to the lichen-covered, moss-grown rocks along the spray-drenched shore, a symbol of strength and beauty. As you linger where the sentinel pines in stately procession march down to the water's edge you breathe the incense of the mingled delights of the resinous woody odor of balsam, fir and pine. As your gaze lingers on the quiet beauty of the scene there is a flash of blue so quick that the startled eye can scarcely mark its flight; the blue-green waters of the pool before you splash upward, sub-

LAKE LOUISE, NEAR LAGGAN, B.C.

side and, in ever-widening circles, move shoreward, while a saucy kingfisher flies to a nearby tree to eat at his leisure the unwary minnow he has captured.

As you go on you come to a turn in the road and as you round the bend—but wait, have you ever sat in a darkened room and, looking at the blank surface of the curtain before you, suddenly, as though by fairy magic and in the twinkling of an eye, seen that blank canvas blossom into beauty as the moving picture man threw upon the screen the faithful reproduction of some one of nature's masterpieces? Then, just as suddenly and much more unexpectedly, as you round the bend in the mountain, you come to a halt as though you had come into physical contact with an unseen wire stretched across your way. You catch your breath. There, thrown against the curtain of the sky, glacier-clad, snow-crowned, rises in stately dignity Mount Temple, a delicately cut cameo against a background of cloudless blue.

At this distance you get no hint of yawning crevices or blue-green ice walls; it seems to wear a spotless robe of ermine; the trees that clothe its base look soft as plush; the green velvet of the trees merges into the rugged cliffs which in turn blend imperceptibly with the snow fields and the glacial ice on Mount Temple's massive forefront. You look down at the milk-white stream below, whose substance is ever changing, but whose form remains unchanged, you look up to the spotless purity of the snow-clad mountain, and, even as you look, nature in her laboratory is preparing a wondrous change. She has dipped her brush into her paint box and from her seven-fold arch she has taken, not a color, but a mere tint, an illusive suggestion of color, filmy, diaphanous. As your enraptured eye dwells upon the scene, lo! the miracle takes place, the white loses its in-

LAKE LOUISE, SHOWING OUTLET

tensity, a faint tinge of gold mingles with the molten silver, a suspicion of pink flits across Mount Temple's icy brow. Again it comes, it lingers for a moment, gradually the shade becomes fixed, a rosy glow, a pink touched with gold, indescribably delicate like the waning Alpenglü on the highest Alps. It is as though the Sleeping Beauty had been kissed by Prince Charming and the quickened blood brought the flush of life and youth to her ivory-tinted cheek, so the first rays of the sun have softened the austere outlines of Mount Temple and bathed it in wondrous beauty.

I passed Lake Louise Chalet, its three hundred occupants still wrapped in slumber and walked down to the shore of the lake, trying to close my eyes and senses at the wondrous, the matchless beauty of the scene, so that I might row out, far out, away from all sign or sound of man and at the upper end of the lake be alone with nature.

How shall I describe it? Can you tell, can you find the words to describe when your whole being thrilled for the first time at the touch of love, when love, long dormant, unknown, unsuspected, came to you in an instant, like Minerva who full-armed, mature and perfect, sprang from the head of Jove? Can you describe those moonlight nights when your whole being throbbed to the harmony of life, as the soul of a Cremona responds when its chord is struck on the piano? If you can, you can describe Lake Louise. I cannot. I would not if I could; it would lay bare to the gaze of the curious world ones very soul with its deepest feelings and highest aspirations. Can a painter catch the ripple in the grass as it bows to the soft and tender caress of the west wind? Can he pick out a color which will express the delicate perfume of the violet he is painting or with his brush catch the plaintive minor key of the low-voiced song of the pines

LAKES IN THE CLOUDS, ABOVE LAKE LOUISE

when the wind, that grand old harper, "smites his thunder harp of pines"? Well, I have warned you. I cannot describe Lake Louise; all I can hope to do is from a multitude of impressions to pick out, here and there, one that stands out from the warp and woof of the fabric of my memory as the scarlet thread does from the woven strands of gray.

Picture a lake whose colors are like a green-blue opal only more transient and fleeting. The colors come and go over its face as quickly and as idly as a maiden's dreams and fancies or the thronging thoughts of youth. Green with all its varying shades and values, blue and purple with all the merging harmonies of their blending.

Sunrise has not yet come to the lake. It lies hushed, tranquil, serene. Take in your oars. It seems a profanation of some mysterious Holy of Holies to disturb the unruffled waters. The stroke of your oar in the water makes the sky-reflecting lake look like a broken looking-glass as the disturbed waters flow shoreward setting the reflections of mountain and sky to dancing and trembling. Nature is holding her breath. Peace ineffable seems to brood over valley, mountain and lake. You feel the narrowness, the selfishness, the lowness slipping from your soul's shoulders, and now your soul can stand erect as God meant it to stand. You see things in their true light, the cares, the vexations, the petty jealousies of the work-day work shrivel to their true proportions; the lust for wealth, the greed for gain which have grown giant-like and almost crowded out your higher, better self shrink back affrighted before your soul-searching introspective gaze. Soft to your ear comes the lap of the water on the sides of your boat. Faintly you may hear the roar, softened by distance, of the waterfalls from Victoria glacier, and now comes, like

MORAINE LAKE, VALLEY OF TEN PEAKS, B.C.

the echo of a distant salvo of artillery, the reverberating boom of falling ice which, long suspended over the face of the glacier, has finally given way and gone crashing over the cliff to the foot of the glacier. Its undulations come more and more faintly and die away into silence. As you look around it seems as though the world had just emerged from the hand of the Creator. It is perfect, untarnished, undefiled, and primeval silence broods over all. Look up at the beetling cliffs, red and brown and gray, at the dark green of the tree-clad slopes of the mountain, at the undimmed glory of the snowfields and, high though the ragged peaks are, look higher to the blue sky above, now look below in the lake: here the same scene, unchanged, color for color, outline for outline, is reflected. It is hard to tell whether you are afloat in the blue of the lake or adrift in the blue of the sky; it is hard even to tell which is the shadow and which the substance. To your left rises Mount Fairview, his feet laved in the ice-cold waters of the lake, his massive bulk clothed half way to the summit with trees. Here and there above the timber line a tree more handy than his brethren clings precariously to the weather-worn, wind-eroded, glacial-cleft bluffs. To the left of Victoria glacier rises a line of peaks, seven in all, carved fantastically as though nature had shaped them for titanic gargoyles—naked, grim, gaunt, savage in their jagged outline, they uprear their forbidding heads. Their rough-ragged, saw-like edges stand out against the blue background of the sky, the very antipodes of Lake Louise with her alluring charm, her tenderness, her beauty, the sheen of her ever-changeful colors, her depth, her constancy.

Clustered about the lower end of the lake, as though guarding her vestal purity from sacrilege, or as though guarding a rare and costly gem from the despoiler, rise Castle Crag and

Aberdeen, massive Victoria with its glacier, here white and glistening, there with its vast ice-walls gleaming in green and blue, clasped in its gigantic embrace. Lefroy, Whyte, Niblock, Pope's Peak, the Beehive and St. Piron stand on guard—a noble group. Fairview's shoulder has become radiant, dazzling, transfigured. Like a brightly burnished copper shield the *Lord of Day* clears the mountain and throws his first long, level, golden lance on the shimmering lake. The lake responds with a myriad of dimpled smiles, the tremulous waters gleam with an iridescent and opalescent sheen at the greeting of the sun, while the reflections of the trees from the youngest sapling to the monarch of the forest who has seen the wheeling centuries come and go quiver as though with scarcely suppressed joy at the coming of the life-giver.

Now nature's alchemy gives to the lake a score of transient gleams of beauty as the sunlight chases away the shadows. As you look into its emerald depths imperceptibly the green is transmuted to blue, and it has become a turquoise. As you look up you see wheeling in stately circles across the blue of the overarching vault of the sky an eagle. He seems to float without effort, his outspread wings motionless. Somewhere on those rocky heights is his eyrie. There with far-seeing eye he scans the valley spread like a panorama at his feet.

Take up your oars and with long, even stroke make the hickory bend as your boat skims over the water, leaving a long line of gleaming bubble-strewn ripples in your wake.

You have seen sunrise on Lake Louise. Is it not worth coming a thousand miles to see? Beyond and above Lake Louise are other lakes which will well repay you for the labor of the climb, Mirror Lake and Lake Agnes; but go again—we have seen beauty enough for one morning.

Good-bye

By ALBERT E. S. SMYTHE

Not less I love you—but you did not come
Unfalt'ring, fervid, when I craved the right
To walk beside you in the noonday light.
Some strange reluctance of the soul struck dumb
The voice of treaty, left your heart-strings numb,
And turned you from the venture and the height.
My golden years I yielded you; my slight
And silver days must hoard their scanty sum.

You, like the trav'ller, gathered from the deep,
Pond'ring the chances of the grappled ships—
One towards the morning, one the setting sun—
Persuaded, took th' irrevocable leap.
Love knows, nor wavers while the full tide slips.
Good-bye! God haven you when all is done!

The Baby Mansion

A RELIC OF 1812

By RANDOLPH CARLYLE

FEW more interesting relics remain of the war of 1812-13 than the *Bâby Mansion* at Sandwich. The date of its erection is uncertain, but, according to *Souvenirs of the Past* by the late William Lewis Bâby, who was born within its massive walls, it served as a Post in the picturesque northwest trade as early as the middle of the eighteenth century. It must therefore be at least 150 years old. To Tecumseh it had long been a familiar landmark, and to it this great Indian chief was summoned to deliberate on grave questions concerning the defence of the country. When General Hull first landed on Canadian soil in 1812 he made the *Bâby Mansion* his headquarters, and from it was issued his famous proclamation, advising the people of Canada that if Indians were used in the war no mercy would be shown. "The first stroke of the tomahawk," it read, "the first attempt with the scalping knife, will be the signal of one indiscriminate scene of desolation. No white man found fighting by the side of an Indian will be taken prisoner—instant destruction will be his lot." Little did he think that he would soon ignominiously retrace his way across the river to Detroit, or that before many months had passed he would be held a prisoner of war in the very house wherein he had planned the easy conquest of his inoffensive neighbors. Brock, in his turn, used this house as a base of operations in that district, and under its hospitable roof he arranged the details of some of his most important advances against the enemy. So varied and paradoxical are the vicissitudes of war, the following year, after General Brock had repaired to the Niagara frontier, General Harrison, having defeated the Canadian troops on the Thames and burned Moraviantown, returned to Sandwich, occupied the *Bâby Mansion,* and numbered among his prisoners the very owner of the house himself—Col. James Bâby, of the Kent militia. Meantime it had been occupied by Major General Procter as headquarters during his various defensive operations. All of these historical figures have long since gone; still the house remains — changed somewhat in itself and much in environment, but for the most part it stands, as it stood a century and a half ago, a mute witness of the great transformation that has taken place since that time.

To build so pretentious a structure as the *Bâby Mansion* in those days demanded enterprise and determination, for there were no saw-mills in the vicinity, and accordingly all of the lumber used in the building of this particular house was cut out with a whip-saw. Every board was finished with a bead, and the nails, made

THE BABY MANSION AT SANDWICH, THE HEADQUARTERS SUCCESSIVELY DURING 1812-13 OF GENERALS HULL, BROCK, HARRISON AND PROCTER

of wrought iron, were driven through holes bored with a gimlet. The framework was filled in with bricks and mortar. The walls of the foundation, 40 x 50 feet in size, are three feet thick, and the cellar was made to hold 600 pipes of wine or other liquors. The beams and sheathing were of oak, the framework of doors and windows of walnut, which is still in a good state of preservation. In the ceiling of the main hall was fixed a massive hook, from which were suspended scales capable of weighing two thousand pounds of furs. The hook is still there, but the doctor who now occupies the place does not use it in weighing out his powders. The door locks are quite ponderous, being about four times as large as the average lock nowadays.

In 1812, when the *Bâby Mansion* received most of its historic associations, Detroit was a place of but few structures, lying about two miles down river on the opposite side from Sandwich. The house still looks out on the river, but how the scene has changed! Instead of a great forest on the farther bank there is now a great city, and the black clouds from a multitude of smokestacks hang like a pall over the water. Instead of the *bateaux* of the *voyageurs,* the birch-bark canoes of the red men and the passing and repassing of innumerable waterfowl, there are the Windsor ferries, the merchant craft of the Great Lakes and the innumerable vessels of all kinds that pass up and down between Lake Erie and Lake Huron.

The house faces the river, which in the early days was the great and immediate highway. As the trade in

which it was associated was brought about by means of the water, the building site was chosen close to the river's bank. Most of the *bateaux* laden with merchandise came from Montreal and were destined for points farther north and west.

The war of 1812 began with General Hull's operations in the vicinity of Amherstburg, Fort Malden and Sandwich, and it was at this time that he occupied the *Bâby Mansion* and called on the people to take shelter under the Union flag. Apparently, however, he overestimated the timidity of the Canadian people on the one hand and the awe-inspiring effect of his proclamation on the other hand. Evidently also he undervalued the friendliness of the Indians to the British arms, for it was about this time that Tecumseh with a band of red men routed a detachment of Americans at Brownstown. Major-General Procter now had the American forces at Sandwich shut off from all communication with expected reinforcements from Ohio, and so General Hull found it advisable to retreat to Detroit. Soon thereafter Brock arrived on the Canadian side, and immediately took possession of the Bâby house. Batteries were erected, five guns being placed so as to command the fort at Detroit. As soon as the guns were in position, Brock sent a demand, under a flag of truce, for Hull's surrender of Detroit, but it was refused. That night and early next morning a Canadian force numbering, with Indians, 1,330 men, crossed over about three miles below Detroit, and, finding that the time was opportune, bore down upon the fort. The guns at Sandwich began a severe bombardment, and so hopeless did Hull's position soon become that he did not attempt a defence but offered to capitulate. As a result, the Union Jack was hoisted over Detroit; Hull and the 2,500 men under him became prisoners of war, and all the armament and stores of the Americans passed into the hands of the British.

Thereafter the *Bâby Mansion* was used as headquarters by Major-General Procter during a considerable period of inactivity, but after the defeat of the British and the burning of Moraviantown, General Harrison likewise used it on his way back to Detroit. The house, therefore, has many historical associations. It now stands, surrounded by trees, a short distance from the main thoroughfare of Sandwich, unmarked in any particular way except by a doctor's sign and various traces of antiquity.

The Drama in Canada

By FREDERIC ROBSON

WHEN the late Sir Henry Irving was playing in Montreal some years ago a newspaper reporter, on the pretext of urgent business, slipped past the secretary and begged the privilege of an interview.

"Canada is familiar ground to you," remarked the reporter by way of breaking through the personal hedge.

"Fondly familiar," replied Sir Henry with his quaint smile, "I have seen this Canada, yours and mine, its plains and all those pictures through the mountains on the coast. Some day you will crown it all with a national drama, that's what you need next, a Canadian drama."

Unfortunately the Arts do not follow close in the waggon tracks of the pioneer, but we must know that pioneering is a past institution in a large section of Canada and yet we have given but few serious thoughts to the establishment of a national art and particularly that section with which the present article attempts to deal—the drama.

Any reader who has followed at all closely what the world is doing in all the branches of its life must have gathered that there is a distinctive English drama, one peculiarly French, Italian or German, and possibly a drama of more recent creation or adaptation that may pass under the name of American. But up here in Canada, we have, so far, to take the crumbs from our masters' tables. Canadians cannot be called a nation of theatre lovers. Religious sentiment which once placed the theatre as an accompaniment of the downward path is of too recent existence to be suddenly up-rooted by newer ideas and cast aside as unworthy. It is hard to turn a people from bitter opposition to mere scepticism in one generation. Harder still to make them the champions of the thing they once despised, but it is being done, and who can gainsay it?

With the weaning away from old ideas the new generation has come into a new belief that after all the interpretation which the stage gives to stories of life is the most expressive we have yet found, and that in its transmission from the footlights to the auditor it does not carry the poison of a plague.

Granted, then, that the sentiment toward the theatre in Canada has undergone a change, the question comes—"Has any benefit accrued to the theatre?"

The influence has tended, one must admit, to a numerical increase in theatres and theatre-goers. Discrimination has not kept pace.

A new public, sons and daughters of a generation that tore the theatrical pages from the foreign magazines and burned them, lest they reach the eyes of the children of the home, have tossed aside tradition. They don't believe there is any harm in the theatre, and so they rush helter-skelter to the playhouse as soon as the white and gold doors are open.

It doesn't matter what is inside. The idea is to get there and "take a chance." They little think that they are making the theatre what it is, that every sneer at the character of a play they have been disappointed in, is a jibe at their own folly. The public love to be "taken in." It is as true of theatrical management as it ever was of Barnum. You can draw a "house" with the *Broadway Maids,* which every man buying a ticket knows to be a fraud, when empty benches would greet Shakespeare, which every man in town knew before hand would prove a treat. It is one of the little corners of human freakishness which can some day stand explanation.

There has been a lapse of many years since Mrs. Morrison's playhouse in Toronto featured Fanny Davenport, but in the intervening time, who would say that there has been an appreciable advance in public theatrical ideals?

Surely the theatre is not to blame. If a public demanded *The Pilgrim's Progress* in four acts there would be a dozen managers able and willing to serve them with the allegory. If you do not see it at your local theatre it is a fairly accurate law to take, that the public of your own town does not want it.

"The uplift of the stage" is generally little more than a patronizing phrase glibly turned off the tongues of people who know nothing of its practical problems and at heart care less.

There is only one person who can uplift the stage, and that is the man or woman who lines up opposite the box office, but in nine cases out of ten, that man thinks so little of the quality of his amusement that his opinion is rendered negative or positively harmful.

It may strike the reader as very strange that the greatest dramatic works ever written, those of William Shakespeare, which would seem to require a trained mind to fathom them, are scorned as uninteresting in the best educated centres of Ontario, while they are taken up with eagerness by the farmers of the West and the miners of the Canadian mountain towns.

The further a people get from rock bottom primitive virtues, the further from simplicity of thought, the more they desire namby-pamby novelty in their amusements.

And there is plenty of proof that veneer in the heart demands veneer in religion, in friendships and amusements.

A strange contrast comes to mind that places the point of differing dramatic taste in a highly educated community and one rugged, simple, and without the frills of up-to-dateness.

As most people who have travelled through the West know, the theatres of the plains and through the mountains are not generally the lovely creations we have in Toronto and Montreal, and the travelling actor from Fort William westward must put up with inconveniences of no light order.

A Toronto actor, at one time head of the Conservatory's elocution department, was perhaps the first man to preach Shakespeare in the wilderness. In the face of opposition he set out with a small company, fought against ill-luck and misunderstanding and finally succeeded in establishing himself and his company as the recognized attraction of Western Canada. For six or seven years he brought the classic drama almost to the prairie door. Small audiences in this town or large in the other, adverse sentiment or plaudits, he prosecuted his classic mission, playing Shakespeare at every chance. And success came at last where it would have been denied in the East. And why? Was it not that the quiet customed people of the prairies and mountain towns, with loves and hates unfettered by imitation of others or what others did or said or had ever done, felt that in

Hamlet, for instance, was given them a lens whereby their eyes beheld the philosophy of their own lives. Would it not be accurate to say that the peasant, full-blooded and with good intelligence, might gain vastly more from Shakespeare than the prince of keener intellect, but more pampered tastes? That is why Shakespeare "goes" in the west of Canada and the south and west of the United States while it falls flat in the middle districts; and these same middle districts of both countries generally claim a fair preponderance of discrimination and correct taste.

Since it is impossible from the smallness of the population and the widely scattered cities and towns to maintain companies in Canada playing only to Canadians and governed by Canadian taste, impossible for many years to have a Canadian "stage" or a Canadian drama, it would seem that the means of bringing Canadian dramatic taste up to a higher level and securing proper food to sweeten and make the taste a contented one, must come from a new direction. Formation of amateur societies is disputable as a remedy. Amateur societies meet so often for fun and vanity, so seldom for hard work. Earl Grey has done much to clear the way for better things. His annual competitions for dramatic societies encourage original and skilled work from amateur actors and playwrights the Dominion through. Happily His Excellency's idea is not "to reform the stage." He aims rather to encourage amateurs to interest themselves in the interpretation of plays purely for the personal benefit accruing from such efforts.

American theatrical managers regard the Canadian circuits as among the best paying on the continent. Take Kingston, Ont., a place regarded as one of the best one-night stands on the continent. London too gives a good paying audience; Hamilton turns out well; likewise Toronto and Winnipeg and Calgary and New Westminster, Vancouver and Victoria.

The same line might be followed through Quebec and the Maritime Provinces. So that it may be taken that the money of the Canadian theatre-going public is looked upon with desiring eyes by managers and syndicates in New York city, that centre where North America's dramatic diet is prepared and served out.

To take a hypothetical case, suppose that by dint of an educational campaign throughout Canada on the theatre and its proper function in a community people were brought to believe that the theatre was a Temple of the Drama and not a whirligig with hand organ music and fun for grown-up children, the dramatic horizon might quickly be swung round from murky skies to sunshine. The people would stay at home until a worthy production came to town, then flock to it until the sign of "Standing Room Only" would be a feature on the night of the true drama. And how long do you suppose the managerial lords would be in opening their eyes to the new conditions? The correction of public taste is an immense task, but it can be done and the first element that must be called upon is the Canadian newspaper. Why could not every newspaper boasting of independence of its business office, and these are not a few, come boldly into the field for a more abundant showing of brains at the local theatre and fewer of the travesties that pass before the public's eyes under the name of comic opera and melodrama. Why could they not do this? The newspapers are one of the theatre manager's greatest aids in getting the public's money. It isn't the display advertisements set up in a heavy-face that draw the crowds; it is the advance notice.

Nearly every newspaper gives in return for theatre tickets and advertising contracts, a certain amount of

space to the local theatre manager in the news columns, wherein the latter is allowed to say almost what he pleases about a coming attraction, and the newspaper shoulders the responsibility for the accuracy of his statements.

For instance, pick up even our most reputable Canadian papers. There in a prominent place you see: "Greatest treat of the season—Mr. Blank, manager of the Blank opera house has completed arrangements for the appearance in this city of the famous operatic star—Miss Blank—in that most brilliant comedy of the season, So and So. The original caste has been retained, and the company will number 100 people. New York papers proclaim Miss Blank as the cleverest commedienne that has appeared on Broadway since the days of Miss So and So." Most of which the newspaper man knows is grossly exaggerated. Every newspaper editor who admits such copy must know for all intents and purposes his paper in printing such stuff is giving, not the statement of the advance agent but its own. If the *Daily News* or *Herald* of this city or that uses those advance notices without any advertising caption then these papers are backing up every word that is used.

Let one courageous newspaper begin the work of refusing to print advance notices that it cannot vouch for, and a score will follow—for imitation in journalism is not the needle in the haystack.

Unfortunately for Canada, dramatic critics are not to be plucked from every maple tree. Even were they abundant and possessed an appreciative sense, with good knowledge of dramatic technique and good means of expression, what newspaper would want them? How many newspapers would stand for candid criticism of the local theatre's offerings? Possibly ten in the whole Dominion. How many newspapers in the Dominion, no matter how willing to slash unworthy "shows," have at present dramatic columns of any appreciable value to readers? Possibly three.

If we can't have a Canadian stage for a while, let us do the next best thing: Tell the theatrical manager that we have changed our idea of the purpose of the theatre, and will only attend when that purpose is recognized and respected. Shakespeare should have no monopoly of the theatre. No, let us breed more Shakespeares, and to do that the stage should be open to every playwright so long as his ideas are good and his purpose sound.

And let the newspaper look to itself and do its part. Banish the false advance notice. Criticize the play when able to criticize—if not able, then let it alone: say nothing more than that it pleased or disappointed. Let all those harping on the theatre's degeneracy look to themselves and learn whether or not they are giving the dramatic toboggan a good start down hill. The theatre-goer who remains away from the play of merit does as much to kill all merit on the stage as the one who turns out to the melodrama or frothy comic opera.

It is *your* support that will lift up or drag down the present standing of the drama in Canada. It is *you* that this institution, possible of incalculable benefit to any country, looks in the present day for the nod of approval or the scowl that will determine the calibre of its future.

Uncle Lemuel

By PEARL S. BENEDUM

IT was in protracted meeting times that Uncle Lemuel came out strongest. We childen always liked him, but oh, it was bliss to be allowed to stay out half an hour under the old oak tree with him while preaching was going on inside the big, square, hot, old Baptist church.

Mother, in her best black Henrietta dress, and father, in his alpaca coat (for coolness), used to sit 'way up in front, while Mr. Howard's big booming voice was saying over and over with varying emphasis to the "seekers": "Won't you come, *won't* you come?"

It was all very solemn, and very hard for eight-year-old little girls to sit so still, when one knew how cool the spring was down under the alders, and that Uncle Lemuel was on the log seat by the big oak, with maybe a story all ready to tell.

And when I got very tired mother would let me slip out quietly, while everybody was standing up and singing vociferously *Almost Persuaded.* And then for Uncle Lemuel! There he was in his linen duster, with his pipe and the jolly little twinkles about his mouth and eyes. Oh, Uncle Lemuel knew what little girls liked!

First of all, off came my tight little kid shoes and white socks, and my red, tired, little feet nestled gratefully into the cool moss about the oak tree. Then, Uncle Lemuel went straight to his sister's (Miss Polly's)) big basket, under their waggon seat, and abstracted therefrom such a juicy fried chicken leg and such a cold, tender buttermilk biscuit; then sparkling spring water, in Miss Polly's "gourd" (no glass could make it taste so sweet). My! but I was content, nothing lacking now but the story.

Just then, Mrs. "Neck" Herndon, and her husband, drove up in their "Rockaway."

"Neck" Herndon was so designated because of his most abnormally long and thin neck. He was long and thin all over. But his neck!—why, it was almost as long and red and thin as our old turkey gobbler's.

As their waggon stopped, "Neck" got out, and hitched the two white mules to the swaying branch of a tree and assisted Mrs. "Neck," in all the glory of a new false front and gray alpaca gown, to alight.

Uncle Lemuel watched their dignified progress into the church, and then he chuckled—that slow, rich chuckle that we children thought always presaged a story.

"Oh, Uncle Lemuel," I exclaimed, "Is there a funny story about Mrs. 'Neck' Herndon? Please tell me, won't you?"

"Well, Honey," said Uncle Lemuel, "I don't know whether it will seem funny to you or not, but I'll tell you what I was thinkin' about. I used to know Betty Herndon, Pet, twenty-five years ago, when she was a great belle —pretty as red shoes, too, with her shiny, black hair in two big puffs over her ears. And *beaux*, honey, she had *mo'* beaux; seemed like every young spark in Fanquier county was tiein' his ho'se out at Major Farish's hitch-

in' post. She was Betty Farish then. Well, she refused this one and refused that one, and one by one they went off finally and married somebody else. Looked like Betty couldn't get suited; and as the years went by, of co'se, she wasn't quite so pretty, and the beaux jest natchully dropped off. At last, 'bout five years ago, I hea'h'd tell she was married to Neck Herndon. I couldn't hardly believe it, after all the fine, handsome young men she'd refused. So I went out to see her one day, and s'y I, 'Betty, is this true 'bout you goin' to marry that giraffe of a Neck Herndon?' Well, she says 'yes.'

" 'Now, Betty Farish,' I says, 'you tell me *why* you're doin' this.'

" 'Well, Uncle Lemuel,' says she, and I declare her eye was twinklin', 'Well Uncle Lemuel, I'll tell you: I've just come to the point where it's *Neck* or *nothin'*.' "

The Broken Galley

By LLOYD ROBERTS

They beached her in the bay,
Where the creamy sand-drifts lay,
And strove to hold the foemen off
With blades too weak to slay.
Then her stricken captain said,
"Our blood has dyed you red,
We've broken you upon the rocks
And ringed you with our dead.

"Each plank of yours could tell
Where spear and arrow fell;
You ran us through a thousand jaws
And brought us safe from hell.
And now the fight is done,
The wild, free life is run;
No more your prow will climb the blue,
To greet the golden sun.

"Your decks will rock no more
To the battle's sullen roar;
No more your soldiers break in song
Above the straining oar;
But we will sleep beside,
Till on another tide,
We rise and take you forth again."
And so the captain died.

The black years flutter by,
Like ravens in the sky;
Still she sleeps below their wings,
Nor heeds their doleful cry:
With her broken timbers strewn,
White ribs beneath the moon,
And a dirge to rest the soul of her,
The ocean's hollow rune.

Fairy Singing

By ISABEL ECCLESTONE MACKAY

It is a Celtic belief that when a young and beautiful girl sinks into a swift decline, she has heard the fairies singing.

She was my love and the pulse of my heart;
Lovely she was as the flowers that start
Straight to the sun from the earth's tender breast,
Sweet as the wind blowing out of the west—
Elana, Elana, my strong one, my white one,
Sweet is the wind blowing over thy rest!

She crept to my side
In the cold mist of morning.
"O Wirra" she cried,
" 'Tis farewell now, mavourneen!
When the crescent moon hung
Like a scythe in the sky,
I heard in the silence
The Little Folks cry.

" 'Twas like a low sighing,
A sobbing, a singing;
It came from the west,
Where the low moon was swinging:
'Elana, Elana'
Was all of their crying.
Mavrone! I must go—
To refuse them, I dare not.
Alone I must go;
They have called and they care not—
Naught do they care that they call me apart,
From the warmth and the light and the love
of thy heart.
Hark! How their singing
Comes winging, comes winging,
Through thy close arms, beloved,
Straight to my heart!"

White grew her face as the thorn's tender bloom,
White as the mist from the valley of doom!
Sure was her going—her head on my breast
Drooped like a flower that winter has pressed.
Elana, Elana! My strong one, my white one!
Empty the arms that thy beauty had blessed.

The Cradle of Scottish Liberty

By JEAN BLEWETT

THE Lanark folk proudly draw your attention to the picturesque ruins of St. Kentigern, and St. Kentigern, passing over its massive masonry, its carvings and its stained glass, proceeds to press upon your notice the fact that from its ivy covered tower was removed the oldest bell, not only in all Scotland but in all Europe. Rough and ponderous that bell, cracked, and dulled, and dinted, with its inscription almost rubbed out by the fingers of centuries —almost, not quite. Look close, and mark the quaint lettering:

Anno 1110.
I did for thrice three centuries hing,
And unto Lanark City ring.

The church, one of the most interesting ruins in Scotland, was built by King David the Good, son of Malcolm Canmore, and grandson of that Duncan whom Macbeth made an end of in Glamis Castle. Of the sixty-odd churches dedicated to Scotland's early evangelist this is the only St. Kentigern. The title of "St. Mungo," for instance, was won by deeds of piety and zeal in the cause of Christ. But the Lanark folk were ever a fighting folk, and so their church was given the name he bore as knight and soldier—St. Kentigern.

The architecture is early English, the masonry of a kind which refuses to crumble beneath the march of the centuries. The men who put these massive walls together were probably descendants of the Romans who, at one time, made Lanark their central station.

To the right of the church stood the castle (Lanark was a royal city in the good old days), with its moat, its towers, and rock-hewn keep. The church and the castle had close connection. What time the brave Lord of the castle was not fighting the English, he was in the church attending to his devotions.

In his history of Scotland Buchanan tells us that the first Scottish Parliament was held in Lanark.

It was William the Lion of Scotland who presented St. Kentigern with its crowning glory, the great bell, which rang out for the first time on the morning that Joan, daughter of Henry III. of England, stood before the altar of St. Kentigern to marry the son and heir of Scotland's king. William the Lion was wont to affirm that twice each day souls slipped into paradise unchallenged, since, so passing sweet was the bell of St. Kentigern, that morning and evening St. Peter laid aside his keys and stole to the ramparts of heaven to listen to its chiming.

St. Kentigern figures largely in the history of the country. Robert Bruce, though more closely associated with Dumfermline Abbey, kept vigils many and long in these dim cloisters. Here in the sacristy was signed the treaty between John Baloil and Philip of France, which made Philip an ally of Baloil's, and brought a beautiful

ST. KENTIGERN GRAVEYARD AND RUINS

French woman over to be the wife of Baloil's successor.

In one of these old oaken pews Marion Bradfute sat and hearkened to sermons "baith lang and strang." Lifting her eyes once on a time she saw a man "strong and young, and of an exceedingly fair countenance." The man, who was no other than William Wallace, also saw Marion, and

"To see her was to love her
And love but her forever."

In these musty aisles, under sound of the ancient bell, began that tender love tale which has thrilled the hearts of youth the world over. Here at the altar they were married one June morning.

Lanark is William Wallace's town. "Wallace's path" leads past the Cartland crags and the falls of Linn to "Wallace's Cave." This was his hiding place. On a boulder overlooking the water sits a lad, with an open copy of "The Scottish Chiefs" in his hand, and eyes fixed dreamily on the cave. He is seeing it all plainly, hearing above the clamor of the water the cry which broke from Wallace's lips at the tale told by the old follower, the tale of Marion's loyalty and of Marion's murder. Poor young wife! Of course it all happened long, long ago, but the lad's sympathies are vivid. He is glad that Wallace took vengeance, glad that enough men rallied round him to put the brutal Hesilrig, with two hundred and forty followers, to death, to set fire to the garrison walls and burn them to the ground. It was a noble bonfire in his estimation.

That flame, the first lighted in the cause of liberty since nobles and clansmen alike had had their spirits broken by many defeats, kindled an answering gleam through all Scotland. From Dunnet Head at the north to the Mull of Galloway at the south, from Ardnamurchan at the west to Buchanness at the east, flashed answering beacons. And because of this flame, and the freedom it brought about, Lanark proudly writes

herself "The Cradle of Scottish Liberty."

Lanark was a stirring place in Covenanting times. To its old Mercat cross was nailed the declaration of war, beneath the same an indignant people burned the Test and Succession Acts. King's man and covenanter must often have brushed shoulders in these warm streets, "when the de'il o' Dundee had his men marshalled just beyond Castlegate."

Poor Robert Owen, the reformer, cried out in bitterness: "Lanark people, I meant ye to have a taste of heaven below, but you would have none of the methods"—they were not Scotch methods.

Owen's dream was to make a Utopia of New Lanark. Late in the seventeenth century he began the work. He dissented from all churches. No church spire should rear itself in this Utopia, no bell clang out a reminder of creed or article. He held that human nature contained the elements of purity and grace; that it was good, radically good; all it needed was environment calculated to the development of goodness. Error was not natural, it was the direct result of outside influences, and instilled beliefs. He made a mistake in locating where he did. When he exclaimed against the selfishness of doing good in the hope of getting to heaven, and the cowardice of keeping the Commandments out of fear of going to hell, he got a scant sympathy. New Lanark could set her own standards, but old Lanark would hold fast to the old faith, the old creed, the old kirk; she was orthodox through and through.

Owens was an enthusiast. His people were to be a sober, healthy, upright people, living well out of pure love of goodness. None would lie or steal or speak evil; no man would wrong his neighbor; the leaven of goodness would leaven the whole lump; human nature would prove its

WALLACE'S CAVE, UNDER THE ROCK IN THE FOREGROUND

OLD ROMAN BRIDGE OVER THE MOUSE

innate grandeur, and this spot become a veritable bit of heaven below.

Reports of his wonderful system spread far and wide. Not only did the scholars and statesmen of the day visit the place, but several of the crowned heads of Europe as well. But time showed him the hopelessness of his task. A broken man he exclaimed:

"Ay, human nature is a grand thing, but it has proved too much for me."

Poor Robert Owen sleeps in a quiet corner back of St. Kentigern, and the world wags on, and human nature is about what it was in the days when he pinned his faith to it.

Lanark is proud of her age. She has reason to be. When the Caledonia Railway was being built such a store of relics was discovered as swelled the contents of the town museum considerably. From a cairn of stones came coins of Neva, Trajan, Hadrian, and Antonius Pius; from a Roman burial place stone coffins and deep stone urns which carry a hint of cremation about them.

But more interesting than cairn or crannog or coin or urn is the bridge spanning the Mouse. The mists of tradition hang heavily about it. When the Romans went out of the country after five years' occupation this stone bridge swung between these banks. Now it is as gray as the very rocks it rests upon, save where the ivy covers it. It looks a part of rock and cliff and overhanging shrub, a thing grown, not made. Nature has seized it and made it part and parcel of the landscape.

On either side the lilies lift their white heads bravely, the rushes flaunt their soft, slim greenness, and out from its shadow the waters of the Mouse go singing and shining straight to the fragrant solitudes of Orchard Valley.

"The Servant in the House"

A Review of Charles Rann Kennedy's Remarkable Play
by John E. Webber

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THE apostolic fury of a Paul or Carlyle, the zeal of a Savonarola, and the genial paradoxical humor of a Bernard Shaw seem to have all entered into the temperamental outfit of the author of *The Servant in the House*. The artistic equipment is a perfect mastery of dramatic construction with a special predilection for Greek forms, a keen literary sense and an intimate knowledge of modern stage craft. It is this dramaturgic skill, the specific understanding of the uses of the drama as a vehicle of expression, that has enabled the author to deliver his message (for such it is, notwithstanding its setting of comedy) with such startling effect. Although written on modern realistic lines, a form of unusual severity has been adopted, imposing on the "apostolic furist" a degree of intellectual self-restraint that abundantly proves the indwelling artist and scholar. It also demonstrates, as Ibsen has already done, the perfect adaptability of the "classic" form to the treatment of modern problems. The author employs only seven characters in his play and the unities have been strictly observed, the action being continuous and taking place, without change of scenery, in an ordinary living-room of a country vicarage. The tremendous cosmic significance, the terrific spiritual excitement, crowded into that one room is a constructive feat probably unsurpassed by modern dramatists, not excepting Ibsen. The dynamic value is incalculable.

Dramatic preachments we have had, this season at least, *ad infinitum*—we may even again add *ad nauseam*—proving that the functions of the stage are still variously regarded. No doubt much of the great art of the world, dramatic and otherwise, may be directly traced to humanitarian

Mr. C. Rann Kennedy,
author of "The Servant in the House"

Miss Edith Wynne Matthison,
in "The Servant in the House"

impulses, but the test of any such art must surely be that it survive its specific intent and delight (yea and save!) finally for its own inherent beauty. In the case of Henry Arthur Jones' *The Evangelist* (reviewed in the March *Canadian Magazine*) construction, we noted, got little farther than ordinary pulpit technique, and the public properly relegated the effort back to its proper stage. *The Servant in the House,* on the other hand, will appeal to us when the message has spent its fury, just as Ibsen's social dramas are received with increasing interest, though we are no longer thrilled by their revolutionary propaganda. Mr. Kennedy's message, moreover, can lay no claim to originality — unless paradoxically it be its strict orthodoxy — though the conviction behind it and the sense of personal discovery give it the force and value of a revelation. All of which is but another way of saying, reverently let us hope that the dramatist's art is more potent than his message, though apparently inseparable from it, and that his remarkable play will live as much for its strong human qualities, its inventive skill, and the inherent dynamic beauty of its drama as for its teaching. For apart from its symbolism and serious appeal—one might almost say in spite of them—it is a drama of absorbing human interest and deliciously humorous situations—all the more humorous perhaps because of the (conventionally) pious background.

On its surface we have a strong domestic drama, involving a vicar, his loving but ambitious and worldly expedient wife who has persuaded her husband to ignore all other obligations save those which further his own interests, and *Mary,* daughter of the vicar's degenerate brother *Bob.* The vicar and his wife have adopted *Mary* and brought her up in ignorance of her father's existence. The hatred and denial of this outcast brother, with the living lie it involves, form the crux of the drama and are the occasion of its emotional as well as its ethical and spiritual conflict. The vicar, who has "seen clearly but lacked courage," holds himself responsible for his brother's downfall, and this brooding thought, together with the vexatious burden of a sadly dilapidated church for whose restoration he is unable to collect funds, are weighing heavily on his soul as the play opens. He has also another brother, *Joshua,* who, it appears, went to India fifteen years before and had not been heard from since. This long lost brother proves to be none other than the great *Bishop of Benares*— a hypothetical eastern bishopric, of course — who has just written the vicar offering to restore his church provided one other is found to help him. Whereupon the practical wife, unknown to her husband, has written her own influential brother, an out-and-out-worldly-material churchman (a man of "stocks and shares, a bishop of Mammon" he is called), who on learning of their exalted ec-

clesiastical connection is graciously pleased to come. Both bishops are expected as the play opens. A totally unexpected and unwelcome guest arrives meanwhile in the person of *Mary's* father—*Bob*—the hater and hated, who appears on the scene a burly, begrimed workman, uncouth in form, rough-spoken and bitter from a lonely life and ingratitude. His job is drains. Each of these characters bears also a symbolic or secondary significance which may be read or ignored according to the impressionability of the spectator.

The *Bishop of Benares* is soon recognized in the Hindu butler under the suggestive name of *Manson,* who has entered the vicar's employ that morning and from his position as servant proceeds to exert a subtle but all-compelling influence over the destinies of the troubled vicar's household. This grave Oriental in whom we further recognize a re-incarnation of Christ—symbolism within symbolism, you see — moves through the scene impassive and mysterious, an ever watchful and admonishing spirit, his dual identity sufficiently clear to the audience but skilfully concealed from his associates (with the exception of little *Mary,* to whom he has confided his recret) until the general *dénouement.* The test of plausibility, of course, is not to be applied too strictly here or for that matter at many other points in the play. For instance, in a comedy scene that follows based on this and other mistaken identities, the *Bishop of Lancashire,* who is a little blind and a little deaf (the play abounds in just such figurative touches) and has doddered in after *Bob,* who is now eating his breakfast of "sossingers" in the vicar's cassock, mistakes the drain-man for the vicar and *Manson* for his brother bishop from *Benares.* Thereupon all three sit down together and the dialogue that ensues, with its play of cross-purposes, is equal to Bernard Shaw at his best.

Mr. Tyrone Power,
as *"Bob"* in "The Servant in the House"

Improbable as the situation is, the dignity of the setting and the seriousness of its underlying satire save it from even the suggestion of farce. The bishop's horror on discovering that he has been sitting at meat with a common laborer is only equalled by the horror of his later discovery that he has been making rather compromising overtures to the butler in regard to the restoration fund. To clap the situation *Manson* is bribed to silence, the "remedy for misapprehension" taking the form of a five-pound note, which *Manson* promptly burns. Later, when the opportunity is given to him, as it is, *Manson's* first act is to cleanse the house of "this abomination" and incidentally lead the vicar's revolt against his bishop's unholy counsels. The vicar and his wife meanwhile thresh out their domestic and spiritual problems, projecting into the field of discussion childlessness, husband-worship (which the author frankly calls idolatry), ethical idealism as opposed to worldly expediency and truth and love as opposed to lies and hate. "Don't you see," the vicar cries, "that God and Mammon are fighting for our very souls?" Auntie, the wife, yields re-

Mr. Walter Hampden,
as *Manson* in "The Servant in the House"

luctantly, however, fighting God to a finish. But, thanks to *Manson*, she too finally surrenders, and the spiritual harmony is complete. *Bob*, who has early come under the regenerating influence both of *Manson* and his daughter *Mary* (from whom in a scene of tenderest emotion, tragic in the depth of its pathos, he manages to conceal his identity) proves just the helper *Manson* needs. For, of course, the trouble is all in the drains, and a very realistic picture *Bob* presents of their condition. They are particularly foul under the church. He "knowed it was under the church, for I could 'ear the organ overe'd playing 'The Church 'as One Foundation.'" *Bob* has found his place. "Someone 'as to see to the drains, someone 'as to clear up the muck of the world," he declares. The work is a dangerous one: typhoid, perhaps death, but he will go. "Why, wot is there to fear?" he asks. "Ain't it worth while to move that load of muck?" . . . "What's it (death) matter if the comrides up above 'ave light and joy and a breath of 'olesome air to sing by?"

At this point the vicar, who has foresworn lies, cant and hypocrisy forever, and looked himself squarely in the face, takes up the strain, throws off his priestly garments, and declares himself ready to help in the work of purification. This scene throughout is a grand dramatic *fugue*, culminating in a spiritual exaltation and ecstacy of dramatic emotion unmatched anywhere in modern drama.

A full account of the play is of course out of the question, but enough has been said to show that the author has projected with considerable boldness the broad problem of the Church, which he freely criticizes in the light of Christ's teaching and frankly declares un-Christian. It is a treatise to this extent and as such constitutes an arraignment of the Church in severe and caustic terms. Opposed to this, we have the Church of *Benares* the ideal, spiritual church which *Manson* describes in a speech of wondrous eloquence.

Manson: When you enter it you hear a sound—a sound as of some mighty poem chanted. Listen long enough, and you will learn that it is made up of the beating of human hearts, of the nameless music of men's souls—that is, if you have ears.

If you have eyes, you will presently see the church itself—a looming mystery of many shapes and shadows, leaping sheer from floor to dome. The work of no ordinary builder!

"The pillar of it go up like the brawny trunks of heroes; the sweet human flesh of men and women is moulded about its bulwarks, strong, impregnable; the faces of little children laugh out from every cornerstone; the terrible spans and arches of it are the joined hands of comrades, and up in the heights and spaces there are inscribed the numberless musings of all the dreamers of the world. It is yet building — building and built upon. Sometimes, the work goes forward in deep darkness, sometimes in blinding light; now beneath the burden of unutterable anguish, now to the tune of a great laughter and heroic shoutings like the cry of thunder. (Softer) Sometimes, in the silence of the night-time, one may hear the tiny hammerings of the comrades at work up in the dome—the comrades that have climbed ahead."

From this it will be evident that Mr. Kennedy is more than a mere iconoclast. Idols he breaks mercilessly with master strokes of irony, and altars are overturned without compunction. But he is constructive as well as destructive. If he pulls down this church of "creeds and stones," it is only that he may build the Spiritual Church, a church born of heart and soul and courage, on a foundation of love, truth and righteousness as he conceives them. If he drives false priests and lying prophets before him with a scourge, it is only that the true believers in Christ may minister in His temples. He is, moreover, an optimist of optimists, a positive believer in God and revealed religion. Your smug saint is your real atheist, this author would say. He would not deny the Latin creed, for instance, but re-state it, vitalizing it at the same time with a living faith and a show of spiritual energy. Formalism with its attendant hypocrisies he recognizes as the real enemy of the church, and this enemy he would smite with every weapon at hand. But every blow is a blow for brotherhood and love. The church must not only teach the brotherhood of man but believe in it as a necessary corollary to the fatherhood of God.

This will be recognized at once as a re-statement of the tendency of modern thought to interpret Christianity in its larger sociological aspects, and is in full accord with the current thought of the day. That Christ taught modern socialistic ideals is also fully recognized by independent observers. Not anarchistic socialism which is specifically reproved in *Bob*, but socialism that expresses itself in spiritual philanthropy.

Manson, visually and by implication, stands for the living Christ, and represents the probable attitude of the Galilean toward the social and religious problems of the day. And with the author's conception of the Christ as such and the part He would play in contemporary life, no one will seriously disagree. *Manson* has all the qualities we associate with human perfection, which is to say, divinity; for the "divine" will always be expressed in terms of the highest spiritual aspirations of humanity. We think, however, that the author in attempting to realize an actual Christ, has pushed his symbolism too far, that is, beyond the dramatic necessities of the case, sacrificing thereby the significant to the obvious. No doubt its wisdom will also be questioned on religious grounds, although the manner in which it is done and the dignity and spiritual beauty of Mr. Hampden's performance practically disarm criticism on that score.

The author, however, has proved his audacity in other directions than this. Two important tenets of the drama at least he has calmly ignored: there is no love interest in the ordinary sex sense, no plot and little inci-

dent. The result is that long reaches of unrelieved conversation have occasionally to be traversed, a criticism which the author has apparently anticipated at one point where *Mary* persuades *Manson* not to get impatient, because "it is all in the story." It is a play rather of psychological and symbolic import, and the drama arises from the conflict of character and ideals, which, however, clash together at times like armies in full combat, sword crashing on shield, spear on helmet, blow on blow, the din of battle rising crescendo on crescendo up to the very battlements of heaven.

The symbolism is not so deep nor the psychology so profound as that of Ibsen, at his best, but for that reason both will be nearer the popular understanding. Unlike the great Norwegian, moreover, this author does not ruthlessly probe the human conscience only to expose with relentless but fascinating logic the secret springs of human action. Nor is he an inscrutable sphinx who refuses to answer the riddles of his own propounding. Questions of our mortal or immortal souls, in fact the whole riddle of life, are answered with perfect equanimity and the confidence of an enthusiast. There is no note of despair, no cynicism, no hint of futility, because with one exception there is no limit to the efficacy of his (*Manson's*) gospel. The exception is the *Bishop of Lancashire,* "the abomination" whom *Bob,* inelegantly perhaps, but explicitly, directs to perdition. We may not all be as sanguine as this author, as happily constituted temperamentally, to ignore some of the perplexities that confront us. But whether we concede the premises or not, we must all admit the implied compliment to human nature.

Altogether *The Servant in the House* is a great play, one of the great plays of modern times, and while it may not be wise to prophesy definitely at this moment, it is well within the limits of probability that in Mr. Kennedy England has found at last a great dramatic genius, possibly the greatest since Shakespeare.

Of the presentation one can only speak in terms of highest commendation. No such company of actors has previously ever been assembled on the American stage, and better acting could not be wished. We have elsewhere spoken of the dignity and spiritual beauty of Mr. Walter Hampden's performance in the supremely difficult rôle of *Manson.* Notwithstanding the comparison it invites at every turn, the dignity and impressiveness of his characterization are never for a moment challenged. Mr. Hampden has vocal gifts of a wonderful order as well as a beauty of countenance and dignity of bearing that lend themselves peculiarly to the investiture of this sacred rôle. Mr. Tyrone Power gives a colorful, masterly performance of *Bob,* in whom the great human interest of the play will undoubtedly be found. The dynamic beauty of his final "drain scene" could hardly be surpassed. Mr. Charles Dalton as the vicar could not be improved upon, while Mr. Arthur Lewis acts the *Bishop of Lancashire* to the last note. Miss Mabel Moore as *Mary* furnishes a picture of charming girlishness, simple and direct in its appeal and holding us with an indefinable charm. She is like a lute strain wandering with rare sweetness through the brasses and cymbals and spiritual turmoil of a great rhapsody. Miss Edith Wynne Matthison, who heads the important caste, has an apparently subordinate although technically a highly difficult rôle in *Auntie,* the vicar's wife, which of course she enacts with all the skill and charm of the accomplished, beautiful actress she is. Her voice alone is a constant joy, while her acting makes us realize once more the absolute poverty of the American stage in this regard.

Burrows' Important Engagement

By ALFRED PALMER

ABOVE the rugged outlines of the Canadian Rockies the declining sun was thrusting a fierce ruddy glare between the masses of dark cloud rack that had overshadowed the country and drenched it with violent and incessant rain all day long.

It lighted up the tall form of a young man in the usual "get up" of the western cowpuncher, seated on a small black cayuse that stood wide-legged in the centre of a water-sogged trail.

The rider was industriously, but vainly, endeavoring to get a light from the matches he drew from his damp pocket from time to time.

"To blazes with such truck," he cried at last. "Matches like these are enough to make a man wild!" And, losing all patience, he flung the last useless stick and the cigarette after it.

He was about to jerk his cayuse forward when a voice from the dense growth of willows on his left arrested him.

"Save your curses for your real troubles, young fellow. You'll need them sure enough, or your life will go smoother than life goes with the most of us these days."

The cowpuncher looked for the speaker, and perceived the face and shoulders of an elderly woman amid the willows. The face and shoulders pushed their way through the still dripping scrub and the form of a strongly built woman clad in rough farm dress emerged. The young man instinctively made her a motion of politeness.

"Our light roan cow got away on us yesterday in the storm, and I have tramped through mire and muck after her all day. I have only just now lighted on her; she has a little calf. The poor wee brat is so weak and cold I fear he'll die. Could you just take him on your cayuse and along to our place right north — Dombey's place? Maybe you know it?" She paused for breath and looked up into the cowpuncher's face in an artless, trustful manner; then immediately continued her homely talk as if he had, without question, the greatest interest in her affair. "What *shall* we do if these cold rains continue much longer? Why the poor brats can never stand it. Every one of ours now have the purge, and then before they will be well over that the flies will be here and wear them down to shadows. I wonder sometimes how they pull through at all." Then she resumed suddenly, as if some secret monitor within had administered some gentle rebuke, "There! there! there! That's how we let our cares and fears run away with our trust, as if trouble really amounted to very much after all. God *is good*—and we *do* pull through."

Then she smiled such a good-humored contagious smile that brushed all the care from her brow, and it caressed a hearty one in response from the silent cowpuncher, although since he had realized the full meaning of

her request, he had been repeating beneath his breath a series of progressively deeper and profounder exclamations. His face, however, did not disclose the profanity of his mind. The reason for this subterraneous profanity was that, in order to attend a celebration, he had been, to use his own expression, "doing his damnedest" to plug through this choice samplet of Alberta alkali mud to join the boys at Dempsey's. He was late already; now here was this old woman further delaying him on account of her calf.

Lank Burrows worked at Coxey's ranch in the Knee Hills and was popular with the boys; in fact he was what most people call a "wild duck." He took in as many of the toots, rallies and flings as he could reach. And he did not let many of them pass him. Although really if these flare-ups did encourage a taste for whiskey in him, it was incidental; it was the roaring fun, the company, and the pleasure of fraternity that was the main incentive.

This morning the Dempsey boys had sent him special word to assist them at a *little function*. They had heard, or expected to hear, of the decease of an old uncle of theirs who had promised to "cough up good" on their behalf in his will. They had gathered up all the boys, secured a couple of cases of the "best stuff" to be found in Calgary and intended having an immense flare-up. Lank was on his way to the whooping. They would be looking for him sure, as he was a whirler on the mouth organ. His ethics were like his digestion, and they seemed to act very well enough without his active intervention. He never lost much time in thinking over what he should do, or whether he should do it. He acted on impulses, and it went very well at that. When it was the case of an appeal from man or beast in distress, he acted quickly, and always in the right direction. He had ridden into the heart of a prairie fire to release horses tied in a burning stable, floundered about in a muskeg up to his waist to get out a stuck cow, and swum the chilling current of the Bow to save a venturesome breed. In every such act he suffered inconvenience and hardship, besides ruining his clothes, yet the impulses remained for the reason that they were a part of himself.

So when the old lady ceased and looked to him, he responded and bore down his inclination without even a grumble.

"All O.K. Ma'am," he shouted cheerily, as he plunged into the scrub; "we'll soon land the lad home." He dropped off and lifted the calf, which was nearly dead with cold, back with him into the saddle.

"Come, baby, come,
And we'll all take a ride,"

he sang as he plunged back into the trail.

When they reached the house, he carried the calf to the stable and left it snug. Old Mrs. Dombey, who had gone into the house, met him on his return, thanked him in her simple way, and asked him in to take a cup of warm tea. He stammered his excuses and was moving on towards the cayuse, when she said that the old man, who was sick inside, would like to speak to him.

This was another test of Lank's equanimity. A mental picture of the boys arriving at Dempsey's came to him, and for several seconds the inclination battled strenuously with the impulse, as he stood jerking the knot of his red handkerchief from the side of his neck towards his chin. But the impulse again thrust the inclination aside, and he followed Mrs. Dombey into the shack.

He found old Dombey lying in bed in a small room, divided from the living room by a paper partition. The old man was propped on the pillows, his long bony hands, soiled with hard work and exposure, extended on the patchwork quilt. His small watery

eyes were turned towards the door as the huge frame of Lank Burrows appeared; the old man was apparently expecting him. The rugged, wan face lighted up as if he was infinitely pleased.

"Heaven and earth! Where came ye from, lad? Sit ye down. Sit ye down," exclaimed the old man rapidly in a sharp, jerky voice. "And what's yer name? Where's yer place?"

The wife, who had followed Burrows into the room, protested against this inquisitiveness, explaining to Burrows that it was the old man's way with everyone, a habit acquired in the factory days. The old man had been a factor for the Hudson's Bay Company in his early days.

Burrows smiled good naturedly, told the old man who he was, where he worked and other particulars about himself and his calling. Old Dombey was greatly interested and bade his wife get supper quickly. When she was gone, he turned to Burrows, looking at his schaps, motioned him to bend closer.

"Ye are a cattle man, lad," he whispered, "and so understand; when a man must lie on his back——" (Here he motioned him to bend yet closer, while he continued in a very low tone, with almost a purr in his voice.) "The petticoats do very good in the house, trucking around with the milk and the butter and the chickens, but, heaven and earth, lad, when it comes to horses and cattle, they don't know the first thing. Are you bothered with them?"

It was with some difficulty that Lank suppressed a roar of laughter at this question. The old man, noting his comical look and the definite shake of the head, added quickly: "Well, well, lad, maybe ye have realized that cattle are easier handling. While they are getting supper will ye just take a look at the horses? I haven't been out of this bed for two weeks and the poor brutes are starved, I know. Women finick about with calves, but heaven and earth, lad, never trust them with horses."

Burrows had again relapsed into that mental exercise of profanity; he cursed his luck and consigned those horses to a very sulphurous abode. The little clock standing on the table near the window was ticking away the precious minutes before his eyes with special energy. Seven o'clock! It would be nine before he could reach Dempsey's, hustle how he might. But the next instant he was briskly assuring the old man that he would go at once and not only give the horses a good lookover, but feed and water them before he left.

As Lank turned the corner of the corral he was confronted suddenly by a young woman, who had evidently just finished milking, because she carried two very full pails of milk.

An apparition could not have brought Burrows to a stand more quickly. He stood still, looking surprised, and then awkwardly raised his hat. The young woman stopped also, looking at him demurely and embarrassed; then finding that he did not speak, she said quickly, blushing and smiling meantime:

"God night, sir; it was very good of you to bring home the calf for mother. She has spent the whole day looking for it." He mumbled something, what it was he could never remember. He felt that he did not want to move, so continued looking into her face. It was not rudeness; it was wonder, a wild man's wonder of admiration when placed suddenly and unexpectedly in contact with a young and graceful woman. Her color heightened, and to avoid her embarrassment, she continued:

"She would never leave the prairie until she had found it. Of course, she would not have had to do it, only father was sick. This has made us all behind with our chores."

She stopped again, ceased smiling, and a peculiar look came into her

face, wistful pleading for him to take his part—woman's fear that he should think her forward. Uninitiated and untutored as he was, there was enough of the original Adam in him to at once collect himself and come to her rescue. He told her that her father (he presumed that she was the daughter) had asked him to take a look at the horses.

The color and the smile came back to the face of Lizzie Dombey, her amused look communicated her thought to Burrows, and he, forgetful of the whispered confidences of old Dombey, blurted out:

"He has no great use for petticoats fluttering around his horses."

On this they both burst into a hearty laugh. The harmony of that laugh broke down the barriers of strangeness between them. Then she, with the same artlessness, told Lank how she had posed the horses before her father's window to satisfy him. They both joined in another merry laugh again over this.

The cowpuncher gallantly offered to carry the milk to the house, but the girl reminded him that he had said he was going to look after the horses and any delay would make him late for supper, which "mother" was preparing. As this seemed like a command, he responded with a gay laugh and went beaming away towards the stable. As he reached the door he looked back and, by all that's curious, she was actually—well, she was glancing around far enough to see Lank as he entered the stable, and their eyes met.

Lank plunged into the dimly lighted stable and began calling to the horses. They neighed as if they recognized him. But few words were sufficient to introduce a horseman to horses. But Lank Burrows carried the sight of the bright laughing face with him into the dark stable—the sparkling black eyes, the flushes of color, the white teeth, the curious cotton bonnet that encircled the face, even the "pesky" bow tied under the dimpled chin, which had kept a constant bobbing up and down towards the ruddy lips as she spoke to him, as if it was endeavoring to reach them.

When he returned to the house to report to the old man, the mother and daughter were still busy getting supper and separating the milk. It seemed natural for Lank to take hold of the handle and help. He no longer resisted the invitation to stay for supper, but surrendered himself to this new found pleasure. He seemed to have forgotten the important function he had been so anxious to attend. He was drawn as by a magnet toward this young woman. They sat opposite each other at table and spoke at intervals, but of course the main conversation was carried on by the old couple. The old man had the door wide open and could see the table as he lay in bed. After supper the old man invited Burrows to take a pipe, but, remarkable to relate, he refused. That was certainly strange in a man that had never been known to refuse.

He sat and watched Lizzie and her mother clear the supper away and straighten the things for the night. The women seemed happy and contented enough, and there was something so clean and good about the place. This tame pleasure was strange compared with the wild night he had planned. Women had held no place in his thoughts, and therefore this insight into home was an experience undreamed of. During one of these contemplative periods he remembered what was doing at Dempsey's. The boys had arrived, they were whooping and stumping about, and things must be very interesting as they got toned up. He mechanically smacked his lips as he remembered the good stuff that was being passed around as freely as water. He felt an uneasiness, and there was a dryness at the throat. He shifted the knot in his

red handkerchief several times, and began to consider whether he was not really a fool for not getting right up and away to join the fun. Wouldn't the boys give him a roast when they knew! Just then Lizzie came in from the kitchen and whisked past him with a smile. The whisk of those skirts blew the whiskey dream clean out of his head. He began to understand that he was being held by this girl. He didn't quite understand why, but he was certainly enjoying the thraldom, which he afterwards described as being "so real good." Although, apart from this, it was the tamest time Lank had put in for years—listening to the clatter of the crocks, the grouching of the old man, the women's house talk and the singing of the kettle.

After the women folk had finished they came back and the old man requested Lizzie to play them some music on the organ. The organ was an old affair, and Lizzie a poor player, but to Burrows both were very good. He became enthusiastic. First Lizzie played two hymns in a simple homely way, then broke into an old-fashioned polka that Micky Mulligan, who worked for Cap. Short, had played on his wonderful accordion at the great "kick-up" at Porter's.

Burrows had learned snatches of this air on his mouth organ; so without a word of apology he drew out his instrument and joined in the melody. This done, they found another piece known to each, and again played together.

Old Mrs. Dombey sat back in her wooden rocker and began to think so hard that she even stopped mending the stocking she held in her hands.

They played thus, chatted and laughed until bed time. No one asked Lank why he had not gone sooner to keep that very important engagement, and he never explained.

On saying good-night, the mother gave him the customary farewell, "call again." He looked at Lizzie and bluntly replied: "Sure I will. And I'll be passing this way next Sunday."

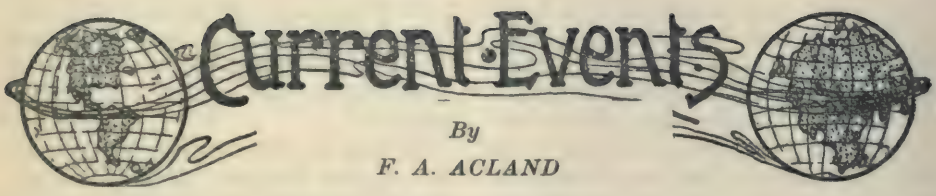
He had to dismount to let himself out of the Dombey gate on to the trail, so he stopped to light a cigarette with the matches he had procured from Dombey's. He looked at Jerry, who stood drooping his head and blinking his eyes at the flare of the match. The frogs on every hand were croaking lustily.

"Hoh! Jerry, a quarter for your thoughts!" exclaimed Lank. Do you think that these croaking fellows in the sloughs are taking a roast out of us? I shouldn't wonder! Here we set out with the best of intentions to meet the best of boys, to enjoy the best of things going, and then to get on to a blind trail after a petticoat, like a regular soft. Too bad, Jerry, old boy! What do you think of it all, anyway, eh, sonny? It's just sixteen miles to Dempsey's."

He smacked his lips energetically and mechanically.

"They have cleaned up one of those two cases. They won't open the other one until I come. They are hanging out the fun and taking cracks at the empties with their guns. They are betting I'll be there by midnight. They are sure of Lank. Bah! *But I won't.* It's true, Jerry; I'm soft alright! Bah!"

He sprang upon Jerry's back, turned his head towards the ranch, away from the trail that led to Dempsey's.



By
F. A. ACLAND

THE announcement that the Prince of Wales will visit Canada to take part in the Quebec Tercentenary in July next has given general pleasure to the Canadian people, and is especially grateful as signifying the keen personal interest of the Constitutional head of the Empire in the popular movement for the preservation of the Plains of Abraham. The presence of the Prince of Wales will lend a special *éclat* to the celebration at Quebec, which we may now look forward to being one of the most brilliant pageants in Canadian history, if, indeed, it does not outrival all functions that have preceded it. The attendance of the British and French squadrons will gracefully typify the blending of nationalities that has been the fortunate outcome of the racial struggle that reached its climax on the Plains of Abraham and will also tend to strengthen that friendly *entente* between France and England which is one of the most pleasing developments of the international politics of the twentieth century.

* * *

There is a touch of irony in the fact that Venezuela, the country whose controversy with Great Britain President Cleveland, in 1895, in a fire-breathing manifesto, pledged the United States to take up, should show so little gratitude for the services—a doubtful quantity, perhaps — rendered on that occasion, that it now refuses to arbitrate certain differences which it has with the United States. Venezuela has a bad reputation in the matter of settling differences, which the United States will appreciate more to-day than in 1895, and as for the refusal of the little Republic to submit the matter to arbitration there is an excellent precedent for it in the course of the United States with respect to the settlement of some differences with Canada. Nothing very serious is likely to come out of the hitch with Venezuela, but the incident shows that the hegemony of the United States is not yet very firmly established on the southern continent.

* * *

The community of imperial and domestic interests in the various parts of the Empire is continually growing closer, and is especially in evidence at the moment in connection with the question of Oriental immigration to Canada and other colonies. In the case of Japan the action of Canada was affected by the existence of a treaty between Great Britain and the island empire, to which Canada had also become a party. In the case of the Hindoos the Dominion authorities have again been influenced by the fact that India is within the Empire and its people are our fellow-subjects. The somewhat superficial criticism was made with respect to the restraint placed by the Dominion upon the proposals of British Columbia regarding Japanese immigration that Canada was making too great a sacrifice for the interests of the Empire. A mo-

ment's reflection, however, will show the truth of what Dr. Parkin pointed out in a newspaper interview during his recent visit to Canada, that it is probably the fact that Canada is part of the British Empire that alone enabled us to effect any arrangement with Japan. Nothing else possibly would have restrained Japan from taking vigorous action on her own account after the riots of September last, and it is obvious that in such a case, Canada, standing alone, would have fared badly. In this and all other respects Canada shares in both the advantages and disadvantages of the Imperial connection, but the former would appear to greatly outweigh the latter.

* * *

It is doubtful if Sir Oliver Lodge, the eminent English scientist, has added to his reputation by his public pronouncement on the subject of spiritualism. It will be remembered by some that Mr. Frederick W. H. Myers, a brilliant but possibly not wholly balanced writer, who spent thirty years preparing his marvellous volumes on "the survival of the Human Personality," published posthumously a few years ago, was so possessed with the idea that the personality not only survived death but could communicate with the living that he kept before him to the close of consciousness the purpose of endeavoring to effect such communication after death, and left with his wife a message which his spirit was to endeavor to duplicate. Myers had been, with Sir Oliver Lodge and other men of science, a member of the Society for Psychical Research, and this society was made cognizant of Mr. Myers' last earthly intentions. Sir Oliver now declares that a message has been received from the spirit world, which he has no hesitation in believing to have come from the late Mr. Myers. Unfortunately, Sir Oliver admitted that the supposed message had come through the medium of a certain

IN PORTUGAL

"The liberty of the people is a sacred thing, and I shall faithfully preserve it."

"Yes, your Majesty, it is remarkable what good thoughts may sometimes be suggested by unfortunate events." —*Fischietto* (Turin).

American lady, expert in such matters, and, needless to say, the public confidence goes down to zero. Sir William Ramsay, another great leader in science, has taken occasion to declare his conviction that Sir Oliver and his friends have been imposed upon, and this will probably be the view of the world at large unless stronger evidence than has been offered is produced to sustain so remarkable a claim.

* * *

Japan is in danger of becoming the jingo of the East. War talk grows out of the smallest international hitch. The friction with the United States had hardly been smoothed away, if indeed it had altogether disappeared, when a threatening situation arose in the relations between the land of the Mikado and China, which seems to have brought the two countries to the very brink of war before it, too, yielded to the efforts of prudence and conciliation. The suddenness and intensity of the China-Japanese strain gives at least additional interest, if not increased weight, to the somewhat sinister suggestion of Mr. F. A. McKenzie, a writer in the London *Daily*

RETURN OF THE AMERICAN EMIGRANTS

MICHEL—"Welcome back, friends! now you can help us pay the taxes." —*Ulk* (Berlin)

Mail, made some weeks prior to the seizure of a Japanese ship by China, the incident which precipitated the recent disturbance. Mr. McKenzie exploits no less startling a theory than that Japan will be induced by her poverty to attack China, the giant nation which lies rich and helpless beside her. It was the huge Chinese indemnity of 1895, amounting to $165,000,000, Mr. McKenzie insists, that equipped Japan financially for the war with Russia, and a second contribution of the same dimensions would put Japan on her feet again. One is inclined to ask, however, whether, if war is both to precede and follow the financial rehabilitation of Japan, as Mr. McKenzie argues, it is desirable she should be rehabilitated.

* * *

The poetic invitation to prolong one's days by stealing a few hours from the night has been accepted in a very literal sense by the English member of Parliament who proposes to squeeze an hour and twenty minutes out of the small hours of four Sundays in the month of April (putting them back again in September), so as to give that amount longer of daylight during the summer months, and which at present passes away while most of us are yet in bed. Mr. Pearce, M. P., the gentleman in question, would in other words have us up with the sun, and no doubt his plan would conduce to health and wealth. But we are creatures of circumstances, and so beset by formulas and conventions that it is not likely any Parliament will seriously undertake to tamper with time in the manner proposed.

* * *

The extraordinary victory of the Unionists in the Peckham division of London is an event which must be taken as foreshadowing the early dissolution of the Liberal ministry. No British ministry will long hold office in the face of such evidence of the turning of the tide. It is unfortunate for Mr. Asquith that he takes the Premiership at a moment so inopportune. In this respect he resembles Mr. Balfour, who succeeded Lord Salisbury as leader of the Unionist Government just as its fortunes had begun to decline. Cable despatches suggest that the license bill and not tariff reform was the great issue at the polls, but this must remain more or less uncertain. Only the result is quite certain—an enormous Liberal majority of two years ago, over 2,400, has been converted into as great a majority for a Unionist.

* * *

The reason for the change is found not so much probably in the obvious suggestion of the fickleness of democracy, as in the fact that democracy is heaving this way and that like a great sea, trying to throw to the surface of British politics some man or men who may be able to unravel the numerous ugly tangles of the day; to solve the educational problem, to show the nation clearly which is the right path to take in the matter of tariff

reform, and perhaps, most of all, to find a way to ease the terrible burden which ever-growing armaments by land and sea impose on the people of the United Kingdom. At the moment there appears to be no such leader on either side, and the two parties must continue to mark time, now in, now out of power, until the man arrives whose personality and message will compel attention and will command success.

* * *

Amid all the current talk in condemnation of government by party, it is a relief to be able now and then to point to situations where the system appears to compare not unfavorably with any conceivable substitute. The New Brunswick electors the other day ousted a party which had been in control for twenty-five years. Premier Robinson, the defeated, shook hands with Premier-elect Hazen, stays in office long enough to clear up the odds and ends of administrative work and then gives way to his successor. There is not, of course, a ripple of excitement over Canada at large; little, probably, the result once determined, in New Brunswick itself, outside the tiny capital of Fredericton. The administrative work of government goes on smoothly and really nobody is the worse—or the better. Three years ago the same thing happened in Ontario, where the Liberals had held power for over thirty years. On the whole democracy justifies itself by the calmness with which the minority in such a case accepts the popular verdict. Better forms of government are conceivable, indeed, but none has yet been devised which bears so well the test of practice.

* * *

The accession of Mr. Asquith to the Premiership had been already discounted in the public mind, and will cause little commotion. The change of Premiership does not in this case betoken the disappearance of a great leader. Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman, though a respectable figure always, has never approached the level of Disraeli or Gladstone or Rosebery or Salisbury or Balfour, to mention only the last five or six Premiers of Great Britain. Indeed, it is probable that Mr. Asquith is considerably the superior of his immediate predecessor in the craft of statesmanship, though he has never appealed to the public as a tactician or popular leader. At the time of writing nothing is known of the details of reconstruction. Mr. Winston Churchill is mentioned frequently for promotion. The Colonial Secretaryship is the post most commonly and most reasonably associated with his name, though the late Government's misfortunes in the bye-elections may well influence Mr. Asquith in his choice of men. If Mr. Lloyd-George succeeds to the Chancellorship, as rumor also suggests, he will be one of the most dramatic successes

INCREASE OF TAXES IN JAPAN

It is taking the necessities of the poor, while the rich are unconcerned. —Tokyo *Puck*

THE ELEPHASS AND THE JACKAPHANT

THEIR ERSTWHILE KEEPER—"Holy Hanna! What's happened to the animals?" —American *Puck*

in British politics of the present day. Some of the aged members of the Campbell-Bannerman Cabinet, such as the Marquis of Ripon and Sir Henry Fowler, will no doubt retire, but the more striking names, Grey, Morley, Haldane—the list is a short one—will reappear as the central figures of the new Ministry.

* * *

It is to be regretted that the Irish societies which celebrate St. Patrick's Day cannot content themselves with orators produced in Canada. Sons of the Green Isle and their descendants are not usually supposed to be lacking in the gift of public speaking, and there could have been no necessity for importing a citizen of the United States to speak at the gathering in Toronto and to utter words which must have been offensive to the great mass of Canadians as well as to many Irishmen themselves. There may be no great harm in Irishmen meeting once a year and enjoying themselves by declaring that they are the most unhappy of peoples—which of course they would not allow anybody but themselves to say—but it is distinctly unpleasant to encourage American orators or agitators to come here to outrage the sentiments of a people against whom the Irish race can certainly have no cause of reproach. National societies that keep alive tender recollections of the native or ancestral country are wholly unobjectionable, but when used to propagate national feuds in a new country they are an unmitigated nuisance and mischief.

* * *

Trooper Mulloy's means are not sufficient to take him through Oxford, and he had hoped to receive something from the Patriotic Fund. That not being possible, a number of his friends issued a special appeal for subscriptions to aid the blind scholar, but the ex-trooper, now a student at Oxford, heard of the matter and cabled requesting that the efforts on his behalf should cease, and declaring that he could not allow himself to be the recipient of charity. One must of course respect Mulloy's sensibilities, but it seems a pity that he should feel compelled to refuse aid tendered so generously and spontaneously by his countrymen. It is to be hoped a way will yet be found by which these scruples will be overcome and the brave blind scholar freed from financial worries during his academic course.

* * *

The cartoons of the month reproduced are as follows: From the New York *Puck*, showing the confusion of platforms and parties in the United States, resulting from the radicalism of President Roosevelt, who has almost out-Bryaned Bryan; from the Tokyo *Puck*, showing how the dead weight of taxation is weighing down the people of Japan; from the *Fischietto* of Turin, giving an Italian view of the calm that has followed the assassinations of the King and Crown Prince in Portugal; and from the *Ulk* of Berlin, giving a continental impression of the return of countless thousands of European emigrants to the United States.

An Old Sampler.

In a tarnished frame 'twas mounted
On the dingy attic wall,
With the dust of years uncounted
Lying thickly over all,
And a cobweb shrouding darkly alphabet and numeral!

Whose small fingers chose each color--
Scarlet, orange, yellow, green?
They are faded now, and duller,
And the silk has lost its sheen,
And the canvas hangs in tatters where a moth has crept unseen.

Each design, in patient order,
Wrought the lass in days gone by;
Stitched each scroll and twisted border
With a careful hand and eye—
"A" to "Z" and "1" to "20"—fashioned for Posterity.

And, beneath, inscribed the moral—
"Time and Tide do Swiftly Run,"
And her name, entwined with laurel,
"MARY ADAMS—1801":
There it ends; the simple record of a maid whose task is done.

Time has touched it—not too gently;
But, by idle whim possessed,
I have set it, diffidently,
'Mid the things that please me best—
Household gods of bygone ages, gathered in from East and West.

Though their craftsmanship be finer,
And their value thrice as great—
Rockingham and Derby china,
Lustre-ware and Sheffield plate—
Yet my sampler from the attic has a charm more delicate!

—*William Freeman, in the Grand Magazine.*

* * *

According to Kipling.

EVERYONE knew that Mr. Kipling's visit to Canada last autumn meant "copy." The literary result of his flight across the Dominion is now appearing in the London (England) *Morning Post* in the form of *Letters to the Family;* a series descriptive of his varied experiences when visiting the Eldest Daughter, as he describes this prosperous country.

Years ago, when Mr. Kipling was a very young journalist touring the United States, he wrote a somewhat similar series for an Indian paper. In the course of those letters he described the "American" girl in terms which were highly complimentary. In the second of the present epistles he writes of the Canadian woman after this fashion:

"Which reminds me that the other day I saw the Lady herself in the shape of a tall woman of twenty-five or six, waiting for her tram on a street corner. She wore her almost flaxen-gold hair waved, and parted

low on the forehead, beneath a black astrachan toque, with a red enamel maple leaf hat pin in one side of it. This was the one touch of color except the flicker of a buckle on the shoe. The dark tailor-made dress had no trinkets or attachments, but fitted perfectly. She stood for perhaps a minute without any movement, both hands—right bare, left gloved—hanging naturally at her sides, the very fingers still, the weight of the superb body carried evenly on both feet, and the profile, which was that of Gudrun or Aslauga, thrown out against a dark stone column. What struck me most, next to the grave, tranquil eyes, was her slow, unhurried breathing in the hurry about her. She was evidently a regular fare, for when her tram stopped she smiled at the lucky conductor; and the last I saw of her was a flash of the sun on the red maple leaf, the full face still lighted by that smile, and her hair very pale gold against the dead black fur. But the power of the mouth, the wisdom of the brow, the human comprehension of the eyes and the outstriking vitality of the creature remained. That is how I would have *my* country drawn, were I a Canadian—and hung in Ottawa Parliament House, for the discouragement of prevaricators."

That is really an arresting picture which Mr. Kipling has "splashed on his ten league canvas." There is something reminiscent about the lady, however. In one of his stories of Indian life, the writer of *Plain Tales* has a heroine with wonderful tranquil eyes, like a deep, still lake, who is own sister to this Canadian Aslauga. I have forgotten the name of the lady in India and have mislaid data concerning her charms. But she and her husband lived in one of those wretched, lonely stations where there were only three other English people, and the lady of the tranquil eyes distinguished herself by absolutely refusing to flirt. However, to return to our Kiplingesque Canadian whom we left smiling at the conductor! How the mere man reveals himself in that description of the woman's attire! Did she really wear a tailor-made dress with shoes adorned with buckles which flickered? And did such an admirable creature stand on a street corner with hands hanging at her sides, with the right hand *ungloved?* Wasn't she carrying a purse or a small parcel, or even an umbrella? It really seems as if she must have had a pocket; but everyone knows that a woman with a pocket does not exist in the land.

It is comforting to learn that Mr. Kipling discovered such a composed and restful type in our busy community. Several women were recently discussing the Kipling description and came to the conclusion that the flaxen-haired, deep-eyed dame must have belonged to Ottawa or Montreal. "Toronto women," said one observer, "are too nervous to give him such an impression."

"So are Winnipeg women," remarked a bright little person from Manitoba's capital. "Kipling certainly found that fair-haired wonder in the East."

It is to be remembered that Mr. Kipling likes the unhurried, reposeful air which he found in certain Canadian circles. May it ever be thus! A nervous woman is the most tiresome being on this earth, and the worst of it is that most "nervousness" is merely a lack of self-control. Drumming with the fingers, fidgetting with the feet and twitching the eyebrows are not pleasing habits and can easily be overcome if one will only exert the will. It is curious to have an Englishman complimenting Canadians on their repose—a quality which we have always considered old-world in character.

* * *

THE TEACHER WHO TRAVELS.

"I HAVE noticed," said a prominent business man recently, "how much our Canadian teachers are tra-

velling. I am surprised in my Western trips at the number of Ontario teachers who go out to British Columbia during the summer. They must be better paid than they were in the old days."

It is to be hoped that teachers' salaries will go on climbing. They have been absurdly low in the past and will need to ascend by many dollars yet before they will mean fair payment for the work. In Ontario Mr. James L. Hughes has set an excellent example for public school teachers by his frequent travels and invigorating talks on his return. The more Canadian teachers see of their own land and the Mother Country, the better and broader will be the instruction given youthful Canadians. It is quite true that the imaginative mind may "voyage in an atlas," as Stevenson says; but how much better when that imaginative mind, accompanied by its body, travels in regions remote. Every mile which our teachers can travel on a holiday tour means brighter days in the Canadian schoolroom and a wider outlook for the next generation.

* * *

The Costliest Gown.

WE of the Western Hemisphere are in danger of undervaluing the East and its manners. If we ever think of the women of India, China or Korea, it is to pity them for their supposed ignorance, subjection and compressed feet—forgetting that we ourselves suffer in various ways, all because of Dame Fashion. But now comes an item of news from a Berlin journalist, who is too scientific to coquette with the Truth, which declares that the Queen of Siam is the possessor of the most costly dress in the world. It is a silken robe of state in which the fabric is entirely hidden under an embroidery of diamonds, emeralds, rubies and sapphires. It is further remarked that a rough estimate of the value of this dazzling robe is five million dollars. Everything possessed by the Czarina, the Sultana, the Empress or the Queen on the continent of Europe pales into insignificance before this gown from Siam.

For the rest of us, who can hardly afford more than one tailor made gown a year, this magnificent garment may prove somewhat consoling. Whenever we are disposed to envy the dress and jewellery which are our neighbor's, the thought of the glory of Siam may alleviate the feeling with the after reflection, "Your gown is very handsome, my dear, but you just *ought* to see that five million dollar dress which belongs to Her Majesty of Siam. It's a perfect dream." I remember Siam as a dim old-rose-colored peninsula tacked on to the south of Asia on the school geography. Henceforth, however, it will be covered brilliantly with the train of that jewelled robe of state. It is to be hoped that no New York multi-millionaires will be allowed to buy this gorgeous garment, to soil its picturesqueness in prosaic North America.

* * *

The Burbank Banana.

MR. LUTHER BURBANK, of California, known in flowery speech as the Wizard of the Garden, is promising us another wonderful development. This is nothing else than a northern banana, one which will not disdain to grow, even north of the forty-ninth parallel. There is a cheerful prospect for Canadian backyards. Hamilton, Toronto and Halifax, not to mention Vancouver, may have bananas growing near the woodshed and decorating the back fence. Fifty years ago, say the fruit dealers, a banana was rarely sold in Canada. Now the banana is even more popular than the orange and seems a necessary "ingredient" of the humblest fruit salad. To appreciate the banana in all phases one must have it served in Jamaica, where it is baked, fried, fricasseed and soufflèd. Canadian housewives, remarks a Winnipeg woman who has

lately visited the West Indies, are just beginning to realize what may be done with this bland, seductive fruit. Wherefore, the news from the Burbank estate is decidedly welcome. We shall wait with interest for the northern banana which we may pluck for ourselves before breakfast on some fine morning in June.

* * *

One Traveller Returns.

A CANADIAN woman who has been away for two years in New York and who has recently returned to her native land, thus expressed her views concerning the woman who earns her living in the great Gotham:

"I wouldn't live there again for twice the salary," she declared with energy. "The Canadian girl who reads the cheap magazines has an idea that New York is a paradise with luxurious dinners, Hungarian bands, grand opera and fame waiting for artist, story-writer or musician just around the corner. But all those things are for the favored few, and even then they are not worth one whiff of clean St. Lawrence air." The woman, be it remarked, was born in a town on our lordliest river, and could paddle as soon as she could write.

"Then you're not going back?" I asked tentatively.

"Back!" she echoed in scorn. "Not while Toronto and a few more Canadian towns are in existence. I have had two years of noise, rush, luncheon in cheap restaurants and all the discomforts of a third-rate New York boarding-house. I can understand why the heroine in *The House of Mirth* committed suicide. The gray horror of a cheap boarding-house in New York — and the cheap ones are dear enough — is sufficient to make anyone turn to carbolic acid by way of relief. I had a much better position than most women there, for the publishing house which employed me pays rather well, but the noise and the vulgarity of the place were utterly hateful to me. Crowds everywhere —and such nervous, restless crowds —not like the good nature of Old London. I tell you, I loathed the life. In fact it wasn't living. It was just existence."

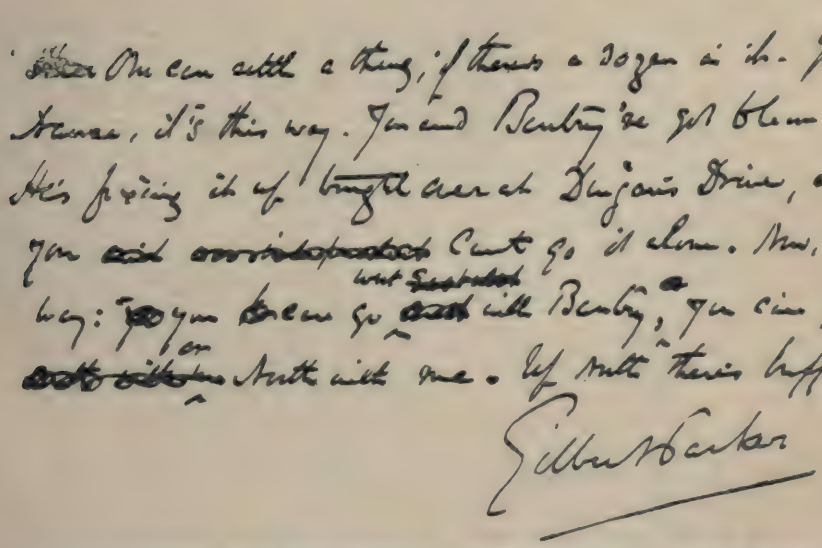
"Wasn't it lovely to go to the theatres?" asked a matinee girl who goes to everything from vaudeville to Forbes-Robertson.

"Yes; but the best things are very expensive and the poor ones worse than a parlor social in a country town. The shops are wonderful, but they also are beyond the purse of most people. New York is a fine place for the multi-millionaires—who take very good care to have country homes. Of course, if you enjoy noise, show, diamonds on ugly women and coarse men, you might like the spectacle of New York. It is all very well for Canadians with a few hundred dollars to spend to go over to New York for several weeks and come home to talk about the luxurious hotels, fine theatres and display of dollars. But for a country where one may earn a decent livelihood and yet have time to realize that there are rivers, trees and books, give me Canada."

She meant every word of it and, as she was born with a love for "God's own outdoors" (that's the tenth time I have quoted Dr. Van Dyke's phrase in this column), it is quite unlikely that she will give chase again to dust, dollars and diamonds. So say several returned Canadians.

Jean Graham.

The WAY of LETTERS



Part of a page from the original draught of a short story entitled "Once at Red Man's River," by Sir Gilbert Parker, with the author's autograph

A Peep Into the Near Future.

The novel that attempts to peep into the future is a frequent addition to fiction nowadays. When not too wildly extravagant it performs a mission in preparing the public mind for change, at least, though the change that comes may be far oftener, possibly far more startling, even, than the novelist suggests. In the present case, "The World's Awakening," by Navarchus, the author deluges the world with blood, and has simultaneous invasions at the four corners of the earth, uprisings everywhere, often Eastern races against the Western civilization, prodigious naval combats, vast movements of troops, battles in the air and battles under water, war in the streets of Cairo, the investment of Manila, the siege of an English country-seat (by Germans, it goes without saying), and sundry other phases and incidents of war—all coming about in the short space of one month or thereabouts, and reaching a swift dramatic conclusion on July 4, 1920, just twelve years off. The premier of the day is John Stanhope Marlborough, who is no other than the Winston Churchill of to-day, hardly disguised, and the national labor party is in power, and a pacificist or peace-at-any-price policy dominates the politics of Great Britain, and it is, finally, the machinations of the Japanese among the yellow and brown peoples and the ambitions of Germany to be mistress of the seas and to have a colonial empire, that bring about the great catastrophe. There is a good deal of pseudo-vivid

war writing and political special pleading in the story, and it must be conceded that the author has done his work well and that he writes with a grasp of politics, naval and military tactics, details of sub-marines and air-ships and other sides of his subject in an entertaining and almost convincing manner. The end of it all is, moreover, a surprise to the reader, though perhaps making too heavy a demand on his credulity — it would be a pity to state it here, and the moral of it all is as the author would have us understand—to follow the terse Cromwellian maxim, "Trust in God and keep your powder dry," which he points the more effectively by making the news of the onset of world-wide war reach the pacificist premier as he is in the act of addressing a peace conference June 1, 1920. (Toronto: Copp, Clark Company. Cloth, $1.25.)

* * *

A Romance of Adventure.

The Channel Islands, particularly Jersey and Guernsey, have long afforded an attractive field for literary workers, but it remained for John Oxenham to take advantage of the splendid opportunities that lay to hand in the primitive and isolated picturesqueness of Sark. This least important of the Channel group presents as a community an interesting anomaly, an anomaly that is paralleled to a degree at least by the Province of Quebec. In Sark the common language is French, and yet the people are loyally British. The same can be said of the people of Quebec. In illustrating Mr. Oxenham's novel, which is entitled "Carette of Sark," a departure has been made from the usual practice: instead of reproducing drawings, reproductions have been made of photographs taken of various parts of the island. Of course, the illustrations are purely scenic, and no attempt has been made to present a "snap-shot" of the hero or heroine. It is a question whether illustrations of this kind are not a drawback to what is otherwise a work of art or at least of imagination. Apart from that, however, the story is a good one, but the author has depended much on the peculiarities of the setting to hold the interest of the reader. The time is one hundred years ago, just when Napoleon was at the height of his power. On the Island of Sark there was much privateering and smuggling in those days, and naturally there was chance for intrigue and cunning and daring and heroism. The author has taken full advantage of the opportunities, with the result that he has produced a tale that is not too melodramatic, but a tale nevertheless that is full of action and well supplied with thrilling adventure and wholesome romance. (Toronto: The Copp, Clark Company. Cloth, $1.25.)

* * *

Trying to Locate the Soul.

Whether one believes in the existence hereafter of whatever there might be of mortals that is distinct from the mere body, it must be admitted that many apparently supernatural things have happened and are happening without satisfactory explanation. According to H. Addington Bruce, author of "The Riddle of Personality," the Society of Psychic Research in England have gone practically as far as they can go in their attempts to solve the greatest problem that man has ever faced, the problem of the mortality or immortality of the soul. Of course, to many persons it is not a problem at all, for they are quite convinced and satisfied that they shall live again in another condition. But there are some who are not convinced, and it is to them that the researches of the English society would undoubtedly be of most interest. While most of the spirit-rapping, slate-writing and flower-producing—the practices most adopted by spiritualists—are regarded by scientists as being generally unreliable, there are certain

"spiritualistic" phenomena or phases of spiritism, if the expression might be used, that are accepted as unexplainable so far. For instance, certain persons, acting as mediums, make a practice of receiving messages from spirits and delivering them to relatives or friends here on earth. These phenomena are accepted by science as genuine, but are the messages really from the dead? Why are they invariably of so little consequence? Mr. Bruce lays the whole mystery at the door of mental telepathy, and to mental telepathy he looks for the solution. Undoubtedly he makes a reasonable deduction. His book is extremely interesting, and may be regarded as an intelligent contribution to the very important discussion of psychic phenomena. (New York: Moffat, Yard & Company. Cloth, $1.50.)

* * *

A Socialistic Blood-Curdler.

All who have followed Jack London's departures from the conventional school of fiction will not be shocked by reading his latest volume, which he has named "The Iron Heel." The book is a novel based on a highly imaginative anticipation of the socialistic struggle, the title signifying the oligarchy, those who represent capital—the few, as compared with the great mass of the people. Readers who are not familiar with Mr. London's imaginative powers might think that he really means what he has written, that he is some enthusiast who has been carried to impossible heights in his depiction of what a real clash between the masses and the classes might actually be. As a matter of fact, the account of his struggle is not more terrifying than accounts we have of communistic outbursts during the great French Revolution, but his struggle takes place more than a century later, with the stage set on the Western Hemisphere, between the years 1912 and 1930. Chicago becomes the centre of the stage, and in the streets of that city the author describes a battle between the friends and foes of socialism. Gatling guns, operated from upper windows, with balloons, flying machines and infernal machines playing an important part. The mob, or the "Reds," is described in words that make it seem inhuman and beastial. While the book is entirely problematical and conjectural, it contains nevertheless food for contemplation by those who have any interest at all in the widening gulf between the very wealthy on one hand and the very poor on another hand, and at the same time it is written with the author's undoubted skill and daring. (Toronto: The MacMillan Company of Canada. Cloth, $1.50.)

* * *

A Motor Story.

A very brief outline of G. Sidney Paternoster's new book, "The Lady of the Blue Motor," is all that prospective readers should obtain in a review, if they desire to be most interested when reading the book. In it an automobile enthusiast tells how he became involved in adventures full of dramatic incident. At the outset, an unknown lady, for an unknown purpose, other than that she might require immediate assistance, in a peculiar way influences the narrator to follow the *Blue Car*. Then she sets a pace with her automobile that is certainly not unfraught with danger. The mystery surrounding the actions of the young lady breeds desire for its solution. This opens the way to a series of complications, in which the hero displays much ardor and daring, and in which the *Lady of the Blue Motor* is always an incentive. The concluding chapter describes a thrilling automobile race wherein the narrator and an unprincipled enemy participate. The latter, through frenzied recklessness loses his life. In this way a gloomy shadow which enveloped the lives of several persons

is cleared. (Boston: L. C. Page & Company. Cloth, $1.50.)

* * *

A Dashing Story.

A story of the chivalrous sort with "a scent of old-world roses" is "Vayenne," by Percy James Brebner. Just where Vayenne is, just when all these stirring events take place, the reader cannot say; but he is entertained right royally, from the moment Roger Herrick enters the Hotel de la Croix Verte to the hour in which Christine and Herrick—but it is not fair to tell the end of the tale. Here you will find no problems, save such as Cupid, or a good swordsman can solve. It is true that there is an echo of Zenda in the halls of Vayenne, but it falls so melodiously that one can but smile in joyous recognition. But the story is far from being a mere imitation and is infinitely better than such stuff as Messrs. Magrath and McCutcheon inflict upon the public. Curiously, the music of the carillon seems to ring through the story, until at the close it comes faintly on the breeze: "Time passeth into Eternity and Time is a small matter." It is a troubled territory, this Vayenne, but it is well worth a visit, to hear the tale of bold Roger Herrick and chivalrous Jean. (Toronto: Cassell & Company. Cloth, $1.25.)

* * *

The Charm of Henry Van Dyke

There is a charm about Henry Van Dyke's writing that makes it nice to read, even though the subject be not attractive. But when Dr. Van Dyke happens on an attractive theme, the combination of style and subject is particularly pleasing. Good evidence of this is shown in "Days Off" (New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. Cloth, $1.50), which is made up of a series of summer sketches that are mostly full of the things that lure the average man away from the heat and turmoil of the city. But Dr. Van Dyke sees so much more in a canoe trip or an afternoon among wild flowers and out-of-the-way places, and gets more out of it, that it is a treat to read what he has to say. His sketches contain, besides description, some homely philosophy and acceptable humor. In the opening sketch he repeats an explanation he had received of the difference between a hobby and a fad. A visitor to an asylum was walking in one of the corridors when he saw a man sitting on an overturned chair, holding on to the ends of a handkerchief that had been tied to one of the chair's legs, and raising up and down with much of the movement and expression of a rider on horseback.

"Are you enjoying your ride?" the visitor inquired.

"Oh, yes, very much," answered the lunatic. "I have an excellent mount," and he moved as if about to stick a spur into the animal's ribs.

"Is it a hobby, my good fellow?"

"Oh, yes. You see, I can get off whenever I wish," and, so saying, he stepped on to the floor and leisurely walked away.

* * *

Fresh Quotations

Writers and speakers frequently feel the need of a reference that would enable them to quote from really modern authors, that is, from authors who are still living, and whose sayings have not become generally familiar. It is an easy matter to make a selection from any of the so-called standard authors, simply by consulting any one of the standard books of quotations, but it has not been so easy when it is desired to use a quotation from a later author. "Stokes' Encyclopedia of Familiar Quotations," compiled by Elford Evleigh Treffry (New York: Frederick A. Stokes Company. Cloth, $2.25 net), goes a long way towards supplying the need in this respect. The volume is nevertheless comprehensive, and the purpose of the compiler seems to have

been to omit material that has become over-used and to include much that is new. There are more than five thousand quotations, and the authors represented number six hundred. The index, arranged by subjects, is a great help when a desired quotation cannot be recalled in any other way.

* * *

A Volume of Short Stories.

"The Necklace of Pandura" is the title of a volume of short stories by Reginald Gourlay. Mr. Gourlay is a resident of Picton, Ont. The little volume just published contains some of his best work as a writer. The first story gives title to the book, and it might perhaps appeal to persons who enjoy tales of inanimate things possessed of talismanic powers. In this instance the charmed object is a necklace that was used as a medium for revenge by an Oriental Princess, who, having been abandoned by her lover, gives the necklace as a bridal gift to her rival, and thereby brings about the destruction of the bride. Most of the stories in this collection have mysterious themes, and they deal in supernatural phenomena, but if they possessed more art and fewer phenomena they might be much better literary products. (New York: The Broadway Publishing Company. Cloth, $1.)

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Notes.

—"The House in the Water," by Charles G. D. Roberts, will be an interesting publication this spring.

—"Captain Lone" is the title of a new story by Theodore Roberts, soon to be reviewed.

—One of the most interesting Canadian historical works to be published soon is a volume entitled "A Canadian Manoir and Its Seigneurs." The author is Prof. George M. Wrong, whose name is already well known as the author of a biography of Lord Elgin. The period treated is from 1762 to 1815.

—Novels are promised this year by Ralph Connor, R. E. Knowles and Esther Miller, who writes in the name of Marian Keith.

—Another interesting addition to the literature of the Ancient capital is promised. Mr. Byron Nicholson, author of "Resourceful Canada," "Across the Continent," and "The French-Canadian," will publish this month a volume entitled "In Old Quebec, and Other Canadian Sketches." The book will refer to various parts of Canada, and will be well illustrated. (Quebec: The Commercial Publishing Company.)

—"The Under Groove" is the title of a novel by Arthur Stringer, which is soon to be published in Canada by the Musson Book Company.

—"Songs and Sonnets" is the title of a small volume of verse by Lawrence McDonald, displaying much feeling and as well poetic appreciation. (Pittsburg: J. R. Weldin & Company.)

—George Summerss, a Canadian, has written a volume of verse, entitled "Bird of the Bush," which contains also the author's autobiography. The volume contains much that is interesting, but it would be unfair to say that it is written in a lofty style or that there is much in it that could be called real poetry. (Toronto: The Hunter-Rose Company.)

—That chief of "moral and spiritual" writers, Sylvanus Stall, D.D., has produced another volume for children. The title is "Five-minute Object Sermons." (Toronto: William Briggs. Cloth, $1 net.)

A CONSIDERATION of the importance and significance of art and of art in its various aspects becomes *apropos,* a result of a recent gathering of gentlemen in Toronto. The occasion is noteworthy, inasmuch as it marks the beginning of a movement that ought in fair time to have a refining influence on the culture and dignity of the people of Canada. Its object was to bring together in an informal way gentlemen who are engaged in the pursuit of art and whose desire is to see estheticism flourish amidst the everyday affairs of mankind. Philistinism is always most apparent in communities where the accumulation of wealth or of competence is uppermost in the minds of the people, and therefore it naturally follows that in young countries and in districts newly organized the sway of the Philistine is most felt. In this fact there is a peculiar paradox, for the newer a place is to what we regard as civilization, the greater is the opportunity for the application of art. Nevertheless it is in such places that art is almost entirely ignored. Streets are opened, unattractive houses are built, sidewalks are laid, trees are cut down, and poles are set up—and thus vandalism and philistinism go hand in hand. The spirit of art is tolerated usually when it is too late, when vested interest has too much at stake, when the demands of utility have been too long respected. That is the case in its public aspect. Unfortunately, it is too often the case in the home. Carpets are laid, curtains draped, furniture arranged, and pictures hung, while there is still little more than a primitive idea of the purposes that these things might serve. But as time goes on the desire for wealth gives way in some measure to the desire for beauty, for those things that indulge an esthetic taste rather than a vulgar taste.

So we find a number of gentlemen meeting in Toronto to weigh the advantages that might result from frequent association of ideas, motives, temperaments and aspirations, all, of course, tracing their sources to at least one of the higher arts—painting, literature, architecture, sculpture, music. In large centres of artistic endeavor, like Paris, London and New York, each art has its own distinct association. And indeed in Toronto there are already a number of associations whose members are engaged in art of some kind as a profession; for instance, the Ontario Society of Artists, the Canadian Art Club, the Authors' Club, the Association of Architects, the Toronto Press Club, and one or more clubs of musicians. These are distinct from the numerous clubs of amateurs, and it is from them that the new association of the arts will select its membership.

The subject of membership is perhaps the most serious that is confronting those who are promoting the

scheme. Who shall be eligible? Could the man qualify who draws or paints on Sundays or holidays and keeps the wolf from the door by keeping books on other days? Could he even fulfill the demands by publishing an occasional book or story or essay, while being mostly engaged in the legal profession? Could he hope to be admitted to membership in a club of artists on the strength of songs sung for hire, notwithstanding the fact that most of his interests centre in mining stocks? What place could be given to one who moulds clay at night, just for the "fun of it," and then sells dry goods during the day? Could no recognition be taken of the good-will that prompts some men to become outstanding patrons of native art? In short, is the membership to be exclusive or cosmopolitan? The answer to the last question, and, in fact, to all the questions, should be governed by the chief object. If the promoters purpose to organize solely for the benefit or enjoyment of *artists,* the membership should be confined to those whose art is at least a vocation; but if the chief purpose is to propagate an appreciation of art, then there should be admittance to those who have artistic tastes and inclinations. But whether the object is directly selfish or indirectly unselfish, the propaganda will nevertheless continue, for from persons who meet together in any cause influence naturally radiates. One thing sure: it will be some time before the qualification of actors for membership in a club of the arts in Toronto will have to be considered, for so far the persons who are engaged at the various theatres there are merely transients.

While the highest attainment in art is undoubtedly reached in acting, it seems peculiar that in some clubs whose members practise art of some kind actors are purposely barred out. That is the case, for instance, at St. Ives, and yet membership in the art club there is not confined to painters. But why the prejudice against actors? Are the people of the stage too vulgarly Bohemian and unreliable? Whether they are or not, if their art as individuals is to be perpetuated it must be high enough and subtle enough and convincing enough to make an enduring impression on the minds of those who witness it. Unlike the painter, the sculptor or the writer, the actor's hope of reaching posterity is purely psychological. If he can impress a writer sufficiently to induce him to leave an enduring record of that impression, then his art may live, but only after it has thus forced another art into subjection. To posterity the writer can leave his books, the painter his pictures, the sculptor his marble, but the actor can leave nothing but the impression he has made on the minds of others. And yet many persons who have never entered a metropolitan playhouse have a vivid appreciation of the thunderings of Forrest in *Matamora,* the pathos of Booth as *Hamlet,* the deviltry of Barret as *Iago,* the craftiness of Irving as *Richelieu*—even of the dignity of the Kembles and the grace and the polish of David Garrick. In order to live, therefore, the actor's art must come close to perfection.

The time has come when a spread of estheticism in Canada would be a distinct advantage. We have as yet in this country not even a respectable national gallery of art, but that situation is changing, and it is to be hoped that the new gallery at Ottawa will contain a collection of paintings and sculptures that will be at least representative of the best work of our best artists. Necessarily, perhaps, it will be a long time before Canadian sculpture will be represented in any large way in a gallery, because as yet there are but few outstanding Canadian sculptors. However, the national aspect of estheticism is not likely to become very marked, and nothing of real artistic importance from that

standpoint is likely to be effected until at least the middle and upper classes are stirred to the pleasure that can be derived from good art in the home and until our governments begin to realize the great place that art might take in history.

If a club of the arts such as is being discussed in Toronto can hope to have a good influence on national culture, it should not be entirely social in character, and it should avoid the ultra-Bohemianism of *Le Quartier Latin*. It could hope to establish a centre of culture that would be for Canada what Boston, or more particularly Concord and Cambridge, have been for the United States, and Oxford and Cambridge for England. But it would not be the work of one generation, or of men who are not, above all other things, sincere. As yet there are in Canada but few distinct centres of influence; still it is obvious that Quebec is the historical centre, Montreal the commercial centre, Ottawa the political and social centre, and Toronto the educational and literary centre. Toronto is almost sure to become also the centre of art. As time goes on these points of influence will become more pronounced, and their effect will be more widely felt, but that also in longer time will come again to the point of diffusion. Notwithstanding the fact that the Boston culture is now more reflective than original, it nevertheless exists, and it would take the passing of several generations to rob it of its reputation. And while the culture of Oxford and Cambridge may not be so supreme as it was in the time of Ruskin on the one hand and of Tennyson on the other hand, it still seems to strike the highest note of all. It is a rather curious thing, the centering of an influence of that kind. While for a time the literary greatness of the United States seemed to depend on New England, there has been a marked division of the honors by the appearance here and there of such men as Bret Harte, Mark Twain, Joaquin Miller and Sidney Lanier. That brings about a diffusing process. Had it not been for the nearness to Canada of so great a country as the United States, with language and temperament the same as our own, the literary centre of the Dominion would undoubtedly have been somewhere in the Maritime Provinces. But the course of events has changed that, and Toronto seems destined to have the honor. But even in Toronto, as Mr. Goldwin Smith has well observed, there is as yet a noticeable isolation from the great literary centres of the world.

Nevertheless the opportunity for real influence, and perhaps for the establishing of a centre of national culture, has come to those who have attempted the organization of a club of the arts in Toronto. Even if it failed to reach national significance, the members of a club of that kind should be of immense advantage to one another. Not only could they help one another with friendly suggestions and kindly criticism, but the club-room could become a place where they could meet on neutral ground. Unfortunately for art in Ontario, particularly the art of painting, there has been a good deal of indulgence in quibblings and petty animosities amongst painters, with a result that has caused a marked division of interest. The new club would have a tendency to set aside even long-standing grievances. It would bring the men together for a common purpose, but most of all it would afford an opportunity for the formation between persons engaged in different arts of that rare sympathy which is so signally illustrated in the experience of the poet Keats with the artist Severn, in that of the philosopher Ruskin with the painter Turner, and again in that of the artist Cipriani with the engraver Bartolozzi.

The Editor

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THE MOURNER

Pastel by Edmund Morris, A.R.C.A.

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COBALT: A MISTAKEN IDOL

BY FREDERIC ROBSON

THREE years ago the clock that times the mining fevers for Canada struck twelve. People smiled, the same people who had lived through the days when Rossland and Klondyke were words on the popular tongue. They knew that the silver crazes were over in America, but they reckoned badly.

Up in Northern Ontario a geologist named Willet Miller happened along one day, and he picked up some pieces of glittering rock with blue streaks running through them. "We shall call this place after the blue," he said; "we shall call it Cobalt." That was very near the beginning of the Cobalt fever.

Cobalt, as the world has found it expedient to know, lies some three hundred miles north of Toronto. In its widest meaning the name stands for the entire district which embraces the township of Coleman and goes possibly further and takes in the whole silver bearing area in Northern Ontario, south of Larder Lake.

When I was up in that district in summer time, the rush was at its height. Accommodation at the hotels and on the trains was sorely taxed and the seeker after metals received as gloomy a reception to the Cobalt field as the most pessimistic old prospector ever could draw in the forcible language of the mining camp. It

THE WATER CART, A FAMILIAR SIGHT IN COBALT

A STREET SCENE IN COBALT

was pouring rain when our train pulled into the Cobalt station. We tumbled out in the most disconsolate of spirits, and tramped through pools and garbage heaps to the hotel, where steaming edibles helped to smother the sensation caused at the first sight of a silver camp.

As a municipality, Cobalt is a failure. Some first settler, if anyone knows who he was, had the bad sense to erect his home on possibly the worst piece of ground that holds up a town any where in America. As it stands to-day, there are no real streets. Huge chunks of rock in the middle of the road play havoc with the horse and vehicle that attempt a passage over them. Garbage is thrown into the back yards; cows and pigs feed on the refuse lying along the main street. There is no local water to drink. Nearly every drop consumed is brought from Montreal and sold at fifty cents a gallon. Fuel sells at exorbitant prices. Rents even of shacks run from fifty dollars to sixty dollars a month. There is no drainage, few sidewalks, scarcely any fire protection of an adequate sort. On the other hand, Cobalt excels in many features where other mining camps have failed. Obedience to the law, however, is the rule of the day. The history of Cobalt has been free from the serious turmoil or violence that is generally incident to mining camps. Taking into consideration the fact that thousands of men of varying temperaments from all parts of the earth have been gathered at the camp for the last three years and that confusion is always liable to arise out of the staking of claims, it is perhaps more than remarkable that serious friction has not occurred. There have sometimes been differences, but the arguments have always been settled in the courts of law.

Cobalt is a temperance town. Not a drop of liquor is dispensed legally from one year's end to the other. The results have been most fortunate for its well being and reputation. The only place where a strong drink can be secured by the miners is at Haileybury, four miles distant. Cobalt, nevertheless, boasts of a mayor and council, post-office, telegraphs, banks, excellent schools, churches, stores and a railway that connects twice a day with North Bay, from which all parts of the Dominion and the United States may be reached with speed and comfort. Yet when all the virtues and all the failings of the town of Cobalt are

SILVER STREET, COBALT

summed up, it remains that the only reason for its existence lies in the mines that dot the hills for miles around. Were they to run dry, the town would shrivel up and pass away in a twinkling.

It is the mines that have startled the world, that have surprised Wall street, that have by their freak yields made obsolete the works of science on silver ores. It is after all the mines that our money is in, and on whose bloated stock we have already planned to spend our days in philanthropic pursuits.

How Cobalt came to be found is due probably to three causes: the explorations of the Government geologists, the entrance of the Temiskaming and Northern Railway into the region, and the enterprise of wandering prospectors. It was in November, 1903, that the attention of Prof. Miller, the provincial geologist of Ontario, was called to the rumors of vast ore beds existing in Coleman township. In company with Prof. Parks, of the Dominion Government Survey, he undertook to prove the truth or falsehood of these stories, which on the surface were so alluring, and accordingly set out for this remote corner of New Ontario.

The reports made by these gentlemen were remarkably accurate as has been subsequently proved. They stated that the surface of Coleman township was undulating, partly rocky, partly drift-covered, well wooded and interspersed with small lakes. Though making no precise statements regarding the presence of bodies of ore, they held that it was a matter of only a few years when every foot of the land would be prospected, with the probability of finding important deposits of ores anywhere among the rocks. It was not, however, until the preliminary work of building the Temiskaming and Northern Railway was in progress that any startling hint was given to the world of the immense bodies of silver ore which existed close to Cobalt Lake. For some months the railway construction men had been blasting their way through rocks which glistened with silver veins, yet they did not value the lumps for other purposes than most excellent railroad ballast. At one place on the road they cut through the end of a cliff from which hundreds of thousands of dollars' worth of silver has since been taken. The blackened, heavy, rough fragments were cursed as intolerable barriers to a railway. Had you mentioned that the ballast for the track

was worth about five thousand dollars a ton, what a laugh there would have been! Meanwhile the construction task was rushed ahead, and millions went begging for an owner.

Two weeks later a couple of lumber contractors who had the job of laying the ties over a section of the T. and N. O. strolled into the woods near the end of Cobalt Lake, just to see what the place was like. They came out millionaires. On a little rise of ground toward which their footsteps took them a silver vein had indiscreetly poked its head above the surface of the ground. The spot was marked, and in a day or two, an application form to the Mining Registry Office had been despatched with the signatures of Messrs. McKinley and Darragh. Their property has netted them several fortunes, and it gives no sign of playing out.

A French-Canadian blacksmith was the next to make a discovery. He had signed with the railway contractors under the name of Larose. If you meet him to-day on the streets of some eastern city or lolling in the comforts of a Pullman car, he will tell you that one day four years ago he was busy at his forge, which had been erected at the northern end of Cobalt Lake, when he spied a red fox in a nearby bush. It was a very impudent, curious sort of fox, and it jarred on his tired nerves. He resented being watched even by a fox, and so, picking up his hammer, he flung it with might and main at Reynard. The latter, it may be inferred, saw Mr. Larose's hostile demonstration, and when the hammer arrived, was some distance away, and proceeding on apparently urgent business. Now mark what followed: Had Larose thrown something worthless at that fox, he might never have been the discoverer of a great mine. But he threw a good hammer, and therefore felt called upon to go over to where it lay. He saw that the hammer had struck a rock and that the blow resulted in a bright metallic streak, which he at first attributed to be lead in the ore. But there were subsequent investigations, and samples of the ore sent to Toronto showed a very high grade of silver in paying quantities. Thus it came that the combination of a French-Canadian blacksmith, a hammer and a fox worked another discovery of surpassing importance.

Early in May, 1904, two locations

T. AND N. O. STATION AT COBALT, AND A VIEW OF THE TOWN

were made by Mr. W. G. Trethewey and from these the Trethewey and Coniagas Mining Companies have evolved. It is interesting to note that the name of the latter, a peculiar but distinctive one, is made up from the chemical symbols of cobalt, silver, nickel and arsenic—co-ni-ag-as. These properties, with the Nipissing mine, were the only ones to make shipments during 1904. As a matter of fact, steel rails were not laid as far as the mines until October, 1904, and the shipments began in November. Nevertheless in two months of that year, 158 tons of ore, containing 296,875 ounces of silver, worth $111,887, were sold and shipped.

After that, discovery followed discovery in rapid succession, so that the production of the year 1905 amounted to 2,451,356 ounces from 2,144 tons of ore. The production for 1906 has been given as worth $4,000,000 from 5,129 tons. For 1907 the worth of the ore up to the first of July equalled that of the whole of 1906. So that to the present, with development covering only two years, Cobalt silver has brought mine owners over ten millions in cold cash. That Cobalt will live for at least twenty years more with the same evidences of vigor that it is showing at present, seems to be the opinion of mining engineers who are conversant with the region.

A word as to fake mines: When in Cobalt I found that the owners of genuine mines were the bitterest denouncers of the wild-cat propositions that have occasionally been sprung on an unsuspecting public. The public should not infer that because the reputable mining concerns have been counterfeited that there are no genuine properties in the district. There are nearly two score properties that are undoubtedly valuable, and there are perhaps two score more companies exploiting mines that to-day only give fair encouragement of becoming paying propositions which may turn out either way. Some thirty of the mines are shippers, and a few are sending out sufficient ore to pay handsome returns on the investment.

In addition to the known wealth of Cobalt there are believed to be even greater riches in the Larder lake and Montreal river districts. In fact, the mining history of Canada has only started, and what the result will be no man can determine. Certain it is that the Cobalt section has "made good,"

COBALT FIRE HALL ON COBALT LAKE. MINING BUILDINGS OPPOSITE

THE HOSPITAL, COBALT

and will add millions to the wealth of the world. What will be the good or bad fortune of the thousands of hardy prospectors scattered all over the more remote sections of New Ontario no one can tell.

At the present writing, the Cobalt "idea" is passing under a cloud. In spite of the visit of the American Mining Engineers Society to the field and their earnest commendation of the district as a whole, the public does not seem to have had any desire to follow with its money. No doubt the general state of the money market is partly accountable for this, but in the main it is due to the utter collapse of what was known a year ago as "The Cobalt Boom." Canadian and American towns and cities have contributed with lavish and foolish hands to the flotation of Cobalt properties, and it is among the Canadian people that the truest indications may be found as to the rock bottom estimate of Cobalt as it stands to-day.

The name of the place which was pronounced glibly by the bank clerk and even the well-to-do newsboys some few months ago, is now foreign to ninety-nine out of a hundred conversations. The ordinary man with a few hundred dollars, who ran pell-mell for "silver shares," a moment ago as time is counted, shrugs his shoulders to-day and tells you in a whisper that he was "bitten." And there has undoubtedly been a great deal of soundness in the attitude of that man of the street.

The foolish scramble for an interest in this mysterious district was the opportunity for certain promoters, who saw the route the sheep preferred to take, and set their traps accordingly. Cobalt has had as many "wild-cats" exploited to the square acre as any mining district that has ever been raised as an idol before the gaze of the public. Thousands of dollars have passed from the hands of the unwise to the coffers of smiling brokers whose only claim to either the title of broker or a knowledge of mining sprang up with the Cobalt fever. The number of those who have invested blindly, drawn by glittering advertisements, and who would now sell out at half the "ground floor price" which they paid for the stock is legion. The coterie of lucky ones who happened to have bought stock in mines that proved to be dividend payers are the needle in the mining speculator's haystack. This latter class, the fortunate few, has always been the bait used to draw others on, and so it has been mostly the case in the flotation of the Cobalt stocks. Brokers who have never been within twenty miles of their property and who very often know next to nothing about mining have adopted the scheme of issuing gorgeously colored literature descriptive of their holdings. If you called at their offices, you would see samples of ore containing gold, silver and copper strewn liberally about the desks, and the stock seller would carelessly chip you off a few leaves of the silver, and tell you that the company *expected* to be shipping that sort of stuff

from the mine in a few months. Many have fallen a prey to such reasoning and have drawn from the bank their last hundred, in the same spirit that a man would give the "bookie" his last dollar. Thousands of comparatively poor young men and their seniors, who had better have paid off the last note on the mortgage, came under the spell of the New Ontario mining fever. Since then, however, they have in truth seen the day of repentance.

To invest in a Cobalt mine that is shipping ore and paying good dividends is a pretty fair investment, with certain risks attached, which are naturally incident to all undertakings with speculative features. But the putting of money into the *prospective* mine, whose only claim to the name of "mine" is the presence of some silver outcropping, is something that had better be left to those "on the spot," who have some knowledge of mining and who are acquainted with the men behind the proposition.

JUNE

By S. A. WHITE

Into this night there steals a serenade,
Some wilding song or dryad's flute of gold,
Some June-time love that in its grave is laid,
But, formless, comes to thrill me as of old.

Within the coppice where the tender moon
Makes silver pages of the birchen trees,
Its score is writ in melodies that swoon,
All incense-filled, upon the starlit breeze.

Love's own sweet way lies on the Upland Vales,
The starry heights which men of earth call dream;
As Argonauts upon night's purple trails
Our hearts go out to test the treasured theme.

If Hope would smile when comes its parting hour,
If Trust would tarry while it says good-bye,
If Love held June-time like the frailest flow'r,
There never need be any rue or sigh.

On Upland Vales the rose forever blows;
There June is endless, dreamy and divine;
There Faith's clear stream in even tenor flows,
And all this joy is yours, love, yours and mine!

THE PSYCHOLOGY OF GOSSIP

BY J. D. LOGAN, Ph.D.

ONE of the genuine pleasures of life is that of satisfying intellectual curiosity. This pleasure is peculiarly piquant when derived from tracing remote but essential connections between seemingly unlike natural or spiritual phenomena. Would not any layman be delighted to discover, for instance, that there is an essential identity between a cow and a whale? To the ordinary man of adequate education a cow is a hairy quadruped, a domesticated "animal," while a whale, in all likelihood, would be described as a "fish." If identity at all were to be admitted by the ordinary man, both the cow and the whale would be denoted as vertebrates, but the latter would be viewed as having all the semblances of a fish. Zoology, however, places both under the province of vertebrates and in the class mammals: both suckle their young; and for science this is their characteristic identity.

Just so in the spiritual realm: there is an essential identity between the gossip and the genius. To the ordinary man no two beings seem so far apart; for the one exhibits a low form of mentality and the other astonishes by the originality and creative powers of his mind. Psychology, however, observes that the contents of the consciousness of each are produced by neural processes which work in the same way, with the same spontaneity and tendency to reproduce every fragment of past experiences. For science the mind of the gossip has a characteristic identity with the mind of the genius, because both think by "total recall."

Now, what seems so formidable under its title will easily turn out to be a popular study of the workings of the human mind. Primarily the study will satisfy intellectual curiosity. Incidentally it will enable us to understand the characters in some of our comic literature, and will humanize our judgments of a special class of our fellows. For the gossip habit may be idiotic, amiable or scandalous; but in all its forms the problem is the same: namely, to discover how certain minds from the thought of one thing pass to all sorts of remote connections, sane and silly, rational and grotesque, relevant and irrelevant, with other things. When we discover this — the cause of gossip — we shall learn a piquant fact about the human mind, and see that those of our fellows whom we designate as garrulous old women, or slaves of literal fact, and those whom we designate as scandalmongers, are at fault in the mind, not in the heart, and that they are rather to be pitied than condemned, because their garrulity and scandalizing are the natural and inevitable outcome of peculiar brain processes.

Literature happens to contain many cases of the harmless or amiable gossip. The classic examples are the Nurse in Shakespeare's "Romeo and Juliet" (see Act 1, scene 3), Miss Bates in Jane Austen's "Emma," Mrs. Poyser in George Eliot's "Adam

Bede," and many minor characters in Dickens' novels. But I shall here use, for my case, one of the "speeches" of Mrs. Sampson from Fergus Hume's "The Mystery of a Hansom Cab." Hear how she runs on endlessly from the thought of one thing to the thought of another, recalling every item of her experience, relevant and irrelevant:

"Not having any cake, through not being forewarned as to the time of arrival — though it is not often I am taken by surprise—except as to headache, which, of course, is accidental to every person—I have not got anything but bread and butter, the baker and the grocer being all that could be desired, except in the way of worrying for their money, which they think that since I keep my bank in the house, like Alladin's Cave, as I have read about in the Arabian Nights, I myself having gained it as a prize in English in my early girlhood, being then considered a scholar and industrious——"

Mrs. Sampson is positively comic. What interests and entertains us, however, is not her garrulity as such; but the surprising workings of what we may call her mental switchboard; for the transitions and directions of her thought resemble nothing so much as they do a complicated system of mechanism controlled by a switchboard. As it were, her "train" of thought is shunted from one track to another, up-and-down, criss-cross, hither-thither—in all directions automatically. And the fun for the listener is in chasing after her train of thought, and in always being surprised by unexpected, remote and inconsequential transitions from one line of thought to another, from one topic to another.

Mrs. Sampson's type of mind is of the kind which we describe as "original." Yet, as we shall see, there is nothing more unoriginal than originality, because so-called original ideas simply well up from the depths of consciousness in obedience to the workings of associated brain processes. And the essential difference between the gossip mind and the original mind is that the latter ignores all trivial, grotesque and irrelevant suggestions and conserves only those which bear strictly on the topic, end, or problem in review. The thoughts of the gossip have connection, but not coherence; the thoughts of the genius have connection, coherence and unity: but the *matter* of their thoughts, the contents of their minds, are in both supplied spontaneously by a peculiar congeries of associated brain processes. Let us consider the nature and workings of these processes as modern psychology explains them.

In the view of the older psychologists the baby, as it grows, gradually puts its universe together from bits of experience, as if the infant at first knew and identified this object, that object, and another, and then related them into the parts of the system of things we call the world. In the modern view the process of coming to know a world of related objects is rather one of analyzing a whole into recognizable parts. The baby's universe at first is, in William James' celebrated phrase, "one big blooming buzzing confusion"—not a more or less clearly perceived number of single, separate objects; and the baby's method of getting an ordered world, ordered perceptions and ideas of things, is by painfully taking the big blooming buzzing confusion of parents, nurse, fists, toes, milk bottle and what not to pieces, just as a boy takes a clock to pieces to see how it is made. The first process of the mind, then, in acquiring knowledge is called by modern psychologists "dissociation."

But the baby, as it grows, would not get very far on the road to knowledge if it only discriminated aspects or elements of the world it sees, hears, touches and tastes. It must learn to make all sorts of re-combinations of the discriminated elements; or, as a

matter of fact, it does this naturally, spontaneously. This process of re-construction, of re-combination, is called by psychologists "association." But, as we shall see immediately, association is not, as with the older psychologists, strictly a mental process; it is now viewed as essentially a cerebral or mechanical process—an activity of the brain, not of the mind. And, before we proceed, let us remember that this cerebral process is also the elementary basis of memory and voluntary thinking.

We may see the nature and workings of association by reflecting on one or two familiar instances. Consider first the most familiar of all—recalling the name of a person. To-day you meet X on the street and he takes you by the hand, greeting you genially. You reply in the same cordial manner, but you cannot recall his name. You say good-bye, and immediately begin to go over in your mind all the possible places where you might have met X before, and all the persons with whom you might have met him. The name is just on the tip of your tongue; but no, it escapes you; at last you give the matter up and go on about your business. Three weeks later you are on the street again or at your desk, with your thoughts completely away from the problem of the name of X, when all of a sudden the name pops into your mind and escapes from your tongue, for no reason that you can discover.

Consider, again, an instance which is equally familiar, but which works out in another way. Your wife says to you: "John, I want you to buy a 49A spool of Clark's silk thread, salmon shade, which, please, bring with you when you come home at noon for luncheon. But you are so forgetful that I am going to tie a sample of the thread around the index finger of your hand; then you can't forget my commission." Your wife is a good psychologist. She understands that the thread on the finger will be seen frequently, and the oftener it is seen the more frequently will you think of your commission, until it will be practically impossible for you to forget it; and sure enough you do bring home the required spool.

Now, this second instance of what is improperly called association of ideas explains the first instance. The problem is to understand how the *sight* of one object calls up the *memory* of another object. Modern psychology submits that there can be no solution of this problem if we view the mind as an entity in which we can "pigeon-hole" simple ideas, separate and unrelated, and pick them out of their resting places just when wanted: for there would thus be no explanation of the spontaneous and sudden appearance of an idea long after we had given up the search for it, as happened in the instance of the name to be recalled. But modern psychology does offer a sensible explanation. To-day this science is more or less psychological in method, and its fundamental formula is: "No psychosis without neurosis." That is to say, all our mental processes are conditioned or caused by brain processes.

Whereas, then, the older psychologists held that "ideas" are associated in the mind, modern psychologists submit that not ideas but "objects" are associated in experience; and that these objects leave in the brain substance or neural system relatively indelible impressions. Every object leaves its mark in the way of a "brain tract"; and so when two or more objects are associated thus, a network of brain tracts is formed. Consequently, when later on one of the past associated objects is again seen or heard, or experienced in any way, this repeated impression starts a movement along and through the associated brain tracts until, as in the case of a name of a person, when we are not thinking of the second or absent object at all, when in fact we have dismissed it from our thoughts alto-

gether, into our mind it saunters, impertinently, lackadaisically.

The truth of this doctrine is proved by the case of the wife's commission and the thread on the finger. For what was associated were brain impressions caused by the voice of the wife, and the unusual sight of the thread on the finger. The frequent sight of the thread kept the original brain tract open or active. The brain served as a switchboard and shunted the idea on one track over to and down another tract; and with the train of ideas thus constantly moving, it was impossible for the commission to be forgotten.

We may, then, put this down as a fundamental law of psychology: The materials of our thoughts, the contents of our minds, our memories of past experiences, and the order of our ideas, are the outcome of mechanical processes in the brain. That is to say, whatever we think of, no matter how remote in connection with present experiences, is conditioned and caused, not by pure mind, but by automatic variations in associated brain processes. This is called the law of "neural habit."

This law, however, only partially explains the comical absurdity of Mrs. Sampson's garrulity; it tells us only that her brain is responsible for the remarkable transitions of her thoughts, the originality of her ideas. It does not explain how Mrs. Sampson's type of mind differs from the ordinary mind. To the first law we must add another and somewhat subsidiary law, namely—Unless some outward impression, sound, sight, or sensation of touch, attract and divert the current of our ideas, or unless some of the brain processes are, through past experience, more intimately and habitually associated than others, the mind must recall and reproduce every fragment of experience, once a brain tract is set in motion by an impression or reflection. This is called the law of "total recall."

As it happens, however, most minds do not work according to the law of "total recall." For the reasons given —irrupting outward impressions or inward obstructing tendencies in the brain tracts—most of us are saved from the jungle of connections in our thoughts which characterize Mrs. Sampson's type of mind. Yet we may note the *tendency* present in our own minds by considering what actually goes on there when, for instance, we are writing an essay or making a speech. Is it not true that in these cases all sorts of absurd ideas, comic suggestions, grotesque images, utterly irrelevant and unworthy reflections enter our minds along with the sane, serious and relevant; but we make our essay or speech coherent and unified by rejecting the former and affirming and using only the latter. Yet whatever the *worth* of the contents of our minds in the time of composition and expression, the silly and the sane, the irrelevant and the relevant have precisely the *same genesis*—namely, the tendency of the mind to reproduce experience by total recall.

In the gossip and the genius this tendency is extreme. In the most of us it is the merest tendency; and behold, we have only prosaic minds! But if by grace of nature we are thus saved from being gossips, bores or scandal-mongers, at the same time we are prevented from belonging to that body of exceptional and eccentric persons we call geniuses. For what makes a genius is the tendency of his brain processes to take all sorts of eccentric directions and thus, like a divining-rod, discover in the depths of consciousness those remote but rational connections which astonish ordinary minds.

There are two other species of the gossip which we must consider briefly. A comical interest belongs to the harmless or amiable "clattering" of the kind of gossip mind represented by Mrs. Sampson, or Miss Bates in Jane Austen's "Emma," or the

Nurse in "Romeo and Juliet"; because the transitions of their thoughts are so ingenious and remote, the contrasts, consequently, so unexpected and absurd; and contrasts of this sort are the fundamental basis of comic perception. The other two species have no exemplars in literature; they are found solely in life. They are the bore and the scandal-monger.

The bore, that is, the slave of literal fact, who recounts every detail of his experience in the most dry and fanciless manner, could not be admitted into literature, simply because his utterly uninteresting talk would repel, and spoil the narrative. Usually these fanciless gossips are men who revere every fact equally. Of course they are harmless because they deal only in reminiscences of local and personal history. Their formula for an opening is—"I remember when I was—" Their stories and narratives are insufferably long-drawn-out, and are always without point. Here again total recall is at work. But there is a lack of piquancy in their gossip for two reasons: first, the poverty of their experience is so great that they have nothing but the narrowest and most unromantic facts of local or personal history to reproduce; and, secondly, their own interest in their experience is diffused equally over every part of it, and when reproduced, is done so without variety or contrast — it is nothing but a slow, deadly treadmill of flat reminiscences. And to write about them is as uninteresting and uninspiring as the treadmill of their own minds. Therefore let us turn to the third species of the gossip, which if he is a reprehensible member of society, he is at least interesting in his mental processes and in his familiar haunts and works. I mean the scandal-monger.

At the outstart we may lay it down as a principle that from the mental (or moral) point of view there is with the genuine scandal-monger no intention to do harm. For there are two types of this class of human beings. There is the "simon-pure" gossip—the frequenter of Dorcas societies, sewing circles, thimble-teas, and country grocery stores. Then there is the really vicious scandal-monger, who on hearing a man defamed or scandalized runs to him with tales, considerably enlarged and colored, of what was said about him. This is the poison of the serpent; the intention is to sting, wound, poison and stir up hatred and strife.

But the genuine gossiper of scandal is one who essentially suffers from lack of variety and intensity of interests. Now, there is nothing so interesting as the life and sins of human creatures; and nothing else affords so piquant a topic of conversation as these, chiefly because a man's life and his sins, being really private concerns of an individual who would conceal their inner side, have the character of what is known as "news." But who is so important in his own eyes or in the eyes of others as a news-bearer? Really, then, the genuine scandal-monger means only to be a news-monger. For those who lack a broad variety and deep intensity of interests there is nothing else to talk about, save local social history and the lives and characters of their neighbors.

This, however, explains only part of the matter. How shall we account for the peculiar working of the mental switchboard of the scandal gossiper? The explanation is that, as we say, he likes to hear himself talk. Now, this is only another way of saying that the mind of the scandal-monger works by total recall. For we note that his talk passes from the pettiest detail to the most alarming moral recriminations. The subject of discourse—the victim—may be A, B, C or D, good, bad or indifferent characters; yet each is satisfactory as a theme for the scandalizer. But it all happens to be mere talk, mere reproduction of fragments of experience seen or heard; the incidents of a day's

or a week's experience rush to the mind of the gossiper and are uttered freely, pell-mell. For let the subject of discourse appear on the scene, and at once the attitude of the scandalizer changes from garrulous defamation to respect or kindliness: and the talk is shifted to some other citizen, equally respectable, but out of hearing.

In short, the scandal-monger suffers from a poverty of experience, but being gifted with a mind conditioned by brain processes that work by total recall, his thoughts fly to the most piquant object of his experience, and because that object is absent and, therefore, does not obstruct his thoughts, his tongue wags on incessantly and remorselessly. And so his sin is chiefly a matter of peculiar brain organization, and secondarily the result of congregating with others who love to wallow in the mire of piquant and salacious "news."

In conclusion: What makes the gossip an interesting object of scientific explanation is not the fact that this species of human beings is a character in our comic literature or is an eccentric member of society; but the fact that the gossip is allied to the genius. The essential likeness between the two is the extraordinary power of each to make novel or original connections between ideas; but this power which seems so original is, after all, wholly unoriginal, since it depends on the automatic reproductions of remote fragments of experience by total recall. The essential difference between the two is the power of genius to distinguish between the worthy and unworthy, the relevant and irrelevant, in the stream of his ideas—the sagacity which enables him to discover in the jungle of connections amongst his thoughts and fancies the one which has remained hidden from other minds, to hold to this new idea, ignoring all others of its companions, and to bring it forth to the light of day. There is nothing in genius save an extraordinary power to think, to sustain thought; but behind this power are persistently active associated brain processes—incessantly "switching" ideas into consciousness.

So that we ordinary creatures are quite right when we describe those of our fellows who surpass us in originality, who approach the genius, as "brainy" men. Literally, genius is brains.

THE HALL-ELLIS PARTY

BY F. W. LEE

"IS your man at Lakeville ever troubled with sleeping sickness?" asked the Traffic Manager, jarring into Mr. Cowper's private office one Monday afternoon. His voice was affected either by unruly irritation or futile wrinklings of a fat cheek to shield a suffering eye from cigar smoke.

"Why,?" asked the General Passenger Agent.

And the other tossed him a telegram reading:

T. R. Drake,
Eastern & Western Ry., Montreal.
Not yet secured Hall-Ellis party. Understand no route decided upon.
RAYMOND B. POYNSTON.

"You wired direct?" queried Mr. Cowper, thrusting forth a cloven-footed hint. His sense of prerogative was disturbed.

"Yes, to-day. According to *The Globe*, the Inland scooped us."

"Newspaper reports are frequently unreliable," sagely commented Cowper. "Here's a letter that crossed two I wrote Saturday."

Drake blinked over it, hummed once and injected acid into the conversation.

"Poynston needs poking up. The idea of that theatrical agent making visit after visit for nothing — it's foolish. I'd pin him down to something definite, by heaven. Manders knows Hall-Ellis and spoke to me about this party; don't lose them."

Manders was a director. Now cognizant how the Traffic Manager received a line on the prospective business, this being their first conference over the subject, Mr. Cowper consulted a calendar pad.

"They do not move for a month yet, and we'll do our very best."

"Results, not efforts, hatch dividends," answered the other, with hackneyed wisdom.

"Well, we can't expect to land everything."

The protest was received in portentous silence: failure dished up with excuses, no matter how reasonable, would be unwelcome. Drake at long range, judging from the letter and measuring by his own celerity in method, suspected slackness. Half way out the door, he observed:

"I am attending a freight meeting at Chicago this week and may go *via* Lakeville. Don't mention it, though."

The General Passenger Agent figured and wondered. Why did Drake, usually a very decent fellow, correspond with an agent instead of through the usual channel—his office? An inconvenient and unusual aggressiveness might explain the irregularity. It looked much like gunning, for Poynston would certainly receive a surprise visit. A fat expletive eased his feelings, and he tackled less unpleasant items on the day's docket.

* * *

Four months had elapsed since the E. & W. agency at Lakeville, an American city on the upper lakes, fell vacant, and the company needed a good man there. Poynston, the ex-

cursion clerk at headquarters, was called into Mr. Cowper's sanctum.

"How would you like to go to Lakeville?" asked that official.

"Very much, sir."

"Sleep over it to-night."

Not a word about consideration, the rock that frequently splits the barque of hope.

Next day's summons duly came, and telling him to be seated, Mr. Cowper sized up his clerk, noticed the head of abundant hair, smooth strong face and thickset form; also, that a cheap tailor had never cut his clothes. Appearance weighed heavily with an unthinking public (he even glanced at Poynston's finger nails), and, better still, this young man's abilities were rated first-class.

"I had overlooked you for Lakeville," said the chief. "What's your age?"

"Twenty-seven.

"Unmarried?"

"Yes, and without inclination."

"You are well educated?"

"I am not a B.A.," admitted Poynston, "but have gathered odds and ends of knowledge useful in railroading."

"Precisely. Education, by the way, frequently tinges thought and also action unhealthily from certain business standpoints. Concentration of mind to a given subject is what we want, and the man who writes three e's in 'separate' may win out with the college graduate as a business getter, every time. He is unhampered by too many facts, and, single-minded, heads for his object with patient perseverance.

"Women, as office help, for example," wandering irrelevantly, it might seem, "also lack thoroughness. Don't fancy I am throwing hints, you know, I am airing my views."

"Hot shot just the same," thought Poynston; "he means, 'Business is business; shelve side issues.'"

There was one thing about it: Poynston loved his mother, but practically concurred in all said about the sex.

"Well, I'll look into this," concluded the G. P. A., and our friend was appointed at an increased salary. Armed with credentials, he reached Lakeville and commenced coining dollars for his company. "As you are aware," he informed Miggles, an old school friend, who discovered him and occasionally came to gossip, "every man has a hobby, and I hoped to turn this fact to advantage in securing interline traffic."

"On reaching here I interviewed all the transportation agents, and, where possible, ascertained their after-hour occupations. Tackling easy subjects first, I repeated my visits. Moore, of the Pacific Shore line, is a fraternal society man. A Mason, an Elk, an Oddfellow and a Forester myself, our relations grew rapidly. Olsen, South Shore line, is great on gasolene launches, owning three. Our talk is motor, strictly motor—here's a list of business he piloted my way. I bribed Colonel Winn, Western Steamship Company, an enthusiastic entomologist, with some fine specimens of the Hercules beetle. But that's enough."

"When do you find time to chase up learning?" grinned Miggles.

"Blowing the horn, eh?" Poynston flushed slightly, "well, you lead me on. Have a cigar. Fine weather this."

Miggles knew his friend plunged into athletics, also was a member of many literary and natural history circles, in fact, his brief "Mosquito Generation and Extermination" once read before a select coterie, provoked newspaper discussion.

"Ahem," with conciliating cough, "of course you have not had much chance yet to surpass your illustrious predecessor's record?"

Poynston read some statistics not unflattering to his efforts. Finally his listener remembered an engagement.

Then the stenographer, Miss Hilliard, brought her note book for dictation. She had been installed in Lakeville office some weeks prior to Poynston's arrival. His first experience with girl help, he actually blushed over initiatory letters, but the novelty soon wore away. Machine-like towards women, though exhaling none of the ordinary man's *brusquerie*, he showed her every courtesy. In return, her thorough attention to duty gratified him and left no loophole for criticism.

In momentary relaxation he discovered a mine of rich peach bloom in her rounded cheek, and that her hair, wavy and brown, strayed into a thousand bewildering coquettish curls. Staring as she bent above the notes, he lost thread of a sentence and stammered:

"But let me state *entre nous*—er—nous—er—."

"*Entre nous,*" she encouraged in crisp accents.

"You know French?" His surprise was tempered with polite interest.

"Slightly."

She finished and arose. Papers rustling at his desk and the clicking of the machine in her corner droned through the busy moments.

"It is an ordinary accomplishment in Montreal," mused Poynston, but few girls in this Yankee city could put such a Parisian twist on two words."

He glanced at the nodding head. Thrice meeting his eye, she wondered if anything were wrong with her girdle or back hair. Reassured, her slim fingers tapped nervously faster on the keyboard.

Downtown that night a cab whirled by Poynston, barely allowing him time to escape disaster. He jerked up, startled at its feminine freight. The two women, enclouded in silken white and blue, were Miss Hilliard and another, twin-like in beauty. Their carriage blurred at the lighted entrance of the New Lyceum, where a Symphony Concert progressed, and, alighting, the two fluffy forms disappeared within. Who was the other? The rich dress also generated speculation.

"Now Miss Hilliard," said he one bright Saturday, "here's this old snag."

Preparatory rustles ceased as he began:

G. W. Cowper, Esq.,
General Passenger Agent, Montreal.

As requested in yours July 14th, I attach statement giving particulars of Hall-Ellis party, members of which contemplate attendance at Boston Anti-Tuberculosis Convention, August 26-29, 1906.

There will be four hundred people, requiring twelve Pullmans and a diner, besides two baggage cars. Net revenue, about $5,000.

As already advised, the president of Lakeville University, from his wealth and social connections, is self-appointed manager. Details of entertainment, etc., so encroached on his time that he turned over the travelling negotiations to an ex-theatrical advance agent, Carter, with full powers. I have done everything to clinch a contract with this man (we have had a dozen office interviews), but he is very elusive. Copies of correspondence attached will show I peg steadily at him.

Our strongest competitor, the Great Inland, offer him special inducements: they will run coaches of the Bijou type, which I think surpass our best in luxury of appointment. They throw in a day's stop-over at their new hotel in the Blue Mountains, and, strongest pull of all, Steele, their District Passenger Agent here, is a great friend of Carter's. Though most impartial in his talk with me, all these advantages count. I have puffed our attractions, but think Carter expects the Inland to do something for him personally.

Will keep you further advised.

"Carter, with his nickel-plated assurance, makes me sick," fretted Poynston, "he hasn't the slightest intention of giving us that party. Only for nagging from headquarters I would have thrown up the sponge long ago. Why then does he waste my time? I'm no fool."

The stenographer held her peace, also a theory. Her letters finished that morning, she lay a tiny gold watch on the desk; then rolled a sheet of paper in the typewriter for speed

practice. She smiled, thinking of Poynston's impatient words a few moments ago. Sentences, phrases, words, syllables, letters, punctuation, fused in level flowing clatter interrupted by "bing-bang," as the carriage shifted for another line. Her pastime was disturbed by a rush telegram, and grasping note book and pencil some of the sheets were misplaced.

Carter announced himself, his greedy eye taking in her shapely form. He smoked a cigar and talked shop. She placed a memorandum on Poynston's desk, while he stood at a cabinet, her sleeve brushing Carter's arm. The blue eyes were unseeing, though a shadowy smile at some prank of memory curved her lips. He looked, thinking an unmistakable significance underlay both actions, but they were simply coincident. Unobserved, he clutched a paper fallen from the folds of her dress, read it carelessly, seemed startled, grinned, hesitated, placed it in his pocket.

Leaving, he intercepted a look of preoccupation; her eyelids fluttered downwards, and his conceit soared.

"Hilliard," mused Poynston, "the name is familiar, yet she is as close as wax. I can't pick anything from her about home, with whom or how she lives, she purposely turns the conversation. I'll ask Miggles, who is positive he once saw her there, to make inquiries next time he is in Montreal. I don't want to seem too inquisitive, or I'd try the straight question."

He enclosed a few lines in an envelope, signed other mail and left for lunch, intending to drop in later, though the clerks usually observed Saturday half-holiday.

Rain drizzled soakingly when he returned. Miss Hilliard had forgotten her toy-like umbrella and a box of chocolates. He would use this excuse to call.

Number 333 Fourteenth Avenue was a handsome apartment house, huge, brilliantly lighted. Poynston wondered if living there were high. He trod a richly decorated hallway, and, consulting the directory, ascended to the third floor. A pretty maid answered his summons. The Misses Hilliard were not in.

So the one in the carriage that night was a sister. He disappointedly departed, and when the stenographer negligently thanked him on Monday for his trouble grew wrathy. "It would seem she did not particularly care about his visit," he thought.

Poynston had troubles that morning. He learned Carter was slowly perfecting arrangements with the Inland, sourly digested two reminders from headquarters, and Saturday's paper announced the opposition capture of Hall-Ellis' crowd. But this must be taken with a grain of salt until he received positive assurance.

"Blue Monday," he muttered grimly, reading a peremptory wire from Traffic Manager Drake. He replied bluffingly. Until actual defeat confronted him he would wear a brazen front.

Later he glanced at the carbon of his telegram disturbedly, and asked, "Why does he butt in?" He whistled on the paper edge.

"I once trounced his nephew, who tried to boss our office. Wonder if the uncle ever knew?"

An inward breath hissed through his set teeth.

"Surely that's forgotten now. But it is odd Drake should be away when my appointment here was made, and wiring direct shows he has located me. Methinks he squints with sinister eye."

Carter entered. The *entente cordiale* simulated with difficulty for days past was nearly broken. Impatient words rashly trembled on Poynston's lips, but he controlled himself and, on a boy's call, answered the private 'phone.

The advance man leaned over the desk and coolly skimmed the top letter

of a file, a copy of that written G. P. A. Cowper on Saturday. He divined from its tone and Poynston's murderous glare that a storm was gathering and slipped out, saying he might return in ten minutes.

He appeared two mornings later, his card-house tottering. The Inland had refused his exorbitant demands, and he would now try the other fellow. Mr. Poynston was out; his return uncertain. The girl politely replied to his questions. Then she whisked across the room, paper in hand, to consult a book in the cabinet. He moved aside to permit this, saying with grotesque politeness:

"Anything to please beauty."

She stared. A pungent essence floated in the air; he had imbibed pretty strong stuff, and she comprehended, thinking in her perplexity:

"I wish somebody would come. I can't leave him with so many papers lying around."

The book should have been taken to her desk.

A highball before breakfast sent intermittent surges of cheerful heedlessness through his head. He gloated over her winsome profile, the soft white neck, the rising and falling bust. At last they were alone; for this he had angled for weeks, pretending business, skilfully holding Poynston at arm's length. He even had unsuccessfully shadowed her at closing hour, hoping for a chance encounter. His nerves twitched under her unconscious hypnotic suggestion.

In a moment of alcoholic aberration he encircled her trim waist, and his burning lips drank deep. A thunderbolt seemed to strike and hurl him back. Poynston, raging white and cursing, followed furiously. A third form loomed into view. Rosy as dawn the girl escaped by the side door into the ticket office, leaving them to fight it out.

"What's the matter," sharply demanded the newcomer.

"He insulted my stenographer," shouted Poynston.

"Have him arrested, said Drake—it was he—"don't brawl."

Poynston retreated, lowering his voice.

"I cannot do that; he is the Hall-Ellis representative."

"Thunder!" Drake instantly donned business spectacles and beamed conciliation.

"Gentlemen, I hope there is some mistake here."

"They can't jolly me," grunted Carter, now sober as a preacher; "I'll see them in Hades first."

"The error was on Mr. Carter's part," offered Poynston"; he thought he was moving in his own select circle."

"Is that so?" sneered Carter. "What do you know about it?"

Poynston threatened him with a look, and the other considered his bearings. His action might mean police court, to say nothing of other results. Some excuse must be raked up. As he writhingly recalled her inexpressible disgust at his caress, it stung whip-like, and his infatuation churned to venomous hate. He passed an envelope to Drake, who read its enclosure and jerked both to Poynston.

Dear Mr. Carter:

Don't you think you should talk business? What's the use of wasting time any longer? I have waited for an understanding until I am tired of the whole thing. You're decidedly slow.

Yours sincerely,

ALICE HILLIARD.

"Something wrong here," concluded Poynston, "my thoughts have been plagiarized. The envelope is addressed by her, but so were others—on business. He is cleverly working it in as a defence."

The paper was stuffed into a pigeon hole.

"That's mine," snapped Carter.

"Pardon," replied Poynston; "on my office letter head, without my sig-

nature, its use is unauthorized. I'll keep it."

Drake swallowed a lump at the technicality, and inquired.

"What's your object?"

"I wish to show it to Miss Hilliard. I'll do so now if you wish."

"I have no time to bother with her," responded Drake for reasons of his own. Carter arose and slammed out. Then Poynston told his story.

"You did not actually see him kiss the girl?" inquired Drake with a grin. Poynston ground his teeth.

"His back was towards me, but—"

"Supposition on your part at the time?"

"There is no proof needed," with a wave of his hand, though none was offered; "it's too late now to postpone the scuffle. Where does the Eastern & Western Railway come in?"

He repeated the question. Poynston shifted uneasily.

"I suppose that detail did not quite strike you at first. It counts, just the same. You are our representative here; you have had a certain matter in hand for some time past, as I know. It was your business to control every circumstance bearing on this, even if your inclinations rebelled."

"What difference should it make to you if your stenographer carries on a dozen flirtations? Undoubtedly the girl is all right, but she deserves punishment for writing such a fool letter.

"Carter will break off diplomatic relations."

"Our prospects of getting the party were very slim," said Poynston.

"All the more reason for excessive caution. You appear to have handled the case rather poorly, and I can't wink at it even if I were inclined. Get in touch with Carter again, and fix things up; I won't ask questions. By the way, his action will give you a handle to work with. I'll drop in Thursday."

"Good morning," he concluded, not unkindly, and departed, Poynston's nonsensical conception of previous bias evaporating. The cool logic of his superior douched him. Decidedly, there was another way of viewing the occurrence, however disagreeable to him. And it was no light thing to have a good record of ten years' service go smash.

"Resignation or party," muttered he, pacing the floor. "No crawling will placate Carter, who'd turn the business another way if it cost his salary, and it is all very well for Drake to suggest a handle. Would he use it himself? I won't!"

Could he not approach Hall-Ellis through influential friends, of whom he had made many during his short residence in Lakeville, thus ignoring Carter? His pull must needs be a mighty one, for he felt sure the president would not care to interfere with the agent's plans. He took his hat, then said:

"What's come over me lately? To knock my prospects sky high from pure sentiment. This is the very thing Cowper once warned me against. Surely there was some other way of getting around this trouble than mine. Miss Hilliard?"

She was at his elbow, faintly red. From his tone, his pale face, she anticipated a calamity. He spread out the letter, and she read, breaking into a tremulous smile.

"I wrote it for practice one morning, in pure fun. Surely there is nothing wrong; I meant nothing."

"I knew you were putting the words into my mouth," said he; "but think of the ambiguity, and why sign your name? It explains Carter's action towards yourself. Of course, he must have found the letter lying around."

She crimsoned, indignant tears filling her eyes at his severity, which she honestly felt was merited.

"Never mind," said he soothingly, "but it brought me a peck of trouble."

He bit his tongue at the admission; then made things worse.

"After all, it's none of my business."

"Indeed!" quaveringly scornful.

He deserved a kick. Somehow he felt like catching her hand, like kissing its soft coolness. He craved for her sympathy. There was no telling where it might end, and he flung from the office.

She had gone to lunch when he returned, discouraged by fresh difficulties, and found two splotchy ink numbers on his blotter. He asked the outside ticket clerk if anyone had telephoned to him, and was succinctly advised:

"Miss Hilliard called her sister, same name anyhow, then some fellow with a double-barrelled handle; wanted to know when he'd be at home; then she telephoned the sister again."

Evidently a personal affair and not especially interesting to Poynston, except that he was slightly curious about the person with a hyphenized name.

The Hall-Ellis party travelled E. & W. His scholarly head seething over a pretty woman's smile and vaguely hoping for other sweets, the old president of the party briskly entered the office next day, departing in ten minutes, when necessary documents were signed. In amazement Poynston examined the contracts.

"I'll photograph that ink before it fades," said he, half dazed. "What's up?"

Carter, tersely uncommunicative, appeared, closed arrangements, and the deal passed into railroad history. The men were mutually suspicious, neither being a mind reader. But the swift termination of a month's suspense puzzled Poynston. Of course, there was a wheel within a wheel. He gave it up, and grasping Hall-Ellis' substantial cheque wired his success to headquarters.

Drake returned, neutrally inquisitive.

"We have them!" shouted the young man, then remembering difference in rank, wheeled forward a chair. Superfluous questions were neither asked or invited. Were it not for this little affair and a greatly improved understanding at dinner later, Raymond B. Poynston might not have received an important promotion six months later. By a fluke, he escaped what the world calls failure.

* * *

After slitting an envelope containing his stenographer's resignation, Poynston performed his duties mechanically. Pitying him one day, Eros flitted from his perch, pertly told him he was a hypocrite, planted more darts, and departed.

"It isn't salary," she declared, and her saucy nose tilted. "I'm going home."

"May I ask where?"

"It is sudden," she indirectly admitted. "You see, my sister is taking a final nursing course in Hopewell Hospital. Lakeville was so lonely she sent for me, we were always inseparable. We took a flat, but time dragged heavily with me: Mabel is on duty until five o'clock. I thought it would be a good idea to acquire real business experience, so applied for the position here."

He remembered the handsome apartment house.

"Now, Mabel finishes sooner than she expected. She is organizing the staff, and will open a woman's hospital at home."

An old admirer's troublesome ardor worried the pretty nurse. After a favor granted, he wished for something substantial, not putting it that way, of course. The two sisters had a real row, Alice's insistence having brought the unexpected, and the other's affections yet untouched, they cut it short by deciding to leave Lakeville.

Poynston's heart sank at her apparent lack of sympathy. She blushed under his regard, and feigned activity.

"Hello," greeted Miggles that af-

ternoon. "Oh, she's out. I met a young doctor who knows her well."

Poynston listened greedily.

"The father left them independent, but had practical ideas. He placed the two girls in a high-class convent, and in addition to frills insisted on a thorough commercial education. Stocks and bonds are often dissipated through mismanagement and necessitate a struggle for bread —or marriage."

Poynston's eye glinted negatively at the last word. The other ran on:

"They are very democratic. The nurse girl received a bequest from an old aunt, who stipulated part of it should be used in a beneficiary way. She has, consequently, schemes on the *tapis* that you don't hear of every day."

"She did not tell me she came from our old town," commented Poynston.

"Pride, dear boy. She thought her name might be mentioned if you ever met Montrealers, and perhaps wishes to keep the typewriter history dark; other women would probably cackle."

He shut an eye hard, and chortled.

"Are you—er—vitally interested?"

Poynston choked off the leer.

* * *

Next day the door softly opened. Alice in stunning rig peeped in for a farewell visit. Poynston's back being turned, she would have liked to blindfold him.

"Ahem!"

He jumped up, coloring. She took a chair and listened to him.

"How shall I do without you?"

"You won't have any trouble filling my place."

"I don't altogether refer to the office."

"We never saw each other outside," she observed carelessly. It was no fault of his that this was so, but he passed to another subject.

"Let me spin a storiette, Miss Hilliard.

"Once there was a handsome nurse girl who successfully carried a college magnate through a long illness. He grew well, proposed marriage, of course, but was gently refused. Then, her sister, a friend of mine, I think, bent this circumstance to her own purpose, turned the old fellow's gratitude into channels of utility, and helped a struggling railroader gain his point. In other words, you two influenced Professor Hall-Ellis to send his famous party over our line."

Her eyes were popping.

"How did you find out all this?"

"Two red ink telephone numbers on my pad one day started a chain of conjecture, a friend supplied missing links and, piecing clues together yesterday, I brought mortification upon myself."

It was so. His plans, his strategy, his academic tricks of trade upon which he had once rather proudly descanted to Miggles were of bubble weight. His greatest *coup* must be credited to two girls. Of what good, after all, was his superior knowledge unpossessed by other brothers in the ranks. Strictly speaking, what better was he than the office plugger who only reads a newspaper on Sunday and never, never looks inside book covers?

Stay! Perhaps he was more fitted to measure the niceties of honor in some situations. But would not that be egotism?

"Why are you mortified?" she asked in surprise.

He paused before answering.

"Only a sister, or one nearer, should place me under such an obligation," said he, at last growing bold.

"You can't very well help it now," she replied dryly, hinting at the events of a late Saturday morning. "We are even."

She arose. "I must go, our train leaves at 4.30."

Poynston's self-invited tone made her smile as he opened the door.

"I'm coming too."

She said good-bye to the staff, and he called a cab.

They whirled away in silence. Fin-

ally Poynston gathered nerve for the task ahead, but basely retreated when she glanced sidewise.

"Well," thought Alice, "it's only a ten-minute drive. "Does he want me to propose?"

Then she impulsively remarked:

"Perhaps we should have taken different cabs."

Poynston's heart beat loudly. The hint was too graciously frank to be ignored and might perhaps cause eternal rupture. What a life comrade she would be! The space confining them shrank, her perfumed dress crushed against him, his head swam. The carriage shot into a subway. Thankful for the friendly gloom, he clasped her in his arms and, under a faint protest, stole his first kiss.

THE LAST LULLABY

By

GEORGE HERBERT CLARKE

The shepherd moon mothers her shining sheep,—
The little stars that cluster close and deep;
And soon they sleep.

The flower's wings are folded to her breast:
She hears a whisper from the darkling west;—
How pure her rest!

Dim droop the drowsing birds upon the trees;
The boughs are still as they: no unquiet breeze
Troubles their ease.

The far and lonely waters feel the spell,
Whose monotones sound slowly out, and tell
Their sway and swell.

All nature is asleep and dreaming dreams
Aglow with wonder that on waking seems
But broken gleams.

So let my spirit sleep the sleep of death:
Close, eyes; be idle, hands; and silent, breath!
Wait what It saith!

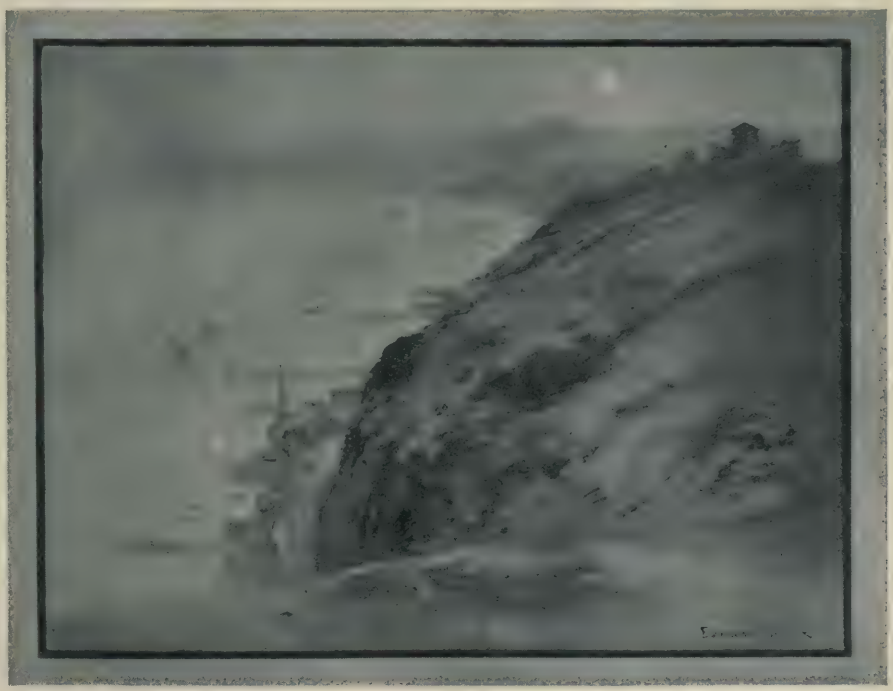
EDMUND MORRIS, PAINTER

BY W. M. BOULTBEE

THAT as a people (and it is important to recognize we are a people, not English, Scotch, Irish or American, but Canadian), we are inordinately sensitive and exaggeratedly proud, is a fact recognized or admitted by those versed in the history and development of Canadian ways of thinking. The result is that in discussing our land, our people or our institutions, exaggeration takes the place of fact, hope and prospect, the place of reality, and admonition or advice, the place that should be taken by a cold analysis of conditions.

Yet lecturing and preaching are not desirable in conversation or discussion, and the writer would dissociate himself from these attitudes, admitting that he can do so, if at all, only as a matter of degree and not effectually.

One of the problems of a new people is the beginning of painting and of the many forms of the fine arts. The art of painting cannot be called into existence fully equip-



WOLFE'S COVE, QUEBEC
Owned by Mr. D. R. Wilkie

WINDY DAY, ISLE OF ORLEANS
Owned by Sir Wilfrid Laurier

ped and developed, but can only result as the expression of the needs of the community. Consider a people engrossed in material affairs, smugly satisfied with its present state, and, of its acceptability to the divine omniscience. Here, there can be no desire for improvement. The artist, if unfortunately he finds himself in such atmosphere, will either by reason of discouragement or the lack of that tangible appreciation necessary to existence, cease to practice his art altogether, or seek more congenial surroundings in older, more complex, and so far as art is concerned, more progressive communities, and thus the enlightenment of his art is lost to his country, the feelings of a generous culture stifled, and the progress of the community retrograded for a period of years.

Only in a measure does this picture apply to this community, but in some measure it does apply. We must be pardoned the faults of a new people, of as yet no great accumulations of wealth, necessarily engaged in vital and almost overwhelmning problems of a material character. But we are at least suffering the consequences; many of those best qualified to light the flame or to hand it on to succeeding generations have left this country finally, discouraged and contemptuous. And we are blamable if we allow material pursuits to content us with the mediocre, becoming ungenerous in our understandings and restricted in our sympathies.

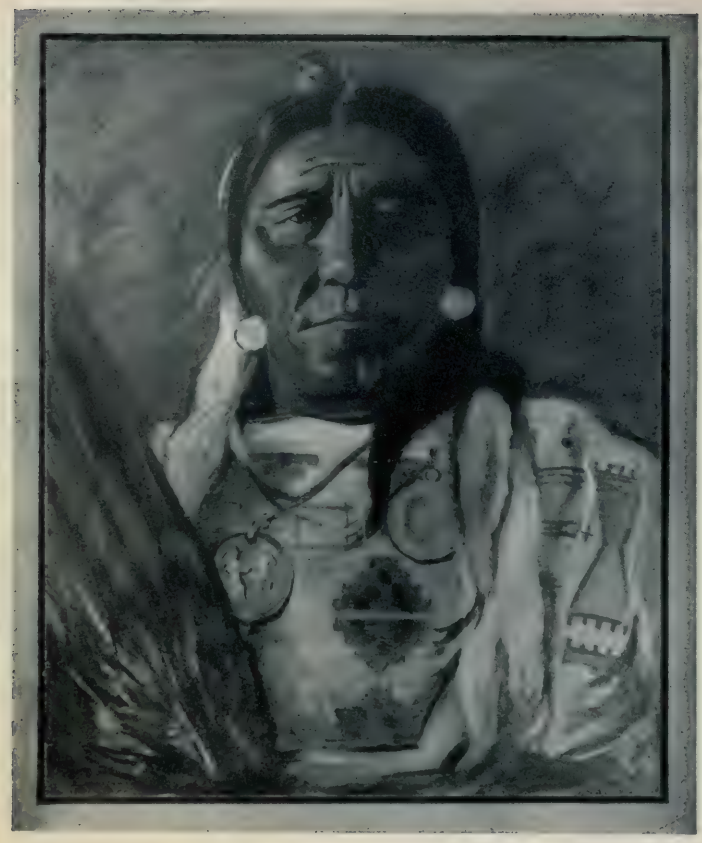
Mr. Edmund Morris (I had almost said a young man, but in reality now reaching his maturity) is one of those

COTÉ DE BEAUPRE
Owned by Mr. E. R. Wood

who has felt the fascination of this country, its vitality, the grimness of its large spaces, the mystery of its waterways and forests and who has deliberately, knowing the cost, determined to make his lifework in his own country. It is not claimed for Mr. Morris that he is the first or single in this devotion; probably the beginnings were made by the late Mr. Jacobi and the late Mr. Fowler.

Mr. Morris is a Canadian, a son of the late Lieutenant-Governor Morris of Manitoba and the Northwest Territories, and he spent some of his earliest days in what was then Fort Garry. He first studied under Mr. William Cruickshank, R. C. A., of Toronto, in the latter's studio, and then in New York, in the Art League, under Mr. William Chase, Mr. Kenyon Cox, Mr. H. Siddons Mowbray and Mr. George De Forest Brush. Later he spent some years in Paris under M. Jean Paul Laurens and M. Benjamin Constant at the Academie Julien, and at the Beaux Arts in the atelier of M. Gerome. The vacations were passed generally in Holland and Scotland. These influences have given a very composite character to Mr. Morris' work, but he has maintained throughout an individual outlook.

Upon his return from Holland in 1896 his pictures showed the inspiration received from his impressions there, just as later, in 1902, a visit to Scotland resulted in a series of landscapes full of the inspiration of visits to Edinburgh and Fifeshire. It is of course a personal question, but it has been felt by some, including the writer, that the work of this Scotch



Copyrighted by Edmund Morris

HEAD CHIEF IRON SHIELD
Pastel owned by the Ontario Government

period is the highest yet attained by the artist.

The last two summers have been spent by Mr. Morris under commission for the Ontario Government, to paint portraits of Canadian aborigines, and he has already visited the Ojibways of James Bay and some of the Northwest tribes. The result has been a series of pastels of great interest from the ethnological and historical side, showing as they do the inherent dignity of the Indian. The coloring, which at times suggests the decorations of Japan, is yet true to the native feeling. In the case of "The Mourner" (reproduced on the frontispiece of this number of *The Canadian Magazine*) another note was touched, and the tragedy of Indian life is strongly suggested. These portraits of the Indian of the Northwest are not of the types now produced on the reserves, but are the last remaining of the natives who once hunted buffalo and went on the war-path, men now living in memories of the past only, to whom some recollections were brought back by the presence among them of Mr. Morris, the son of the man who had concluded many Indian treaties and who is still held in honor by the older Indians, his contemporaries, as a white man of unbroken faith.

The influence of French training on Mr. Morris from time to time is

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A BLOOD INDIAN
Pastel owned by the Ontario Government

very apparent, in painting containing very little information, but painted in the broadest manner and full of the light caught in some passing phase of nature. The most notable probably is the picture "A Scotch Valley," owned by Mr. F. Nicholls, a masterpiece that must be seen to be appreciated, sombre in tone, with opal lights on the water of the stream, in the foreground, and above, the mist and change of the sky on a wet evening.

It must not be gathered that Mr. Morris' work is all of the quiet order. His normal scheme of coloring is brilliant, and the subject of many is sunshine on water, hill-side and orchard. One small picture, exquisite in simplicity, true in tone and happy in theme, is the painting of an orchard in Quebec, the light coming through the twisted branches. The St. Lawrence and the surrounding country have furnished the artist with many subjects, one of the more recent, "Cap Tourmente," purchased this year by the Dominion Gov-

FRENCH-CANADIAN BATTEAUX. OWNED BY MR. W. D. MATTHEWS

CAP TOURMENTE, QUEBEC. BOUGHT BY THE DOMINION GOVERNMENT

ernment, for the National Gallery at Ottawa, is luminous and broad in treatment.

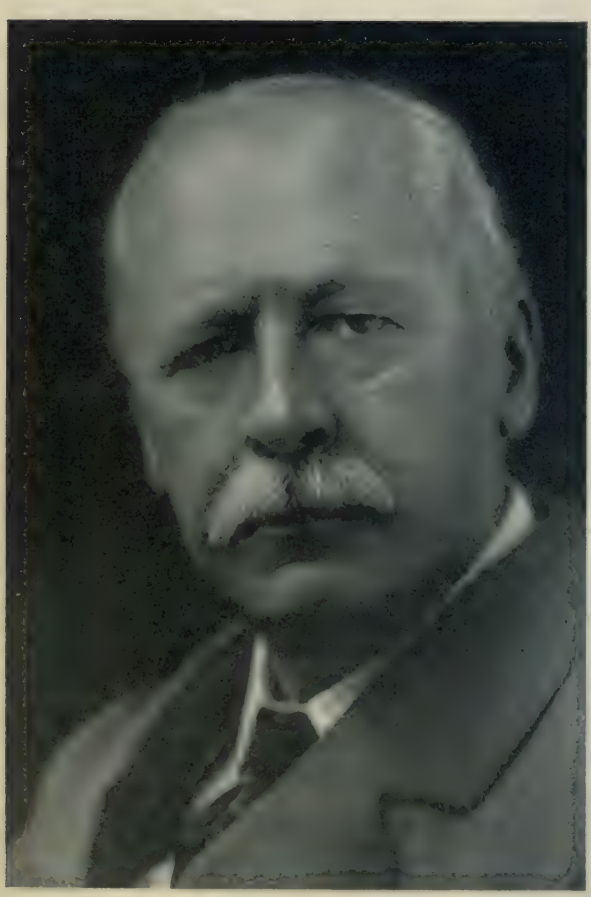
Mr. Morris is an associate of the Royal Canadian Academy and is one of the founders of the New Canadian Art Club. Among the number who early appreciated Mr. Morris' work, Mr. Byron E. Walker and Mr. D. R. Wilkie should be specially mentioned as having been able to combine appreciation with practical support and encouragement.

It will be remarked, upon how many of the activities of a painter Mr. Morris has been engaged—landscape and portraiture particularly. That he is still striving, that his work will, no doubt, hereafter show many new phases, is only another way of saying that his work is not over, that with the development of this country and with the appreciation now coming to him and unquestionably his due, he will go far in handing on the best traditions of painting in Canada.

A QUEBEC LANDSCAPE
Owned by Mr. W. M. Boultbee

MODERN EGYPT

A REVIEW



EARL CROMER

NEW books of a political nature have caused more widespread interest in recent years than "Modern Egypt," by Earl Cromer. As is well known, before writing his impressions and the great story that was his to tell, he had had as representative of Great Britain in Egypt many years of experience and observation. He witnessed the correction of immemorial abuses in the Government of that ancient domain and the establishment of a *régime* that has at least revolutionized conditions and subdued the one-man power of the Pasha. In reading Lord Cromer's account, one is struck, not with any flights of imaginative rhetoric, but rather with the fact that the author kept always before him the facts as he knew them, and that he was trying to present them to the people without the taint of personal feelings, animosities or prejudices. "In my opinion," he writes, "the greater the difficulties the more does it behoove any one in a responsible position to maintain a clear judgment, and not be carried away by sentiment or rash advice."

In the first volume Lord Cromer deals with the events sequent on the collapse of Ismail Pasha's incredible financial system, carrying the record down to the expedition sent, too late, for Gordon's relief. Concluding this episode in the earlier pages of his second volume, he briefly describes

the reconquest of the Soudan, and then gives the rest of his space to a concise survey of Egypt and her people, an analysis of the administrative machinery, a summary of British policy, and an account of the reforms achieved. A few pages on the future of the country are also added. The report of things accomplished by the British in Egypt after the house of the Khedive had been put in order will be read with attention, but with much, if not all, that it contains the public is generally familiar. Lord Cromer is most interesting in his first volume, which vividly presents the heroic efforts made to supply the land with a stable government. How difficult the task has been may be judged from the author's reference to the state as it exists even now, evidently secure and prosperous. He says:

"In Europe, we know what a despotism means, and we know what constitutional government means. The words absolute monarchy, limited monarchy, republic, parliamentary government, federal council, and others of a like nature, when applied to the government of any country, will readily convey to an educated European a general idea of how the government of a particular country in question is conducted. But the political dictionary may be ransacked in vain for any terse description of the government of Egypt. In the first place that government is, in reality, not a government at all. Nubar Pasha frequently said: '*Ce n'est pas un gouvernement; c'est une administration*' (It is not a government; it is an administration). This is quite true. The Khedive is deprived by the Egyptian constitutional charter of all rights of external sovereignty, neither does he possess to the full those rights of internal sovereignty, which are inherent in the rulers of all independent and even of some semi-independent states."

It seems that the disruption and overhauling of the central authority in Egypt was due to extravagance and financial mismanagement by the Pashas, and that finally the intervention of outside powers became necessary.

"The origin of the Egyptian Question," writes Lord Cromer, "in its present phase was financial." When the European powers undertook to unravel the tangle into which the Egyptian exchequer had been twisted, they found what looked like incurable defects in Oriental character and almost insurmountable barriers in the shape of long-standing abusive practices and corruption. Once when an officer was asked why he had lent to the Government certain trust moneys without receiving any security, he answered that as the Khedive had given an order nothing else was necessary.

The most interesting and at the same time the most delicate part of the whole work is that which deals with Gordon. Even though Lord Cromer has been unable to rise to the height of enthusiasm over the "Hero of Khartoum" to which the British people as a whole rose after the failure of the relief expedition, it must be granted that Lord Cromer was in a better position to appreciate the situation than was the average man walking along Fleet street or the Strand. He takes the stand that Gordon should not have been sent to Khartoum; that, having been sent, relief should have been despatched with more promptitude. He pays tribute to Gordon's qualities of nobility, and holds that the delay in sending the relief expedition "must forever stand as a blot on Mr. Gladstone's political escutcheon." At the same time, he makes a good deal out of Gordon's departure from the strict line of official conduct. He records that from the first he was opposed to Gordon's being sent to Khartoum, because he regarded him

as a man of erratic character, and he seems convinced that the end would have been different had Gordon only acted diplomatically instead of giving way to his own nature.

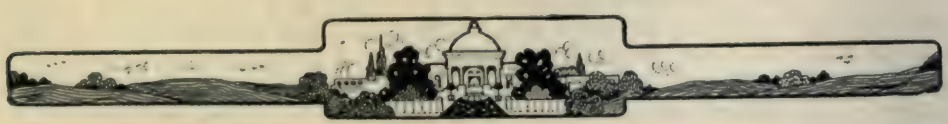
"On April 11, 1884," he writes, "he telegraphed to me: 'Having visited the schools, workshops, etc., it is deplorable to think of their destruction by a feeble lot of stinking Dervishes.' He wished, therefore, to 'smash up' the Mahdi, and perhaps it was natural that he should have done so. But in taking up this attitude, which necessarily involved armed British interference in the country, he departed from the spirit of his instructions. He was sent to evacuate the Soudan."

Gordon's death is described as follows:

"The end was very near. Early on the morning of January 26, by which time Sir Charles Wilson's steamers had reached the foot of the Sixth Cataract, the Dervishes made a general attack on the lines and met with but a feeble resistance from the half-starved and disheartened soldiers. Farag Pasha, the commandant, who was suspected of treachery, escaped to the Mahdist camp and met his death a short time afterwards at the hands of an Arab with whom he had a blood feud. The palace was soon reached. General Gordon stood in front of entrance to his office. He had on a white uniform. His sword was girt about him, but he did not draw it. He carried a revolver in his right hand, but he disdained to use it. The final scene in which the civilized Christian faced barbarous and triumphant fanaticism is thus described by Bordeini Bey, and it would be difficult, whether in tales of fact or of fiction, to find a more pathetic or, it may be added, a more dramatic passage: 'Taha Shahin was the first to encounter Gordon beside the door of the divan, apparently waiting for the Arabs and standing with a calm and dignified manner, his left hand resting on the hilt of his sword. Shahin, dashing forward with the curse, "Malaoun, el-yom yemak" (O cursed one, your time is come!) plunged his spear into his body.'

"Gordon, it is said, made a gesture of scorn with his right hand and turned his back, when he received another spear wound, which caused him to fall forward, and was most likely his mortal wound. The other three men closely following Shahin then rushed in, and, cutting at the prostrate body with their swords, must have killed him in a few seconds."

Having told his story, Lord Cromer advises no change in the present government of Egypt until the Egyptians have developed better leaders and generally a keener sense of what good government requires. "I can only state my deliberate opinion," he says, "formed after many years of Egyptian experience and in the face of a decided predisposition to favor the policy of evacuation, that at present, and for a long time to come, the results of executing such a policy would be disastrous." (Toronto: The Macmillan Company of Canada. Two volumes, 8 vo., $6 net.)



WHOM THE GODS LOVE

BY VIRNA SHEARD

MARY ELLEN was painting out in the sun with her model before her on what was supposedly the sidewalk of the street. The street was in the bottom of the cup of the city, and into it had sunk the dregs of the human brew.

It did not worry Mary Ellen that she was a dreg—not in the least. She painted in the sun, and when she painted it was with an intensity of concentration, a soul-warming delight, an indifference to discomfort and discouraging limitations as regarded the implements of her art, that might have put many a Royal Academician to the blush.

True, there were traces of recent tears upon her face—of a storm that was past—and at intervals a fluttering sigh would shake her frame. Yet she had apparently risen above her woes; for now she sat on the loose muddy boards, her back against the house and with what served her for a canvas propped up on her lap against the rigidity of two thin little knees, and the joy of her work cast other things into oblivion.

The kit was scattered around her for the sake of convenience, consisting of a scant half box of blacking, a mason's pencil, three sardine boxes holding different primary colors, three lumps of yellow chalk, a ball of blueing, and a brush that she had made laboriously and painfully—laboriously for her, because it had taken time, patience, and strategy to extract the proper hairs from Stubbs, the victimized dog; and painfully for Stubbs, as the hairs were of a deeply rooted variety. If Mary Ellen had not felt that life without that brush was useless she probably would not have made it, for she was of a tender heart.

Her subject this morning being stationary and appealing, the moments flew. To be let alone, therefore, was all she asked—to be saved from her friends. She was of a mettle to deal with her enemies herself—but her friends! They were all the otherwise friendless things in the neighborhood,—the undergrown children, the battered dogs, the bony cats, the bow-legged babies, the old and forlorn, the unlovely and neglected. All these she usually welcomed with avidity; but when she was busy as at present they bothered, and tact failed in making them understand.

For once the street was almost empty. Mrs. Mulloy's smallest-sized child, Mary Ellen's ordinary burden, slept. No smudgy-faced toddler had so far discovered the bonanza of paint in the sardine boxes. No predatory boy bore down upon the yellow chalk.

Only Bruno Cariola, the organ-grinder who roomed across the way, took the trouble to notice what she was doing, and he came over and stood beside her quite a long time, a queer smile flashing over his old tanned face and a look of wonderment growing in his eyes.

A small care-burdened monkey, seemingly old enough to have been young in the days of the Pharaohs, sat upon the organ arrayed in a coat like to Joseph's, and the box of tunes

swung from the Italian's shoulder. Mary Ellen smiled up at Bruno Cariola, tossed the monkey a peanut that she extracted from an invisible pocket, and then paid no further attention to them.

She had used the mason's pencil to her satisfaction, and now was consumed with desire to put the right color in the right place; for, though she had not heard it stated, she knew, with Millais, that this and this only is painting.

Her eyes, wonderful things of gray that was green and green that was blue, black-fringed and luminous, grew dark as she wielded the absurd brush. Her red lips puckered themselves up, two pink spots grew on her face, her yellow-white little fingers quivered.

A man who was passing glanced at the group, went on, slowed up, came back and watched Mary Ellen too.

Neither she nor Cariola noticed him. The monkey jerked off its red-feathered hat as was its custom of salutation to the unfrayed residents of the upper town, and held out a shrivelled hand suggestively towards one it had reason to think would respond. Its appeal being unrecognized, it turned with world-weary air to other things.

The picture progressed. Presently the Italian broke into rapid speech and gesticulation. "You painta him well, Mariellen!" he said, making music of the commonplace little name. "O Carina mia! you painta him well! There is ze roll eye!—Yes!—ze stiff bended paw,—ze rough fur, where ze stick hit,—ze blood—! It maka me ill to look!—Soma day you paint ze Monk for me on ze organ—so?—Eh? You be great paint some-a-day, Mariellen. Good-a-bye, so a long!"

The child looked up, half hearing.

Yes, I'll paint the monkey some day, Bruno," she answered. "So long!"

The man from the upper town drew a little nearer.

"Won't you please let me see?" he asked. "I like pictures."

"Sure," answered Mary Ellen, putting her work down to dry and gathering the kit into an empty peach-basket.

A woman came to a near-by window, thrust her head out, and called in a high-pitched voice. She was a pretty, frowzle-headed woman, untidy to the verge of indecency.

She called again, angrily this time: "Mary Ellen, I want you to go to Gillen's."

Mary Ellen made no response, and the gentleman beside her raised his eyes questioningly.

"I fancy she means you," he remarked.

"Yes," said the child, stowing the sardine-box with the red paint beneath the blacking, "she means me."

"Mary Ellen! Mary Ellen!" came the voice. "Say, if you don't drop that an' come—"

"I ain't goin' to Gillen's again today," Mary Ellen answered, calmly.

"Oh, yes you are," called the woman, leaning farther out. "You'll come when I call you, an' get what I tell you, an' do it quick, or—"

Into the gray-green eyes looking up came a sudden fire, and the scarlet lips went straight.

The child pulled up her sleeves and uncovered some purplish marks that ran from elbow to shoulder in a zigzag fashion. She glanced at them ruefully, meditatively; then replied, in a soft, disconcertingly decided little way:

"It don't matter about being hurt. That won't make me. I'll come in an' take the baby if he's awake. I won't go to Gillen's—not again today."

The man seemed distressed, yet lingered. The picture held him. His curiosity held him. The child interested him, and he had outlived so much curiosity and interest!

"Is it anything very dreadful she wants you to get?" he asked, gently.

"Wouldn't it be rather better to—"

Mary Ellen flashed a look at him as one fathoming the depths of his ignorance.

"It's beer," she answered, shortly.

"Oh!" he returned, feeling his inability to cope with the subject and searching his mind for the right thing to say.

Again the voice overhead came stridently:

"Just you wait, that's all. No, you needn't acome an' take the baby. Don't you lay a finger on him after you playin' round the street with dead cats! He can cry hisself hoarse for you first."

Mary Ellen looked up, a white scorn on her peaked face.

"I've been painting it," she said. "I haven't played with it. You don't play with what's dead. It's in the very spot where it laid down and kicked when Tom Griggs hit it. It's not dirty—not dirtier than anything else. It was washing its face with its little paw out here in the sun this morning and purring, all fluffed up and pretty—" The words ended uncertainly.

"Well, I won't bother with you no more," called the woman. "Bart Winne can take you back to sea when he comes or send you to a home. You ain't mine, an' I ain't goin' to bother with no such obstinate kid no longer." The window slammed.

Mary Ellen took the brush and touched lightly the yellow spots on the gray-striped body she had painted. She appeared to have dismissed any unpleasantness from her mind.

The man watched her still, and on his face was the same expression of wonderment that had been on Bruno Cariola's. He was a tall man, gray about the temples, and with the look of one who had looked far but failed to find what he wanted.

"Where did you learn?" he asked at last, pointing to the picture. "Who showed you how? Somebody must have, you know."

Mary Ellen gave a little laugh. It was the youngest thing about her.

"Nobody didn't, though," she said, sobering. "There wasn't anybody who could. Nobody showed me nothing; nobody gave me nothing but Bruno Cariola. He gave me the red and green paint. He got it for painting his organ, and he gave me the paper, too. It's the real drawing kind." Then she told the history of the brush, remarked on the usefulness of the yellow chalk, and explained the process by which she turned the blacking into gray.

The man listened well. "But," he began again, "how do you do it—really—Mary Ellen? That's your name, isn't it?"

He bent over the picture and glanced from it to the stiffening figure of the street kitten; for it had not quite reached its full growth. There was a baby look in the furry face with its wild, frightened eyes and half open pink mouth, a soft downiness in the gray fur, a glistening newness on the sharp teeth and claws.

Mary Ellen, he saw, had not missed any of the points. With few lines and little paint she had pictured a kitten just as dead as the real one. The curve of the body expressed the same agony; the eyes, the same fear.

He puzzled as to where she had learned to paint fur.

Suddenly the child held the picture out to him.

"Here," she cried, with quivering lips, "take it if you want it. I don't. Take it, or I'll tear it up. I don't want to see it or that poor little kitten again!"

Dropping to the sidewalk she put her head on her arms and gave herself up to an abandonment of woe such as the man had seldom seen. Holding the picture, he patted her on one shaking shoulder.

"Come! Come!" he said. "It's only a kitten, you know, and there must be lots of others. See now, tell me how you did it—got the effect—

that fur now. You must have been taught somewhere. And then I would like to see your other pictures. You have made others, haven't you?"

She winked the tears away.

"You may see them," she said, catching her breath, "only they are jest rough like this one; not framed or pretty or anything. Nobody but old Bruno looks at them. I haven't any one but Dad, and he's most always on his ship—he's a sailor, you know, and she—"

"She?"

"Yes, Mrs. Mulloy. Dad leaves me with her. Well, she makes fun of them. Yes, she does—but," with a quick clenching of the color-besmeared fingers, "I'm goin' to paint! I'm goin' to!"

"Of course," the other returned, absently. "Why, of course, you are going to, Mary Ellen. I should say that was the original intention regarding you, you understand; or perhaps you don't, but it seems so to me. So you just see things and draw them, eh?"

The child shook her dark wavy hair back and looked up with a little puzzled frown.

"Oh, no!" she said. "No. I just see things an' feel them, an' then draw them."

"What sort of things usually, Mary Ellen?"

"I draw Mother Foily sometimes—just black and white, no colors. She lives over there; an' Jim Foily, that's all the son she's got. He tramps all summer, an' she nearly always thinks he won't come home any more, so when he does you ought to see her face. That's when I draw her. An' I draw Bruno Cariola when he smiles an' his teeth flash white in his brown face. Once he came in all soaking wet and cold, one winter day, an' he cried because he wanted to go back to Italy. Then I painted him that way."

"Oh!" said the man.

"Yes!" she answered. "An' you can see the pictures if you ever come back, those very ones; but they ain't framed, remember. I hear the baby, so I'm goin' in, for she'll let me take him, though she said she wouldn't."

With nods and smiles they parted—the child with her battered peach-basket; the man with the strange picture, daubed at the edges, half soiled, made of unbelievably crude materials, but yet with the indelible finger-mark of genius upon it, the priceless, haunting thing that is the gift of the gods, and that they bestow as it pleases their fancy. Holding it, he swung along the streets. It was his own work, the work of the pigments and the brush.

Presently he turned in to his own studio and touched the button that switched on the lights.

Slowly he went from one easel to another, from one wall to the next. There was beauty of color, beauty of form, perfection of detail—and yet—and yet—.

His eyes went back to the thing in his hand. Something was missing from all his painstaking work that he felt lived in the picture of Mary Ellen.

His work was as the opal without its heart of fire; his paintings, masses of dead color, beautiful failures, as little like the things they claimed to show forth as the wax figures in a museum are like the people they are modelled after.

The man sat down heavily and stared ahead. The easels and walls melted into many shades and tones, as a garden will when one turns back to look at it from the gate.

"What she sees — and feels," he said, half aloud. "And feels — and how she feels! What a woman she would make in ten years. She must be thirteen now. What a study! Her eyes are like the sea. She has that slenderness that turns to grace. Her skin will be creamy and her lips scarlet. That type develops those colors—besides, she will have the gift."

Suddenly a thought came to him,

and he started to his feet, pacing up and down, up and down, and talking as though to the picture-hung walls.

"Why not?" he exclaimed. "In Heaven's name, why not? Who wants her? A sailor who is always at sea, who leaves her to be neglected? That wretched shrew? I will take her from them if there's a way, and have her taught. What I have not done she shall do. I will bring her away from the squalor and reek, the horrors of sight and sound, the brutality. She shall wear purple and fine linen, little Mary Ellen." He smiled at the name, then walked the floor up and down again.

At noontide of the next morning he went up the street toward the house where Mary Ellen lived.

It swarmed with people to-day, he thought. They seemed excited, horribly noisy. The squalor on every hand was unbearable.

There was a knot of men and women around the door he sought. They, in contrast to the others on the street, were oppressively still. There was something about their faces that made his own go white.

He touched one of them, an old, bent woman, but his voice did not answer his bidding. Then he heard it as though from far off.

"What is wrong?" he said. "What has happened? These people, are they waiting for anything?"

"It's Mary Ellen," she returned, quaveringly, "little Mary Ellen, God rest her. She went a message for Mrs. Mulloy an' got struck by something swift at the crossin'—one of them autos, belike, or mebby 'twas only a bike. Sure, it's all one now. The child fell wid her head agin the curb."

Listening, the man loosened the tie at his throat. Then he pushed his way through the people and into the house.

An Italian, old and weather-beaten, and holding a small monkey on his shoulder, was standing beside a sofa. The woman with the frowzled hair stood beside him, her roughened prettiness blanched by fear. A baby played on the floor contentedly, and Mary Ellen lay on the sofa.

She, with the little dead kitten, would never know any more of the trouble of this tear-stained world.

The man who was a stranger stood looking down far longer than he knew, but neither the frowzled woman or Bruno Cariola appeared to notice.

The monkey chattered low in its wrinkled throat, monotonously, knowingly, as one who had seen many things.

The man raised one small hand gently from where it had slipped over the edge of the sofa. There were flecks of gray and yellow, he noticed, on one of the fingers. His lips moved, and he spoke as half to Mary Ellen, half to himself, though he may not have known he was speaking:

"And each," he said,
"And each, in his separate star,
Shall draw the thing as he sees it
For the God of things as they are."

MODERNISM

BY REV. J. R. TEEFY, LL.D.

IN introducing our article we have not the least intention of being controversial in our treatment of the subject or in leading up to controversy as a term. Our purpose is to lay before the readers of *The Canadian Magazine* a brief explanation as to what Modernism is and why it was condemned by the Supreme Pontiff of the Catholic Church. If we are to judge by the amount and variety of the comment which the Encyclical has called forth there has been no lack of interest outside, as well as within, the Church; so that the subject may reasonably have some claim upon all intelligent and fair-minded thinkers. There is no doubt about the importance of the document. It was no ordinary Papal mandate. It was a call to attention. It roused the whole line, some of which had got out of order and had thrown confusion into questions which had long been thought settled. Revelation was subverted, the supernatural explained away, the divinity of Christ denied and doctrine distorted from the tradition both of time and authority. This is Modernism: a name which its advocates assumed to themselves. Nor was it taken without significance or purpose. Modernists abandoning the anchorage of the past sought for the origin and meaning of religious truths in the law of change which they thought they saw around them. All is changed, nothing fixed. Evolution is the reason of life. Social history, no less than physical conditions, presents the same panorama. "A point which yesterday was invisible is its goal to-day, and will be its starting-point to-morrow." What, therefore, in the face of these facts and of this law, should be the attitude of the Church? The answer of the Modernists is that as the civil world marches along the highway of change and progress, so also should the religious. It cannot stand still. Manners change with time. Neither philosophical ideas nor scientific postulates are what they were a thousand years ago. Thus did they propose it should be with the Church. No matter how exact and admirable may have been the expressions of faith and morals when originally formulated, they are unfitted for the exigencies of modern thought and language. They should be remodelled. It is not that the times are out of joint with the Church: it is rather that the Church is out of joint with the times. She should re-examine her treasures and deposit of truth; re-coin her gold, that it may be current; adjust it to the spirit of the age. A new plan must be devised, not perfect in itself, but tending to perfection; never absolutely final, but always prepared for that accretion which betokens the activity of life and the progress of civilization. The Church must live. And it is because Modernists propose to wrest her from danger of death that they call upon the magistracy of the Church to abandon the reactionary conservatism so contrary to the warnings of history, of experience

and of common sense. To maintain in modern society an organism which was constituted twenty centuries ago is an inexcusable anachronism, absurd in itself and injurious to the sacred cause it was intended to serve. From this it will be seen that evolution is the plan which the Modernists propose in religion; though they do not limit themselves to this materialistic patron of modern investigation.

Other philosophical theories, chiefly Kantian, were drafted into the service for the purpose of adapting Catholic doctrine to the sceptical and agnostic tendencies of the age. Two important and well-known distinctions made by the sage of Königsberg were employed with this aim in view. The first is that radical difference which Kant makes between the thing in itself and the thing as known to us; or, using technical terms, between the Noumena and the Phenomena. The Noumena, or things in themselves, Kantian philosophy declares to be unknown and unknowable. All our knowledge is restricted to Phenomena in the subjective sense. Each one of us is everlastingly imprisoned within the narrow confines of his own individual impressions. God Himself, the world, all objects, uncreated and created, are separated from our knowledge by an impassable gulf. Upon the principles of this philosophy Agnosticism denies to the human mind any knowledge whatever of God. He is essentially and forever the Absolute, the Infinite, the Incomprehensible. All questions concerning God, His attributes and perfections, His relations with His creatures, lie far beyond the scope of intellectual investigation which necessarily is within the confines of experience. Religion, therefore, is not an object of thought or human study. Theology, so far from having any prescriptive right as a branch of learning on account of its sublime subject matter, as well as its uninterrupted influence in the sciences and literature of nations, must be relegated to the shrines of prayer and the houses of religious observance.

The second distinction to which allusion is made is that between theoretical and practical reason. By the former no reality can objectively be attained. It is the home of knowledge, but more inaccessible than the eagle's nest. There science dwells alone, unapproached and unapproachable. Not so with practical reason, which finds itself in a world of action, closely related with beings like itself, towards whom it has obligations. Their commands are hypothetical, for they themselves are conditional. Every line must have its terminal point; and so we come to an imperative which, depending upon no other than its Author's free sovereign will, is categorical and absolute. This Author is God, the supreme Legislator; so that by the practical reason we realize what we could never realize by the theoretical reason, viz., the existence of God. And as science corresponds to the theoretical reason, so the field of action and faith is limited to the practical reason. Faith and science are also dualistic — radically opposed to, and independent of, each other. They are supposed to run on parallel lines, though instead of never meeting, as it is the case in mathematics, they are frequently meeting. Science is judge and jury. No fact upon which the temple of faith may rest is allowed, unless it stand the storm of scientific analysis. Prophecies and miracles— all must be tried in this laboratory. If science cannot admit the fact then its value perishes, it crumbles to dust. History as forming human experience is a chapter of science. Historical facts, however hallowed they may be by antiquity and sentiment, must at all costs be discarded without fear or favor if they cannot receive the seal of science. Faith, not being scientific, transforms and deforms history. Thus the Christ of history is not the Christ

of Catholic faith. Faith may be a safe guide for conduct; but it is an ignorant and unsafe guide in matters of theory and truth. It is pragmatic. What men find admirable in the Catholic Church is the whole ethical system, not the dogmatic truths. Christianity is a source and rule of life, a discipline of moral and religious action. The Catholic is restricted, not by theories of ideas, but by rules of conduct. This is the pragmatic attitude of Modernism towards the world of thought and reality—its test and value of principles being utilitarian. Knowledge is subservient to action, dogma to moral. Modernism no more wishes to submit its practical reason or its conduct to authority than its faith to the magisterial decision of the Church. This is evident since the issuing of the Encyclical. As the subjective element is paramount in theory, and truth is relative, so is conduct to be judged by our apprehension of law. Reason is autonomous, so that laws are only to be imposed in proportion as they are acceptable. It is the contest between rationalism and supernatural authority. Free thought, the inheritance of the times, would be stripped of its value if superiors could check subjects without their consent. But in order to have freedom, dogma has to be attenuated or entirely suppressed. More solutions than one were offered — bending Church and faith to the exigency of the modern spirit. A dogma is partly speculative and partly practical. As speculative it enunciates an abstract idea; as practical it prescribes a line of conduct, a worshipful attitude. From the former side we have something philosophical, depending altogether upon our system of ideas, and to which no obligation of absolute adhesion can be required by the teaching power of the Church. From the latter or practical side there is imposed upon our actions as law and direction of life the absolute obligation of conduct. There is an example in the Catholic doctrine of the Real Presence of Christ in the Blessed Eucharist. Towards the teaching or speculative idea the mind may be indifferent. In the operative requirements which Christ's Presence places upon the faithful there is the strict obligation as if He were really present. The magistracy of the Church imposes the line of conduct to be adopted. This set of duties we accept, not by reason of the authority which imposes them, but by reason of our faith.

We can now form a more or less definite idea of Modernism. Theoretically it is an accumulation of errors tending to extinguish Catholicism under the pretence of modernizing it. Practically, it is an attempt to leaven as far as possible the whole mass of the Catholic religion with the modern spirit. Evolution, excessive relativity of knowledge, and pragmatism are the philosophical methods pursued and the system adopted. It is principally Kantian, than whom none other could be better chosen to attract attention or to wound more deeply the supernatural and realistic character of Catholic doctrine. From Kant all modern philosophy dates, and in him it finds its principles of evolution, scepticism and rationalism. In fact, we may define Modernism as "the theoretical and practical subordination of Catholicism to the modern spirit of Kantian philosophy." Evolution attacks the stability of the dogmatic teaching of the Church, and posits as the stimulus of progress not the supernatural ideal calling from above, but the stimulus from below. Excessive relativity of knowledge gives rise to agnosticism, and denies the reality of truth upon which the Catholic Church has always insisted. It must not be supposed that all Modernists are equally bold in their attacks upon the Church. Some are not theologians at all. Carried away by the prospect of a Church scientifically reformed and adapted to the ideas and morals

of the age, they portray its beauty in romance and strive to bring about its realization by teaching their theories to the young and the unskilled.

It is not merely that their philosophy is leavened with principles impossible to be reconciled with Catholic truth, their religious explanations are also absolutely untenable by any member of the Church. We select only two which in common with others would sweep away the very foundations upon which revealed religion rests. "What think ye of Christ?" The Modernist in answer to this question commences by observing that history is science; and that if any statement has found its way into history which cannot be accounted for upon scientific grounds, such a statement must be regarded as unreliable, as legendary and not historical. It assumes *a priori* that the divine has never come down into human history —that the supernatural facts which are related in the Gospel, such as the Incarnation, the miracles, and especially the Resurrection—are not and could not be a matter of history at all. With a magisterial wave of the hand they sweep three-fifths of the Gospel facts out of existence. They insist that the Christ of scientific history is infinitely beneath the Christ of Catholic faith. He came into life and passed through it like other men —died a violent death, and was buried. That is all. His body crumbled in the grave, and His dust mingled with that of all others. Resurrection there was none, nor Ascension: these are the halo which faith has placed around the Founder of Christianity, not the realities of true history. Nor, according to Modernism, can omniscience be attributed to Christ. His knowledge was limited by the circumstances of time and all the other surroundings of a village lad and artisan's son. He had a strong religious sentiment, so that He stood far above the level of the average man, but He was nothing more than a Galilean peasant. He was not Divine, nor was there in all history any intervention of the divine. The Divine Reality, as the Unconditioned and Absolute, cannot enter the sphere of human knowledge and activity which is limited to phenomena and which conditions everything upon which its activity is exerted. In the face of this abasement of Christ to the low plane of humanity the Catholic Church condemns those of her children who thus subvert Christianity. We do not see how the Supreme Head of the Church could act otherwise. The *raison d' être* of the Catholic Church is the entrance of the Divine into the world. The Church stands forever or falls to complete ruin on the truth or falsehood of the Incarnation—whose significance is that God was born into the world by the power and act of the Holy Ghost; that He taught as became the Divine with authority and the confirmation of miracles; that He laid down His life because He willed that His death might be our life, and that by His bruises we might be healed—and then that upon the third day He rose again. All this has been before the world for nineteen hundred years—and upon it the Church has ever had its seal fixed. To explain away the Incarnation, to eliminate the Divine and Supernatural from the Gospel, is to take a position contradicting all the liturgy, the decrees and the entire teaching of the Catholic Church.

The lowering of Christ to created level, so that He is held to be a mere man, involved another collision with the magistracy of the Church. Modernism framed an evolutionary concept of Christ — that He did not possess from the beginning the consciousness of His Sonship; He had no conception of His atonement or of His Church which was to be the work of His Disciples. He lived and died without any suspicion that He was the consubstantial Son of God or the

Redeemer of the world. Did He fall into all this treasure of glory and power by mere accident? Is it that an ignorant, blundering Christ went to death without a thought of the value of His Blood? This is not the Christ whom we have all been taught to love and worship. And if a mere handful of critics imbued with transcendental rationalism undertake to pawn this caricature upon believing souls it need astonish none that Pius the tenth has resented the insult offered to the Christ cherished and loved for twenty centuries. The condemnation launched against Modernism thus throws the shield of Catholic protection more closely around the supernatural, the traditional and the objective reality of religious truth and faith. No fair-minded man can blame the Church for recalling her own children, when caught by erroneous ideas they stray from the narrow path of faith and duty. The Modern world is so accustomed to be unchecked in thought, so wont to regard principles of knowledge as mere matters of expediency, that any interference is felt to be arbitrary. When, therefore, the Supreme Pontiff condemned these teachers of evolution and agnosticism for their destructive criticism of revelation, he attracted the attention of the world and drew upon himself the disrespect of some whom his censure affected. He was clearly within his right. It was the fulfilment of the duty he has as Supreme Head of the Church of guarding and teaching all Catholic faith and truth. His action was no cowardice. It was the courageous vindication of the Bible and the Divinity of Christ — which will be more appreciated when feeling dies away and Kantian philosophy is estimated less highly than at present.

VICTORY

By

FREDERICK GEORGE SCOTT

On a battle field confined
By the four walls of a mind,
Two great spirits, stern and strong,
Battled fiercely,—Right and Wrong.

Sometimes Wrong, with sudden thrust,
Threw Right headlong in the dust;
Then would Right with might and main
Shake his foe and rise again.

Years and years the battle raged
And the man grew bent and aged;
Till at last, his time being o'er,
Death came knocking at the door.

"Let me in," the angel said,
"God hath sent me, have no dread;
For the fight so well maintained
Endless rest on high hath gained."

NEW WORDS WITH CROPS OF YELLOW WHEAT

BY AGNES DEANS CAMERON

WITH the one exception of Johannesburg, the city of Winnipeg last year had a greater diversity of languages spoken within her gates than any other city in the world. This is a startling statement, but the one who makes it is no less an authority than the Rev. W. E. Hassard, Field Secretary of the Upper Canada Bible Society, and he should know.

The depository of the Canadian Bible Society, in the city of Winnipeg, sells translations of the Bible printed in forty-three different languages: and before next year shall have run its course it will be possible to obtain in this "Buckle of the Wheat-Belt" copies of the scriptures in sixty distinct tongues.

Already, translations have been asked for and supplied over the counters of this unique city on the banks of the Assiniboine in these and half a hundred other languages:—Armenian, Arabic, Burmese, Bohemian, Cree, Esth, Korean, Lett, Micmac, Ojibway, Persian, Rouman, Romansch, Ruthen, Slovak, Sanscrit, Slavonik, Tinne, Urdu and Yiddish.

It will be readily seen that by direct word of mouth many of these strange new peoples can not be approached. Not the least of the hardships of the self-expatriated "come outer," who cuts old ties and comes to Canada to make among the yellow wheat a better home for his babies, is just this lonely fact that there is no one to whom to talk of the old days in the old homeland tongue. But through the printed page he may be reached, and it is here that the gracious work of the Bible Society comes in. Even among families not avowedly Christian, the approaching form of the colporteur, backbent with a load of bibles, is a welcome figure. And the farther off the miner's camp or lone settler's shack, and the more recently arrived its inmate, the broader the smile as the new Canadian in the rough feasts his eye on the familiar characters in the free Bible.

So would Robinson Crusoe have glutted his sight with a copy of the London *Times*, could the goat have committed the anachronism of digging one out from among the flotsam in the kelp.

But sooner or later the new arrivals all get a working knowledge of English; the parents pick it up from the children who get all corners, linguistic and others, rubbed off in that equalizing mill, the little prairie schoolhouse.

And the new pioneers of the plains, the polyglot peoples on the edge of things, garnish the English of the *effete* East with verbal embellishment all their own. The Englishman fresh from the classic shades of Oxford and Cambridge, when let loose in the vastness of the all-out-door-ness of West-

ern Canada, has to find out for himself what a coulee is, and a canyon, a gulch and a corral.

The new arrival at first is not very sure of the subtle difference between a tepee and a lariat, while chaps, quirt and maverick are all an unknown tongue. Shanty he connects with the French-Canadian *chantier*, and so gets a glimpse of light.

He was weaned on "the three R's," but his early education among the hedge-rows and cricket-creases of old England failed to introduce him by either the culinary or etymological route to "the three B's," bacon, beans, and bannock.

Within the prairie homes of the cattle-man he will make the daily acquaintance of another three B's, the literary pabulum which throughout the length and breadth of the range takes the place of the *Illustrated London News*, the *Pall Mall*, and the *Pink 'Un*. On the "front room" table of every ranch-house are thumbed copies of the Bible, Burns, and the *Breeder's Gazette*.

When you ask Johnny Come-Lately (just arrived from Weston-Super-Mare with shiny leggins and Poole coat of faultless cut) if he wants dope on his hard-tack, he fails to recognize butter under that name. Equally alien is the sound of "tin-cow," which *might* be corned beef, but *is* condensed milk.

Exceedingly wide of application is that term dope. Contracted at first from the newsboys' "de ope'," (the opium), it signified opium, chloral, cocaine, any pain-deadener. Now dope may be anything from grease on a lumberman's skid-road to butter or jelly or green-gage jam, from "gospel-dope," which the new "sky-pilot" hands out, to the printed dope in your weekly mail.

"Gospel-dope" has a variant in "soul-grub," and it is purveyed by a "gospel-shark," a "devil-dodger," or "fire-escape" who, if tall, figures as a "fathom of righteousness."

On the other side of the Rockies, in the mining camps, all men are divided into two great classes. Here you are either a chee-chaco or a sour-dough. "Chee-chaco" is pure Chinook for "newly-arrived," and carries with it all the slighting reference which attaches to the uninitiated. The "sour-dough" is the man who has "got next" to the conditions which obtain. In the early days of the Yukon every man was his own bread-maker and hard experience taught him to keep ever on hand a "chunk" of sour dough as "rising" for his next batch of life's staff. On stampeding to a new camp, when the rush was made stealthily between the dark and the daylight, that precious lump of dough, worth its weight in "dust," was the one household god which must *not* be left behind.

Above all else, if the new arrival in a cattle town values his peace of mind, he must avoid all reference to his former greatness. There must not be any "bloomin' post-mortems," no yearning backward glance toward that imperial palace whence he came. No questioning look must fall upon the bed of spruce boughs. The rude cow-puncher is so apt to say, "Get onto the Johnny who forgot to bring his goose-hair mattress with 'im from blarsted Piccadilly. 'Ow careless!" And it will be well for the traveller from over-seas to show early in the story his ability to pay cash in the wayside inn that he may patronize. Otherwise the "genial proprietor" (proprietors according to the Western press are all "genial") will take him hurriedly to the door of the bar-room and show him the bleached jaw-bone of an ox which, with its black-painted *"NO,"* takes the place of "God Bless Our Home" in prairie hosteleries. This forceful drawing-room motto is the Western equivalent of *"Le Sieur Crédit est mort,"* the delicate warning of the Burgundian inns of the Middle Ages.

The new Western verb active to

caché harks back to the old days of the fur-trader and *voyageur*. Now, anything put in a safe place is *cachéd*. Indians on the coast *caché* dog-salmon against the proverbial rainy day, and their fathers and grandfathers *cachéd* their dead and nearly dead in mortuary biscuit boxes high up on lone trees of Douglas pine in days of the long ago.

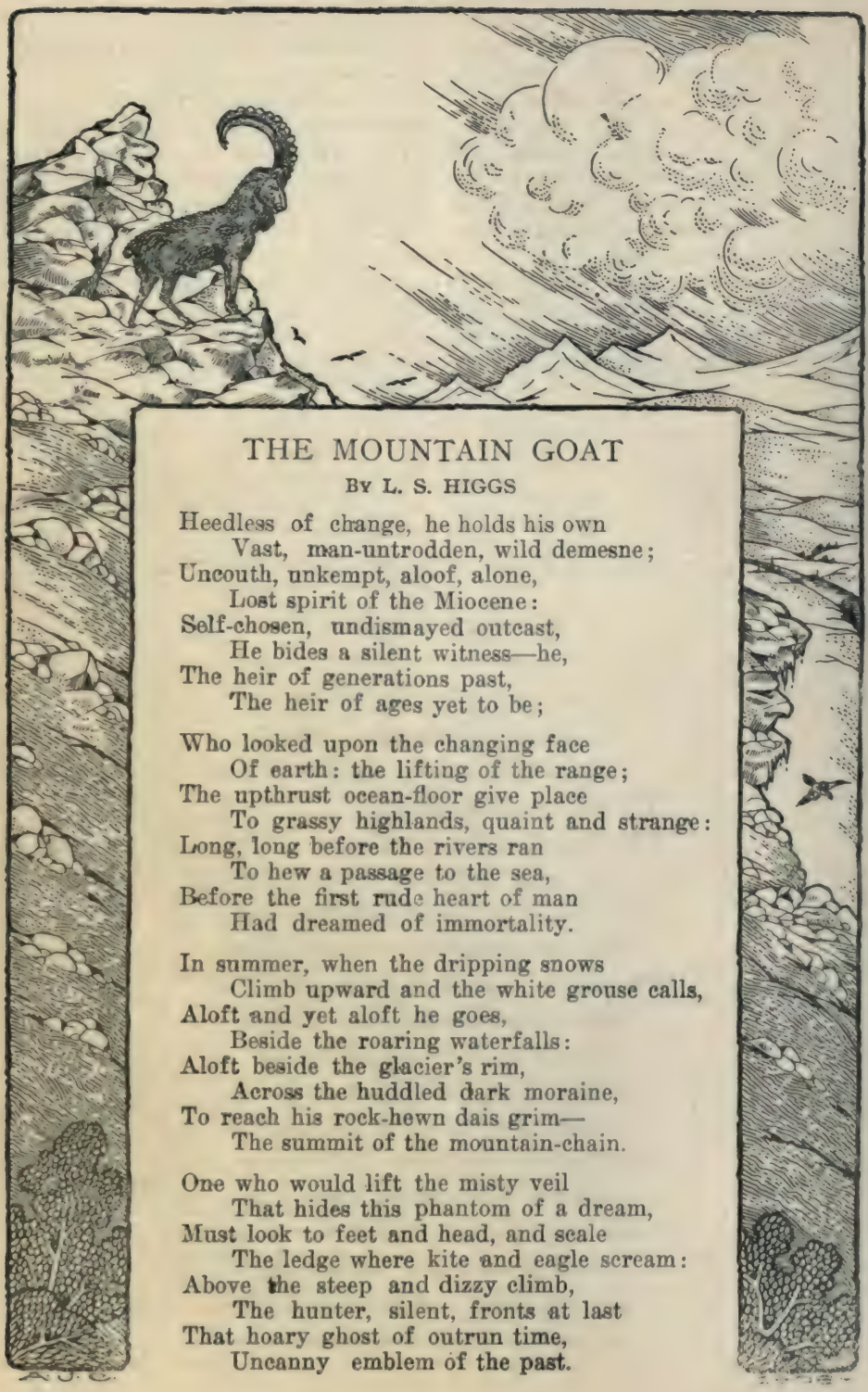
If a friend asks you to "dig up," his phrase has origin in the early gold camps, when the "dust" was buried for safe-keeping in the mud floor of the tent, perhaps, after all, in the light of recent developments, not such a to-be-despised treasure vault.

The salutation, "Here's a Ho," which with uplifted glass precedes a drink throughout the prairie country, is solidified (or liquefied) history. "In the beginning," during any big buffalo hunt, one man had the direction of affairs; every buffalo hunt was a community hunt, and no shot was fired till the master of ceremonies gave the word. And that word was a thunderous "Ho!"

TO AN APPLE BLOSSOM

By PERCY A. GAHAN

Sweet modest, fragrant, faded gem,
Whose tinted petals incense breathe,
In friendship's pure and holy wreath;
The rarest in that diadem,
I'll twine thee now a flower more sweet
Than ever Cashmere's Valley knew,
Or bathed in balm the mountain's feet
That tow'rs o'er Oman's flood of blue.
Precious thou art for her whose hand
Hath picked thee from thy parent tree
And sent thee odor-winged to me.
Though thou art fading now, and e'en
To dust thy fragrant bloom shall turn,
Thy dust, for her, Love's Fairy Queen,
Shall rest in Friendship's sacred urn.
Life's brightest hopes like flowers must fade;
Fortune is fickle and unjust:
In sunshine now, to-morrow shade;
And soon, alas, all, all is dust.



THE MOUNTAIN GOAT

By L. S. HIGGS

Heedless of change, he holds his own
Vast, man-untrodden, wild demesne;
Uncouth, unkempt, aloof, alone,
Lost spirit of the Miocene:
Self-chosen, undismayed outcast,
He bides a silent witness—he,
The heir of generations past,
The heir of ages yet to be;

Who looked upon the changing face
Of earth: the lifting of the range;
The upthrust ocean-floor give place
To grassy highlands, quaint and strange:
Long, long before the rivers ran
To hew a passage to the sea,
Before the first rude heart of man
Had dreamed of immortality.

In summer, when the dripping snows
Climb upward and the white grouse calls,
Aloft and yet aloft he goes,
Beside the roaring waterfalls:
Aloft beside the glacier's rim,
Across the huddled dark moraine,
To reach his rock-hewn dais grim—
The summit of the mountain-chain.

One who would lift the misty veil
That hides this phantom of a dream,
Must look to feet and head, and scale
The ledge where kite and eagle scream:
Above the steep and dizzy climb,
The hunter, silent, fronts at last
That hoary ghost of outrun time,
Uncanny emblem of the past.

ST. IVES: IMPRESSIONS

BY MARY KEEGAN

ST. IVES, so widely known by its group of acknowledged painters, by their work which year after year hangs in the exhibits of at least two continents, is not loitering at this moment, when all over the face of the globe the artist-painter is making preparation to "send in." St. Ives is immortal, with its tawny-canvassed mackeral boats snug in the mellow harbor; its circling gulls with their sharp cry, hither, thither, ever on the watch; St. Ives, aloof, remote, indifferent, letting the world go by. Beautiful, very beautiful, even on this grim day when a nor'-nor'-westerly gale is blowing the incoming tide back from the sand, is the irregular, quiet-toned pile of old houses that meets me as I look out across the harbor, backed by the cool green hill which is called the "Island," a favorite spot for spreading the brown fishing nets to dry. On its summit, against the sky, is what is left of the round ruin of the ancient chapel of St. Nicholas, where the brave St. Ia (Ives) was massacred in the fifth century, after bringing with her from Ireland the faith of St. Patrick. Two or three years ago the Admiralty ordered that the little ruin, a beacon to the seafarer all along the coast, should be pulled down. Operations were begun. The people were in a frenzy. Petitions were sent up. After much of the tower had been demolished the Admiralty desisted, regretted, and gave permission for it to be rebuilt. This has not yet been done, and it is doubtful whether it ever will be. The loosened stones remain lying about the base of the ruin. It makes a good illustration of the temperament of the people: a *mélange* of Celt and Western Mediterranean, which even the influence of Wesley has not been able to practicalize. And Wesley is strongly felt about here—or perhaps it would be well to say commemorated—judging more especially by the number of chapels which blot the otherwise picturesque and "foreign" character of the place. But the wild nature of the surrounding moorland remains undisturbed, except, here and there, a rude and ruined mine-shaft half-way up a bouldered, gorse-clad tor, like a clenched hand with the forefinger pointing skyward. Lower down one is often struck by the naive incongruity of a flourishing cabbage-patch snugly tucked in between the hoary walls of some prehistoric stronghold. And the color of these moorlands! Gorse and heather and braken and ling, fighting to hold their own, soaring in a wilderness of tone upward across the sky, and downward, spreading out to the edge of the cliffs, showing purple and gold and russet and green against the limpid sapphire of the sea. It makes one shout—the bare thought of it!

A CORNER OF ST. IVES

Sound has its place in this medley of beauty. The wind wildly shrieking, sobbing, whispering, yelling, in and out through the giant, prehistoric stones, like the children of gods at play on the hill-tops; or purring in the gorse and braken on the hill-side; or like the souls of mad musicians forming a frenzied orchestra of strings in the blackthorn of the hedgerows. This land of mysticism should create some new poet of sound and send us a master of mystical music inspired in our own land.

It was the color which first attracted men of the brush. Who the first was is not known. Whistler and Zorn, among others, have become associated with the early days of the artist here, and within the last twenty years painters of all nationalities, remote and famous, have found their way to St. Ives at one time or another. And coming once, they come again. There is an allurement about the very atmosphere, a never-ending changefulness, a passion of moods, stormy and tender, soft and lovable, cruel and wild, that keep it wrapped in an everlasting charm. For some the open sea and the wide horizon, or the stretches of yellow sand and the wonderful tones of the incoming surf; for others the semi-circle of the harbor, flanked by its piers, and in between a forest of masts, surmounted by the watchful gull, against the background of soft-toned, rising houses, while stretched out before them are intimate and many-colored household garments flapping and buffeting the wind.

There is so much under all circumstances and of every character for all who can feel and see and use a brush or pen, that it is difficult enough to know where to begin, and impossible to know where to end. This *embarras de richesse* has been the cause of the conversion of every available loft for the housing of nets, and, indeed, even cellars for the curing of pilchards, into some sort of studio. These studios number sixty or eighty in all. There is an *entente cordiale* between the fishermen and the painters. Sometimes the painters go a-fishing and the fishermen a-posing.

Thanks to the Great Western Railway, St. Ives is beginning to be regarded as a "resort," and in summer —August particularly — the painter and the fisherman succumb to the "visitor." Then it is that the fisherman's wife earns her cottage rent for the year by letting lodgings, and the resident painter shuts up his house, or lets it furnished, and wanders into Picardy or the Barbizon country, or elsewhere. Then it is that the "visitor" comes like a horde, yet civilized enough to demoralize the fisher-folk with tips, and with *backhsheesh* make mendicants of the fisherman's children.

In the autumn the painter returns. Happily for him, the herring fleet begins operations then too. It has done much to lure him to St. Ives. It has the beauty of movement and change, of form and color, of grouping in

the most marvellous manner, of dozing, apparently, quiet and motionless, its "barked" sails throwing deep reflections on the still or undulating water. And its fishermen are not the least note in its beauty: picturesque in type, their weather-beaten sou'-westers, barked canvas "jumpers," and tall rubber boots reaching to the thigh. Like all who deal with the sea, they are simple, civil and self-respecting. They have musical voices and a persuasive dialect. They are deeply religious and, for the most part, temperate. They know, too, all there is to know about their own profession, and have a word or two to say on simple ethics. One day I was deploring to my fisherman-landlord my lack of knowledge of the compass, the tides, the moon, in all of which he was vainly striving to educate me. At last he said: "You do belong to have a map on your study wall."

"Yes," said I, "I have: the map of mid-Europe."

"You do knaw all there is to knaw about it?" he asked.

"About the map—I know something, yes," I assented, dubiously.

"Well," he answered, "it be as big a riddle to me, that there map, as the sea do be to 'ee."

It was a tactful manner of restoring me to my sense of dignity.

"They artises," as the fisher-folk call the painters, form a very conservative group, particularly those who make St. Ives a hub of the universe. Many of them have built beautiful houses with large studios attached. And they are exclusive, even in these democratic days. Nevertheless, among them are men whose work is widely known, such as Ohlsson, Arnesby Brown, A.R.A., Fuller, Milner, Deacon, Bromley, Schofield, Dyer, Freyborg, Titcomb, Grier, Tom Robertson, J. A. Park, and other names known to more than one continent.

Soon after my arrival I went into the studio of the sculptor, Mrs. Bainsmith. On entering, my eye became

A PEEP AT THE FISHING BOATS, ST. IVES

riveted upon a statuette in bronze of the late Sir John A. Macdonald. Farther down the room was a life-size bust of Sir Charles Tupper. To meet without ceremony, and on the same occasion, two of Canada's greatest men — even in bronze — three hundred and some odd miles from London, on the one hand, and three thousand from their own country, on the other hand, in an art centre so far removed from politics, was a delightful surprise from which I have not yet recovered. Their company was good—albeit in *terre cuite*: the late Professor Newman, a brother to the Cardinal, and the late Canon Ainger, Master of the Temple, whose recent *Memoirs* have created so much interest. But an element less grave was growing rapidly in their midst, from a clod of clay into a living being, under the fingers of Mrs. Bainsmith: a portrait-bust of Fergus Hume, author of *The Mystery of a Hansom Cab*.

The Arts Club, a characteristic and convivial institution, was founded a good many years ago in the studio

THE HARBOR, ST. IVES

of Mr. Louis Grier, which was for some time used as the club. Mr. Wylie Grier—then of St. Ives, now of Toronto—was one of the founders, together with Mr. Louis Grier, Mr. Robinson, Mr. Adrian Stokes, and Mr. W. H. Y. Titcomb. The club has long since moved from its birthplace, and has converted a large packing loft into its present agreeable quarters. The growth of *feminisme* has permitted women to become members as well. And exponents of all the arts—as the name of the club signifies—are welcomed within the walls, with the exception of those of the noble art of acting. This surprising prejudice, however, does not prevent members from sometimes straying into the paths of the actor—in an amateur way—and recently a very laudable performance was given us: a one-act "tragedy," by Bernard Shaw, entitled *Passion, Poison, and Petrefaction, or The Fatal Gazogene.* A clever poster relative to this was drawn by the marine painter, Mr. Edmund Fuller.

As in all places of the kind, there are the nomads, who appear and disappear and reappear again and again. Alfred East, R.A., comes down from time to time, and many another painter of note, especially in the winter. Writers, as well: Morley Roberts, Lewis Hind, Charles Marriott, best known by his book, *The Column,* is a resident. Guy Thorne, author of *When It Was Dark,* wrote it and other books down here. *A Little Moorland Princess,* by Mr. F. Stokes, who is almost a resident, was written here. Mr. Elkington, author of *Adrift In New Zealand,* has come down to write another book. Havelock Ellis, the well-known scientist, finds inspiration on the moors; while Mrs. Ellis has written, among other things, two works of fiction on the Cornish people. J. J. Campbell, of "New Theology" fame, has become a familiar figure here of late.

In England St. Ives is unique. Show day, so near at hand, will bring many people interested in art on a tour of inspection round the studios, and a procession from early morning till late afternoon will climb rickety stairs to admire and criticize the works to be "sent in" to the Academy.

The beauty of old St. Ives cannot well be effaced, but now that the tin mines, neglected for many years, are beginning to be worked again, the beauty of the moorland will suffer in parts. The dull thud of the engine-pump will discord with the mystical music of the place; but there are great tracts between filled with the honey-scent of the gorse flower, where one may be alone with nature, ravished by her sights and scents and sounds.

GRAY AND GREEN

A GLIMPSE OF LAKE ONTARIO FROM A BALCONY

By AMY PARKINSON

Green in the middle distance, like
A shining beryl floor;
Gray where it met the gray-blue sky,
Gray where it touched the shore.

Green and gray in the cool, soft tones
Of a varying spring-time day,
With now and again, where a sunbeam fell,
A topaz glint on the gray.

Then a sudden change,—and white gleams,
like pearls,
All over the waters seen—
As a swift-winged wind came rushing down
And ruffled both gray and green.

THE STORY OF A LUTHERAN MADONNA

BY LUCY CREIGHTON

THROUGHOUT the course of human history, after any great conquests, when the victors divide the spoil, the most desirable of all the booty seem to be objects of religious veneration. One of the most valued of national possessions—the sacred Stone of Scone—was thus stolen away from Scotland by the victorious first Edward. And just as Belshazzar and his lords made merry drinking from the gold and silver vessels from the Temple at Jerusalem, these trophies have often been put to strange and alien uses. When different peoples in turn come by the right of might to be rulers of any country, the altars and temples of the old religion are often made to serve for the new. For example, there is the mosque of St. Sophia in Constantinople; built by the Christian Emperor Justinian, who gathered the materials from the remains of nearly every temple of ancient paganism in his empire.

LUTHERAN CHURCH AT LUNENBURG, N.S.

From Constantinople to Canada is a far cry, but in a little Nova Scotian town may be seen a somewhat similar meeting of an old faith with a new. Listen now to the story of a madonna made by Frenchmen, used in the Church of Rome, captured by British red-coats as a trophy of war, and set by German Lutherans in their church, there to gaze day by day with scorn and hatred at the figure of the insolent heretic Martin Luther.

At the close of the seventeenth century the leaders of the great game of nations in Europe were England and France. In that game the province which is now Nova Scotia was a helpless pawn, and in its moves the blood of the brave settlers was spilled like water. Having granted Acadie to England by the peace of Utrecht, upon the renewal of hostilities, France looked about her for a suitable situation for a sea-port stronghold. She selected the splendid harbor on the shore of the beautiful Isle Royale, and the result was the renowned fortress of Louisburg, the key to the St. Lawrence, the Dunkirk of America, a menace to the English colonies in Acadie

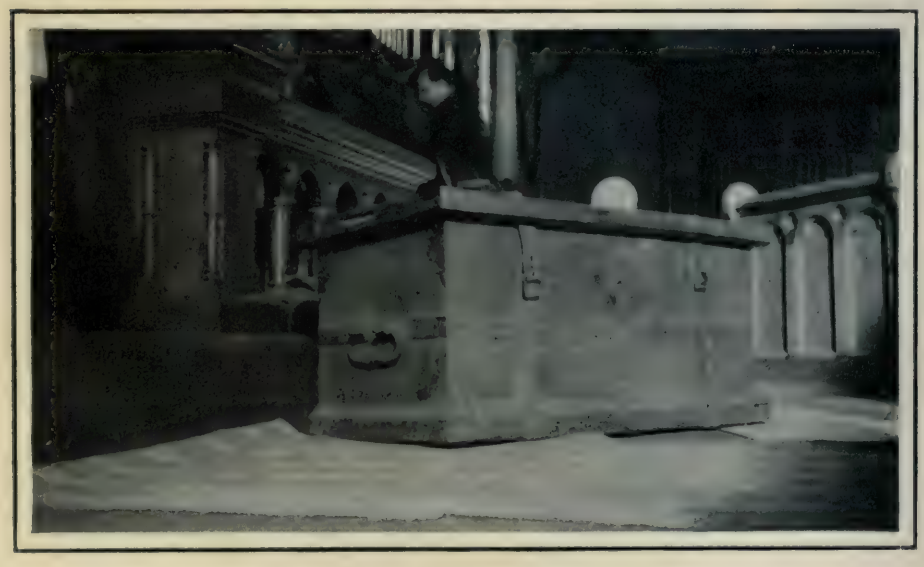
HISTORIC BELL IN THE LUTHERAN CHURCH AT LUNENBURG, N.S.

REVERSE SIDE OF BELL, SHOWING THE OUTLINES OF THE MADONNA

and New England and an outpost of defence for the French of Upper Canada. This place with its well-nigh impregnable defences, equipped with a garrison of several thousand men, became one of the proudest of French possessions, and there one day arrived from France the first church bells to be brought to Canada. The smaller was afterwards sent to Montreal, where it may be seen at present in the *Chateau de Ramezay*. But the other, bearing upon one side a cross and on the other ***La Vierge et son Fils,*** was placed in a chapel. And there while the Lilies of France floated over-head, its sweet tone called the soldiers of the garrison to pray for the spread of the true Church and the confusion of their enemies. But, alas for human pride! Twice the Lilies of France came ingloriously down and the Lion of England went triumphantly up. The first capture took place in 1745, but in the treaty of Aix-la-Chapelle, Louisburg was restored to the French. In 1758, however, it was again captured by a fleet commanded by Boscawen, Wolfe and others; the victors, fearing to lose again the bone of contention, destroyed it, and Louisburg became a heap of ruins. The bell with other spoils was taken to Halifax, where it lay hidden for nearly twenty years in a warehouse, from which obscurity it emerged, to be carried to Lunenburg.

Now Lunenburg was a town composed for the most part of Germans who had been invited to the Province by the British Government, and provided with grants of land, farming implements, the protection of the State and the ministrations of the Established Church, which were considered suitable for British subjects. But although these Germans in crossing the ocean to found new homes for their families had willingly changed their nationality, they had no intention of changing one iota of their creed. The district of Lunenburg from which they came and from which they named their town was one of the most strongly Protestant districts in Germany, and they belonged not to the lower classes but to the more educated middle classes. Nearly every man brought with him his little collection of devotional books, many of which

may still be seen. Sometimes they are reverently preserved by the present generation; sometimes they are found, worm-eaten and covered with dust, in a corner of some attic, bearing mute witness to the piety and staunch Protestantism of their owners. These were the sort of men to make honest and loyal citizens, but not the sort to meekly accept the services of the Church of England, especially when conducted in a language they could not understand. Accordingly, after the first few years they became dissatisfied with the Established Church. They clamored for their own *Kirche*, they demanded *ein Prediger*. Failing to obtain their petitions from a slow-moving government that could not understand their prejudice, they set about to supply them for themselves. They hewed timbers and built a church, exacting from each man his due share of labor or of expense; and while they built they sent letter after letter to Philadelphia, beseeching the Lutheran church in that city to send them a pastor. When at last the pastor came, the new church was dedicated as Zion's Church, and before long the zealous congregation, to make it complete, sent to Halifax and bought the old bell that had come from Louisburg. Nothing daunted by the Cross and the Virgin, the good Lutherans hung it in the belfry, and there it must often have echoed to the strains of *Ein feste Burg ist unser Gott*—that bell which had last rung to summon armed men in that "mighty fortress" whose fame was so short-lived. It was paid for by contributions of some shillings each, the original list of which may be seen neatly written in a long calf-bound book at the Lutheran parsonage in Luenburg at the present time. The whole price was £27 16s. 5d., and the number of contributors 115. There may also be seen in Lunenburg the money chest in which these contributions were probably placed for safe-keeping. This chest is of oak, black with age, inscribed with armorial bearings rudely burnt in poker-work, the pyrography of the seventeenth century, and strengthened with heavy iron bands and lock. It came from Germany with the settlers, and was used as a receptacle for the revenue of the



OLD OAK MONEY CHEST IN THE LUTHERAN CHURCH AT LUNENBURG, N.S.

church in the absence of banks, which at that time were not an ornament in every thriving hamlet.

It would seem that the madonna, although placed in such uncongenial surroundings, would be, as the property of a congregation of farmers and workmen, at least safe from the sound of war and strife, and would stand in no danger of being again carried away. But it was destined to play a part in still another siege. Having settled their religious disputes, the town of Lunenburg was confronted by a fear more alarming than the loss of cherished doctrines, the same fear which gripped all the settlements in our provinces — the Yankee privateers. The American Revolution had begun; England and the colonies were now at war, and a number of these privateers were coasting around our shores, with the object of plundering and spoiling the towns, which could only strengthen the defences, and watch and pray. The memory of those troublous times has come down the years, handed from father to son, and we in our present time of peace and security may often hear stories of those seven years, when the colonists lived in daily fear of at least the destruction of their homes so lately claimed from the wilderness. A written testimony to the state of affairs in Lunenburg is to be found in the records of the Anglican Church, where the baptism of a child is recorded in 1777, and below is jotted a note saying that the child was baptized without sponsors and in great haste, owing to the alarm of a privateer. At last, in July, 1782, the long-dreaded came, in the shape of three American vessels. The defenders were so taken by surprise that almost before they knew of their approach, the Americans, or "rebells," as they are called in an account written by a townsman of 1782, had overrun the place. They seized all the batteries and spiked the guns, taking the defenders prisoners, and then, according to the old chronicle, "they fell a plundering the chief houses and the shops, which they cleared all." When things looked so hopeless, the townspeople, in despair, fled or hid themselves. The Lutherans were not behind the others in flight, but before they went, thinking the Yankees might want to add to their loot the bell which their countrymen had helped to capture, they took it out of the tower, carried it down a steep hill and sank it safe from sight in the waters of the Back Harbour. The *Prediger* of that year, who had just arrived from Germany, showed himself more valiant than his flock in resisting the enemy; not, however, with their own weapons, but with earnest expostulations delivered in German and broken English. His efforts were met with laughter and derision, and he himself was pinioned hand and foot and left lying in the church square. Having taken everything of value they could lay their hands on, destroyed much property and also, according to tradition, having extorted from the chief citizens a mortgage on the town for one thousand pounds, the invaders sailed away. Then when all fear of its capture was over, the burgers came forth from their hiding places and hoisted to its place again the bell which, according to the record, was so dearly bought. The record remains, but the men are gone. Many of the names are gone also, and the old church with them. But the bell survives, and any who will climb a long and dizzy flight of steps in the present Zion's Church will see one of the two oldest bells in Canada. On one side is the Cross and on the other the Virgin, looking ever scornfully downward at the painted window where stands Martin Luther, while below him are written the famous words by which he made his stand of heretical rebellion, *Hier stehe ich, ich kann nicht ander, Gott helfe mich!*

THE DOCTOR'S SWEETHEART

BY L. M. MONTGOMERY

JUST because I am an old woman outwardly it doesn't follow that I am one inwardly. Hearts don't grow old—or shouldn't. Mine hasn't, I am thankful to say. It bounded like a girl's with delight when I saw Doctor John and Marcella Barry drive past this afternoon. If the doctor had been my own son I couldn't have felt more real pleasure in his happiness. I'm only an old lady who can do little but sit by her window and knit, but eyes were made for seeing, and I use mine for that purpose. When I see the good and beautiful things—and a body need never look for the other kind, you know — the things God planned from the beginning and brought about in spite of the counter plans and schemes of men, I feel such a deep joy that I'm glad, even at seventy-five, to be alive in a world where such things come to pass. And if ever God meant and made two people for each other, those people were Doctor John and Marcella Barry; and that is what I always tell folks who come here commenting on the difference in their ages. "Old enough to be her father," sniffed Mrs. Riddell to me the other day. I didn't say anything to Mrs. Riddell. I just looked at her. I presume my face expressed what I felt pretty clearly. How any woman can live for sixty years in the world, as Mrs. Riddell has, a wife and mother at that, and not get some realization of the beauty and general satisfactoriness of a real and abiding love, is something I cannot understand and never shall be able to.

Nobody in Bridgeport believed that Marcella would ever come back, except Doctor John and me—not even her Aunt Sara. I've heard people laugh at me when I said I knew she would; but nobody minds being laughed at when she is sure of a thing, and I was as sure that Marcella Barry would come back as that the sun rose and set. I hadn't lived beside her for eight years to know so little about her as to doubt her. Neither had Doctor John.

Marcella was only eight years old when she came to live in Bridgeport. Her father, Chester Barry, had just died. Her mother, who was a sister of Miss Sara Bryant, my next door neighbor, had been dead for four years. Marcella's father left her to the guardianship of his brother, Richard Barry; but Miss Sara pleaded so hard to have the little girl that the Barrys consented to let Marcella live with her aunt until she was sixteen. Then, they said, she would have to go back to them, to be properly educated and take the place of her father's daughter in *his* world. For, of course, it is a fact that Miss Sara Bryant's world was and is a very different one from Chester Barry's world. As to which side the difference favors, that isn't for me to say. It all depends on your standard of what is really worth while, you know.

So Marcella came to live with us in Bridgeport. I say "us" advisedly.

She slept and ate in her aunt's house, but every house in the village was a home to her; for, with all our little disagreements and diverse opinions, we are really all one big family, and everybody feels an interest in and a good working affection for everybody else. Besides, Marcella was one of those children whom everybody loves at sight, and keeps on loving. One long, steady gaze from those big grayish-blue black-lashed eyes of hers went right into your heart and stayed there.

She was a pretty child and as good as she was pretty. It was the right sort of goodness, too, with just enough spice of original sin in it to keep it from spoiling by reason of over-sweetness. She was a frank, loyal, brave little thing, even at eight, and wouldn't have said or done a mean or false thing to save her life.

She and I were right good friends from the beginning. She loved me and she loved her Aunt Sara; but from the very first her best and deepest affection went out to Doctor John Haven, who lived in the big brick house on the other side of Miss Sara's.

Doctor John was a Bridgeport boy, and when he got through college he came right home and settled down here, with his widowed mother. The Bridgeport girls were fluttered, for eligible young men were scarce in our village; there was considerable setting of caps, I must say that, although I despise ill-natured gossip; but neither the caps nor the wearers thereof seemed to make any impression on Doctor John. Mrs. Riddell said that he was a born old bachelor; I suppose she based her opinion on the fact that Doctor John was always a quiet, bookish fellow, who didn't care a button for society, and had never been guilty of a flirtation in his life. I knew Doctor John's heart far better than Martha Riddell could know anybody's; and I knew there was nothing of the old bachelor in his nature. He just had to wait for the right woman, that was all, not being able to content himself with less as some men can and do. If she never came Doctor John would never marry; but he wouldn't be an old bachelor for all that.

He was thirty when Marcella came to Bridgepart—a tall, broad-shouldered man with a mane of thick brown curls and level, dark hazel eyes. He walked with a little stoop, his hands clasped behind him; and he had the sweetest, deepest voice. Spoken music, if ever a voice was. He was kind and brave and gentle, but a little distant and reserved with most people. Everybody in Bridgeport liked him, but only a very few ever passed the inner gates of his confidence or were admitted to any share in his real life. I am proud to say I was one; I think it it is something for an old woman to boast of.

Doctor John was always fond of children, and they of him. It was natural that he and little Marcella should take to each other. He had the most to do with bringing her up, for Miss Sara consulted him in everything. Marcella was not hard to manage for the most part; but she had a will of her own, and when she did set it up in opposition to the powers that were nobody but the doctor could influence her at all; she never resisted him or disobeyed his wishes.

Marcella was one of those girls who develop early. I suppose her constant association with us elderly folks had something to do with it, too. But, at fifteen, she was a woman, loving, beautiful, and spirited.

And Doctor John loved her—loved the woman, not the child. I knew it before he did—but not, as I think, before Marcella did, for those young, straight-gazing eyes of hers were wonderfully quick to read into other peoples' hearts. I watched them together and saw the love growing between them, like a strong, fair, perfect flower, whose fragrance was to endure for eternity. Miss Sara saw

it, too, and was half pleased and half worried; even Miss Sara thought the Doctor too old for Marcella; and besides, there were the Barrys to be reckoned with. Those Barrys were the nightmare dread of poor Miss Sara's life.

The time came when Doctor John's eyes were opened. He looked into his own heart and read there what life had written for him. As he told me long afterwards, it came to him with a shock that left him white-lipped. But he was a brave, sensible fellow and he looked the matter squarely in the face. First of all, he put away to one side all that the world might say; the thing concerned solely him and Marcella, and the world had nothing to do with it. That disposed of, he asked himself soberly if he had a right to try to win Marcella's love. He decided that he had not; it would be taking an unfair advantage of her youth and inexperience. He knew that she must soon go to her father's people—she must not go bound by any ties of his making. Doctor John, for Marcella's sake, gave the decision against his own heart.

So much did Doctor John tell me, his old friend and confidant. I said nothing and gave no advice, not having lived seventy-five years for nothing. I knew that Doctor John's decision was manly and right and fair; but I also knew it was all nullified by the fact that Marcella already loved him.

So much I knew; the rest I was left to suppose. The Doctor and Marcella told me much, but there were some things too sacred to be told, even to me. So that to this day I don't know how the doctor found out that Marcella loved him. All I know is that one day, just a month before her sixteenth birthday, the two came hand in hand to Miss Sara and me, as we sat on Miss Sara's veranda in the twilight, and told us simply that they had plighted their troth to each other.

I looked at them standing there with that wonderful sunrise of life and love on their faces—the doctor, tall and serious, with a sprinkle of silver in his brown hair and the smile of a happy man on his lips—Marcella, such a slip of a girl, with her black hair in a long braid and her lovely face all dewed over with tears and sunned over with smiles—I, an old woman, looked at them and thanked the good God for them and their delight.

Miss Sara laughed and cried and kissed — and forboded what the Barrys would do. Her forebodings proved only too true. When the doctor wrote to Richard Barry, Marcella's guardian, asking his consent to their engagement, Richard Barry promptly made trouble — the very worst kind of trouble. He descended on Bridgeport and completely overwhelmed poor Miss Sara in his wrath. He laughed at the idea of countenancing an engagement between a child like Marcella and an obscure country doctor. And he carried Marcella off with him!

She had to go, of course. He was her legal guardian and he would listen to no pleadings. He didn't know anything about Marcella's character, and he thought that a new life out in the great world would soon blot out her fancy.

After the first outburst of tears and prayers Marcella took it very calmly, as far as outward eye could see. She was as cool and dignified and stately as a young queen. On the night before she went away she came over to say good-bye to me. She did not even shed any tears, but the look in her eyes told of bitter hurt. "It is good-bye for five years, Miss Tranquil," she said steadily. "When I am twenty-one I will come back. That is the only promise I can make. They will not let me write to John or Aunt Sara and I will do nothing underhanded. But I will not forget and I will come back."

Richard Barry would not even let

her see Doctor John alone again. She had to bid him good-bye beneath the cold, contemptuous eyes of the man of the world. So there was just a hand-clasp and one long deep look between them that was tenderer than any kiss and more eloquent than any words.

"I will come back when I am twenty-one," said Marcella. And I saw Richard Barry smile.

So Marcella went away and in all Bridgeport there were only two people who believed she would ever return. There is no keeping a secret in Bridgeport, and everybody knew all about the love affair between Marcella and the doctor and about the promise she had made. Everybody sympathized with the doctor because everybody believed he had lost his sweetheart.

"For of course she'll never come back," said Mrs. Riddell to me. "She's only a child and she'll soon forget him. She's to be sent to school and taken abroad and between times she'll live with the Richard Barrys; and they move, as everyone knows, in the very highest and gayest circles. I'm sorry for the doctor, though. A man of his age doesn't get over a thing like that in a hurry and he was perfectly silly over Marcella. But it really serves him right for falling in love with a child."

There are times when Martha Riddell gets on my nerves. She's a good-hearted woman, and she means well; but she rasps—rasps terribly.

Even Miss Sara exasperated me. But then she had her excuse. The child she loved as her own had been torn from her and it almost broke her heart. But even so, I thought she ought to have had a little more faith in Marcella.

"Oh, no, she'll never come back," sobbed Miss Sara. "Yes, I know she promised. But they'll wean her away from me. She'll have such a gay, splendid life she'll not want to come back. Five years is a lifetime at her age. No, don't try to comfort me, Miss Tranquil, because I *won't* be comforted!"

When a person has made up her mind to be miserable you just have to *let* her be miserable.

I almost dreaded to see Doctor John for fear he would be in despair, too, without any confidence in Marcella. But when he came I saw I needn't have worried. The light had all gone out of his eyes, but there was a calm, steady patience in them.

"She will come back to me, Miss Tranquil," he said. "I know what people are saying, but that does not trouble me. They do not know Marcella as I do. She promised and she will keep her word—keep it joyously and gladly, too. If I did not know that I would not wish its fulfilment. When she is free she will turn her back on that brilliant world and all it offers her and come back to me. My part is to wait and believe."

So Doctor John waited and believed. After a little while the excitement died away and people forgot Marcella. We never heard from or about her, except a paragraph now and then in the society columns of the city paper the doctor took. We knew she was sent to school for three years; then the Barrys took her abroad. She was presented at court. When the doctor read this—he was with me at the time—he put his hand over his eyes and sat very silent for a long time. I wondered if at last some momentary doubt had crept into his mind—if he did not fear that Marcella must have forgotten him. The paper told of her triumph and her beauty and hinted at a titled match. Was it probable or even possible that she would be faithful to him after all this?

The doctor must have guessed my thoughts, for at last he looked up with a smile.

"She will come back," was all he said. But I saw that the doubt, if doubt it were, had gone. I watched

him as he went away, that tall, gentle, kindly-eyed man, and I prayed that his trust might not be misplaced; for if it should be it would break his heart.

Five years seems a long time in looking forward. But they pass quickly. One day I remembered that it was Marcella's twenty-first birthday. Only one other person thought of it. Even Miss Sara did not. Miss Sara remembered Marcella only as a child that had been loved and lost. Nobody else in Bridgeport thought about her at all. The doctor came in that evening. He had a rose in his buttonhole and he walked with a step as light as a boy's.

"She is free to-day," he said. "We shall soon have her again, Miss Tranquil."

"Do you think she will be the same?" I said.

I don't know what made me say it. I hate to be one of those people who throw cold water on other peoples' hopes. But it slipped out before I thought. I suppose the doubt had been vaguely troubling me always, under all my faith in Marcella, and now made itself felt in spite of me.

But the doctor only laughed.

"How could she be changed?" he said. "Some women might be—most women would be—but not Marcella. Dear Miss Tranquil, don't spoil your beautiful record of confidence by doubting her now. We shall have her again soon—how soon I don't know, for I don't even know where she is, whether in the old world or the new—but just as soon as she can come to us."

We said nothing more—neither of us. But every day the light in the doctor's eyes grew brighter and deeper and tenderer. He never spoke of Marcella, but I knew she was in his thoughts every moment. He was much calmer than I was. I trembled when the postman knocked, jumped when the gate latch clicked, and fairly had a cold chill if I saw a telegraph boy running down the street.

One evening, a fortnight later, I went over to see Miss Sara. She was out somewhere, so I sat down in her little sitting room to wait for her. Presently the doctor came in and we sat in the soft twilight, talking a little now and then, but silent when we wanted to be, as becomes real friendship. It was such a beautiful evening. Outside in Miss Sara's garden the roses were white and red, and sweet with dew; the honeysuckle at the window sent in delicious breaths now and again; a few sleeply birds were twittering; between the trees the sky was all pink and silvery blue and there was an evening star over the elm in my front yard. We heard somebody come through the door and down the hall. I turned, expecting to see Miss Sara—and I saw Marcella! She was standing in the doorway, tall and beautiful, with a ray of sunset light falling athwart her black hair under her travelling hat. She was looking past me at Doctor John and in her splendid eyes was the look of the exile who had come home to her own.

"Marcella!" said the doctor.

I went out by the dining-room door and shut it behind me, leaving them alone together.

The wedding is to be next month. Miss Sara is beside herself with delight. The excitement has been really terrible, and the way people have talked and wondered and exclaimed has almost worn my patience clean out. I've snubbed more persons in the last ten days than I ever did in all my life before.

Nothing of this worries Doctor John or Marcella. They are too happy to care for gossip or outside curiosity. The Barrys are not coming to the wedding, I understand. They refuse to forgive Marcella or countenance her folly, as they call it, in any way. Folly! When I see those two together and realize what they mean to each other I have some humble, reverent idea of what true wisdom is.

A COMPARISON

BY ALBERT E. S. SMYTHE

THEY might have been ten years old.

The Toronto boy had been in High Park before, and was showing the new boy about. They had left nothing worth gathering on the patches where the wild strawberries make their annual effort at publicity. They had waded in the creek, and chased two squirrels. They had been all over Ellis' ravine and back again, and now something had given out, and they rested on the other side of a tree which had been previously chosen by a student to sit down under. The new boy was a very recent emigrant from that noble Province which has supplied Toronto with mayors for years past.

"Say," began the Canadian, "have you any muskitties in Ireland?"

"Mouse kitties? Any amount. Swarms of 'em."

There was evidently a misunderstanding.

"Well, I never heard that. What are they like?"

"What are yours like?"

"Oh, they bite you. I don't see any now, but they come at night and just eat you."

"Gee! They must be wild. Most of ours are tame, but we wudn't let them in the house at home. Made them stay in the stable."

"But didn't they come in at the windows?"

"Naw, but they used to get up on the roof, an' they wud howl like mad."

"Well, ours don't howl, but they hum before they light on you."

"Do they? We don't call it hummin', an' they do it on us after they light, like this—" and he illustrated with a purring sound. "Is it like that?"

"Something. And don't they bite you?"

"Naw—they make that noise when they are pleased."

"Then what are they pleased at?"

"A doan know. Mebbe because you don't hit them. We chase them sometimes, an' if you get them in a corner they'll spit at you."

"Spit at you? Gee-whizz!"

"Yes, spit at you, an' thy're worse when they've young ones."

"Do they have young ones? Ours lay eggs."

"Get out!"

"They do, but. And they breed in water."

"Ours wudn't go near water, an' they always come in out of the rain."

"Well, them's the funniest muskitties I ever heard of."

"Ours are funniest when they're young. After they open their eyes."

"I guess ours have their eyes open all the time. They can see in the dark, and they go for you in bed. You can hear the noise they make when they're coming, and they stop it when they settle."

"But why can't you keep them out?"

"They can get in anywhere. The screen doors don't seem to bother

them. Dad says they come down the chimney."

"A saw one that come down the chimley once. It was all over soot, an' it scooted for the door, an' my da said it was goin' mad, an' he shot it on the fly as it wos goin' in the byre. It squealed awful."

"They must be big ones if you can shoot them. We just squelch ours. I squelched one last night against the wall. But you couldn't squelch them on the fly. Dad says if you put petroleum oil on the water it will kill 'em so they can't breed."

"Billy Magee put petroleum oil on one's tail one day, an' put a match to it, an' it went up the road like a rocket. It didn't kill it though. But it had no tail after that, for Billy chopped it off with a hatchet, an' it only had a stump. It used to catch rabbits, an' it wud chase birds all over the moss."

"But they're not big enough to catch rabbits?"

"Aren't they, though. They can kill rats like a dowg, an' eat 'em all but the tails. They're puzzhun."

"And are they big enough for you to tell one from another?"

"Ay, sure. The one with the stumpy tail was orange an' black-spotted like a butterfly, an' they're all colors, brown, black, white, gray, an' spotty."

"Have they all tails?"

"Of course they do. When they're pleased they stick 'em straight up an' rub theirselves again' you. But if you let 'em you'll get fleas on you."

"They haven't fleas on them, have they?"

"Haven't they, though, worse'n a beggar."

"What's that?"

"A man with a bag that wants something to eat."

"Oh, a tramp. But I don't b'lieve you have muskitties like that. Say, aren't you stuffin' me?"

"A'm tellin' you the deed's truth. Troth an' sowl. Sure you have plenty of 'em here, anyway. We're goin' to get one, because my ma says there's too many mice."

"But what's that got to do with muskitties?"

"Sure the kitties kill the mice."

"But I was talking about *mus*kitties."

"An' so was I. Mouse kitties, didn't you say?"

"Oh, rats. I meant mus*kit*ties — skeeters. You're talking pussy cats, you duffer."

"Well, that's what you said."

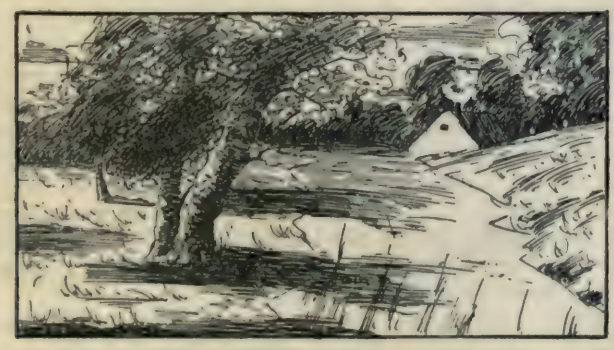
"I didn't."

"You did."

"I didn't."

"Well, anyway, if a daddy-long-legs took to bitin' it wud just fair guzzle you. An' there's plenty of *them* in Antrim."

This concluded the misunderstanding.



PLAYS OF THE SEASON

BY JOHN E. WEBBER

THE persistence of adversity has seldom been more bitterly exemplified than in the fortunes of this ill-fated dramatic season. Failure continued to dog the heels of theatrical effort to the end, and while some of it came as a just rebuke to unchastened mediocrity, other of it reflected quite as forcibly on the taste of the rejecting public. Fortunately, the sombreness of tone complained of in the early season was relieved by a number of bright comedy offerings such as "The Jesters," "The Honor of the Family," "Twenty Days in the Shade"—a typical modern farce—and a revival of an old stage favorite of former days, "Lord Dundreary," with E. H. Sothern, son of the famous original, in the title role. These two latter, seen happily in contrast, offer widely divergent forms of comedy entertainment, and the flight of time could hardly be better illustrated than in the ideas of humor which each represents.

"Twenty Days in the Shade,"—the "shade" by the way, being an agreeable vernacular for *pénitencier*—is the funniest happening since "Mr. Hopkinson." We name "Mr. Hopkinson" because the inspired genius of that performance, Mr. Dallas Welford, was the genius of the latter offering, contributing to its mirth not only his own mirth-provoking presence but a fund of that droll, irresistible and diverting comedy of which he is a master. The gods were surely in a gay mood when they sent this little comedian, this very genius of the comic spirit, into our drab world. Mr. Welford is not starred in this piece as he was in "Hoppy," but his conquest is no less unmistakable and he carries away every scene

Mr. E. H. Sothern and Miss Gladys Hanson, in "Lord Dundreary"

Mr. David Warfield, in "A Grand Army Man"

by the sheer supremacy of his genius. The piece itself is full of those complications that characterize French farce. An arrest under circumstances that will involve connubial happiness if discovered, the hiring of a substitute to serve the culprit's term, an acquaintance formed during the incarceration between the substitute and an old Cockney offender, "Shorty," who afterward visits his supposed pal, to the further and deeper embarrassment of the aristocratic household (not to mention the safety of its silver), suggest the kind of nonsense of which the fertile plot is woven. If ever a character stepped from the cell to the footlights, this "Shorty" impersonated by Mr. Welford does. Not the least detail of the drawing is lacking, not a gesture, expression or intonation missing to make the illusion perfect. It is low comedy, if you like, but low comedy touched and refined by the hand of an artist and never pushed beyond the limits of artistic expression.

The vacuous English lord has been "done" so often in one form or another since Tom Taylor's day, that a revival of "Lord Dundreary," old-fashioned and out of date as it is in construction, seemed a more than questionable enterprise. However, one never knows, and it so happened that this old favorite of stage coach and crinoline days was received with every evidence of appreciation. And the son, moreover, seems to have made as complete a hit in the assinine role as did his father before him. Old playgoers found enjoyment in renewing an old acquaintance —making the inevitable comparisons—while the younger generation sampled with mingled feelings the brand of their virtuous forefather's entertainment. It had the additional, although perhaps sudsidiary, interest of discovering to us the original of many time-honored stage jokes. Mr. Sothern's characterization, which is said to have followed closely the elder Sothern's drawing, was delightfully droll and refined.

His "Don Quixote," in an imposing production of Paul Kester's dramatized version of the famous Cervantes novel, which followed, was a far deeper characterization, however, and artistically stands as one of the best pieces of work this excellent actor has done. The piece itself suffered from over-elaboration, perhaps, from sheer wealth of detail, and was too cumbered verbally and scenically for the average hurrying play-goer. The very richness of the

Cervantes treasure chest makes selection difficult, and this dramatist had not only drawn generously upon the contents, but sketched very minutely some of its florid carving. For the literary student, however, every moment of the entertainment (one can hardly call it a play) bubbled with pure joy. Mr. Sothern's portrait of the central character, in appearance a figure Velasquez might have drawn, touched real greatness. He lends to this prince of dreamers, the Knight of the Sorrowful Figure, all the needed dignity, nobility and pathos, adding with finest discrimination, the right touch of the grotesque. One admired, laughed at and loved this Quixote, in turn, and the scene of his vanquishment, when he is carried off in the enchanted cage, touches one's heart peculiarly. The dog-like devotion and fidelity to his master, and the broad peasant humor of *Sancha Pancha*, the squire, were admirably portrayed by Mr. Buckstone.

Prior to this piece, and between the two comedy offerings, Mr. Sothern gave us a sterner but scarcely less convincing portrait in the *Rodion Raskolikoff* of Laurence Irving's "The Fool hath said there is no God," founded on Dostoieffski's "Crime and Punishment." The play presents a gloomily realistic but striking picture of the struggles of the Russian proletariat, in which *Rodion*, a student, comes to the rescue of a helpless girl by slaying the miserly, bestial landlord, who is trying to seduce her on a threat of being turned into the streets. *Rodion's* act strikes the girl with horror, however, instead of gladness, and in this response we have suggested the underlying futility of the struggle. Meanwhile suspicion of the murder, which has been clumsily contrived, falls on *Rodion*, who is examined and put through the customary mental torture by the police. He is saved at the psychological moment by the unexpected false confession of a workman, and plans to leave Russia at once, taking the girl and her little charges to a place of freedom. These plans are frustrated, however, by the girl's refusal to accept the proferred boon on such terms. Here the dramatist's courage fails him and the character of *Rodion*, built up at considerable pains, is belied by an unthinkable conversion as the result of a few Scripture texts which the girl reads to him. A good melodrama is thus inconsistently sacrificed to a commonplace preachment.

Mme. Komishaizhevsky, a famous Russian actress seen in New York this season

Of Mr. Sothern's personal success and the consistency of his characterization of the clumsy idealist, and the impressiveness of the entire performance, there can be no doubt. The production failed of public support, however, chiefly, no doubt, because of its gloominess, and Mr. Sothern had to fall back on the more successful "Lord Dundreary." With this exception his entire New York season would seem to be a record of sacrifice to the finer things in dramatic entertainment. The little evidence of a public demand for this finer thing—for the fine thing in drama at all—or any intelligent appreciation of the glorious art of acting as an art, does not seem to discourage him. He is an artist with the faith and devotion of an artist, and it is just by such faith as his and the sacrifices he is prepared to make for that faith, that the American stage will eventually be saved.

"The Jesters," translated from the French of Miquel Zamacois by John Raphael, is one of those harmonious comminglings of the grotesque and the beautiful familiar to French poetic drama since Victor Hugo. Its story harks back to the days of make-believe, fairy princes, and the world's immortal childhood, that Barrie for one would try to recall. As the prince charming of this play, Miss Adams has a role not unlike her famous "Peter Pan" in certain fairy-like qualities of romance and adventure. Altogether, the play is an agreeable blend of sentiment, humor and rollicking fun, light, airy and fantastic in form, and furnishing Miss Adams one of those nimble-witted rôles in which she is ever charming and delightful. For the furtherance of his suit this young prince disguises himself as a jester and visits the castle of a young princess, where, ever ready with a jest or a song, not to say a sword for braggarts, he outbids the other jesters and wins the post of favorite. The fate of the two is, of course, never for a moment in doubt, even before the "hunch" and cloak are discarded and the treasure chest brought in. In Miss Adams' presentation the grotesque was more or less subordinated, no doubt, to the advantage, of her own personal charms, but to the sacrifice somewhat of the spirit of the entertaining comedy itself.

Miss Maude Adams, in "The Jester"

"The Honor of the Family" brings Mr. Otis Skinner joyously on the scene in the rôle of the swashbuckling, braggart, bullying but good-natured hero, *Phillipe Bridan*, of Balzac's story "*Menage de Garcon.*" The adaptation from the book is made by Emile Fabre, and Paul

Potter is the translator into English. The result is excellent theatrical entertainment in which the wit and resourcefulnes of the braggart *Phillipe* are pitted against the designing young ward who, with her lover, are planning to rob *Phillipe's* old miserly uncle of his millions. It is in part the taming of the shrew over again, with *Phillipe* as *Petruchio* and *Flora* as *Katherine. Phillipe* has first to ingratiate himself with the uncle, convince him of the design of the ward in whose power he is, kill her unscrupulous lover, and then turn her out. He accomplishes all this with a good deal of incidental merriment, as may be imagined. Audacity and self-confidence, ease and authority are the qualities called for in the chief actor, and these Mr. Skinner portrays convincingly, and with the skill of the admirable artist he is.

Mr. Otis Skinner,
in "The Honor of the Family"

"Father and the Boys," by George Ade, is humor of another stripe — a Broadway stripe, if that describes it—but thanks to that sterling eccentric comedy actor, Mr. W. H. Crane, the piece has been raised to a position of considerable importance in the theatrical offerings of the season. The chief character is an indulgent father, multi-millionaire and bit of home-spun, a sort of David Harum, who although refusing to be drawn into the gay life of the city, himself, looks complacently on his sons' extravagant follies. The result, as the unfailing good friend points out, is that he is getting out of touch with his boys, while the boys, on the other hand, who are also his partners, are becoming anything but amenable to business pursuits. He therefore resolves to change his methods and catch up with the procession, and in giving the "old boy" his fling, sets a pace that staggers the sons and gives them a genuine concern, not only for the paternal reputation, but for the business he is rapidly neglecting. The experiment, consequently, has the desired effect of bringing the boys to time, and incidentally satirizing the smart set they have been trying to emulate. Mr. Crane is admirably assisted by Miss Margaret Dale, who, in the character of a breezy, dashing Western girl, gayly involves herself in all these sportive expedients.

The poetically effusive "Rector's Garden," by one Byron Ongley, with Dustin Farnum in the leading role, "The Easterner," by George Broadhurst, with Nat Goodwin in the stellar part, and "Bluffs," an out and out farce by Leo Ditrichstein, were further, but as it proved, unsuccessful efforts in the direction of com-

edy. "Girls," on the other hand, a typical Clyde Fitch comedy—which description will perhaps suffice—was more successful.

"Under the Greenwood Tree," a dramatized account of the romance of Mary Hamilton, by H. V. Esmond, with its investiture of English forest, its hints of cool bathing pools and purring love streams fringed with blue bells and forget-me-nots, its green moss beds whereon a lovely woman might stretch her lovely limbs, sigh and drink deep draughts of life, offered a suggestive retreat from the dusty overcrowded thoroughfares of the city, with its harrowing social problems. *Mary Hamilton,* we are told, tired of the social whirl, bought a gypsy caravan and betook herself to the woods and the simple life. The woods happened to belong to the estate of an eligible country squire, who came to evict the intruder and, of course, stayed to woo. The romantic theme and sylvan setting, worthy each of a Maurice Hewlett, gave Miss Maxine Elliott excellent opportunities for the display of those rich abundant charms of person that are at once her glory and our dismay. The vein was comedy, and a good deal of merriment incidental to the simple life, as seen at a contrary angle, was provided. The acting was excellent, Mr. Eric Maturin and Miss Mary Jerrold, both of the English stage, especially distinguishing themselves.

Miss Vina Stowe,
in "Twenty Days in the Shade"

"Myself—Bettina," a new play by Rachael Crothers, in which Miss Elliott appeared later, proved a better dramatic vehicle and furnishes this actress with one of the most interesting rôles in which we have seen her.

With an apparently unerring instinct for the public taste, fickle and varying as that taste has proved itself to be, Mr. Belasco has in "A Grand Army Man" and in "The Warrens of Virginia" provided two of the season's popular successes.

"A Grand Army Man" is a study in one of those endearing human characters with whose delineation we have come to identify Mr. David Warfield's art. No actor on the stage at this moment touches certain springs of human emotion more surely and delicately than does Mr. Warfield, and his portraits are always as near to life as Art can ever be to nature. His Army Veteran lacks the delicacy either of drawing or humor of his famous Music Master, but its fibre is tougher, with more variety in the characterization and more opportunity for serious dramatic expression. The play tells the story of the devotion of a doting parent for a child he has adopted. This child was a war baby, son of a dead comrade and former sweetheart. At the time of the play he has been innocently led into speculating with the Army Post funds, and the efforts of

the foster parent to save him from disgrace provide the drama. The skill of the most resourceful of stage managers is seen everywhere, and the cast is selected with minutest care. Mr. Reuben Fax, a Canadian actor, has a leading part and plays it admirably. He is always a thorough, convincing artist, and is adding to his artistic stature every season.

"The Warrens of Virginia" is a romance of the Civil War, in which patriotic duties are placed in direct conflict with the private loyalties of life. The battleground of both the war and the romance is an old Virginia homestead, and the principal combatants are the father, General Warren, his daughter, a famous beauty, of course, and a lieutenant in the Northern Army. Perhaps the real spiritual tragedy of war lies in this subordination of all our finer scruples to those grosser ethical standards which the temporary lapse into barbarism involves. Treachery, the betrayal of friend, love and kin, are all grimly exposed here against a background of trust and open-hearted chivalry. Mr. Frank Keenan is admirable as the chivalrous southern general, while Miss Charlotte Walker, always tender and charming, realizes the Virginia belle to our entire satisfaction.

Mme. Bertha Kalich,
in "Martha of the Lowlands"

In "The Worth of a Woman," Mr. David Graham Phillips' first adventure in drama, the tables are more or less successfully turned on some deep-rooted sex conventions. The heroine, a high-minded, out-of-door product of the West, not altogether convincingly drawn perhaps, has loved to the uttermost with usual consequences. Unlike her sisters in literature and life, however, she refuses to see herself as a "victim" and resents as patronizing the plea of a weaker sex. She has drunk the cup of life gladly and willingly for its own sake, as a full partner, and claims equality in the act before God and man. She refuses on the same ground to marry the man who has deceived her on learning that he is actuated by a chivalrous impulse instead of love. Family pressure, including the plea of a tender old father she adores, time-honored precepts, the familiar bogey of duty, all are brought to bear on her stubborn soul, in vain. She is fighting for an

ethical truth, and fighting for it bravely and alone against the tremendous odds that family, love and duty can rally. Even little posterity has a brief filed in its behalf.

Thanks to the author, however, this girl wins out, wins her friends to her viewpoint, and wins the love of the lover who has come round to a realization of the worth of this woman. This outcome may not be altogether convincing, but Mr. Phillips has succeeded in providing a happy *dénouement* without too apparent a contradiction of his ethical basis. He has, moreover, projected a bold theory with considerable boldness, and had his dramaturgic skill been equal to his courage the result might have been startling. The novelist has not quite mastered his new medium, however, and makes the mistake of over-writing. The result is that his central idea works its way out only with considerable difficulty. Once the action is under way, however, he develops his situation with commendable skill. Miss Katherine Grey, an intelligent and growing actress, played the leading part and did much to make certain scenes dramatically and emotionally effective. Whatever its faults, the play leads one to think, and that at least is something to be thankful for.

Miss Adeline Genee,
the famous London dancer

The most successful serious offerings of the mid-season were "Irene Wycherley," by Anthony P. Wharton, with Miss Viola Allen in the title rôle, and "Paid in Full," by Eugene Walter, a new and promising dramatist in the field.

"Irene Wycherley" was in some respects the best written and best acted play of the season. One great merit lay in the unique manner in which it projected the old story of the dissipated, worthless husband and the devoted, long-suffering wife, who, as the play opens, are living in separation, as a result of the husband's brutality. The wife is incidentally enjoying a purely platonic friendship with an agreeable third party. The medium for the development of this situation is a highly unsophisticated young woman, a suburban relative whose density to the significance of the facts furnishes some moments of highly diverting comedy. The entire first act is a model of adroitness in handling both character and incident and making our understanding of the whole situation complete. A telegram to the effect that the husband has met with a serious accident, coming on the heels of an unplatonic demonstration on the part of the friend, starts the wife homeward. There, as soon

as the husband has sufficiently recovered, the bestial scenes from which she had fled are renewed. Cruel, stinging, filthy reproaches, followed by still more cruel amorous attentions, make up the unhappy domestic picture. The dutiful wife hangs on bravely, or weakly, according to your viewpoint, until a kind fate snaps the cruel bond forever. This *dénouement* would seem at first sight to avoid the main question, but on the other hand it may be merely the last touch of the cynic. For Mr. Wharton is clearly a cynical person who views life broadly and satirically. The incomprehensible martyrdom of the wife could never be seriously proferred by a modern writer as a view of human responsibility.

To this dutiful, devoted, long-suffering wife, Miss Allen contributed of the abundance of her own womanly charm. In the lighter scenes she was not altogether happy, perhaps, but the deeper notes of her martyrdom, the commingling of pity and revulsion for the bestial husband were admirably suggested. Miss Nellie Thorne, a clever young English actress, played a dashing rôle with splendid color and buoyant charm, doing much to relieve the sombreness of the domestic picture. The cast was a quite notable one throughout.

"Paid in Full" is a play of serious contemporary interest—too contemporary, perhaps, for complete enjoyment, for only in perspective, in the charm of distance, can the actual rise above the commonplace. The quality of the piece, moreover, is not uniform, although one act is so entirely good that it goes far to redeem the faults of the others and make a play. The story tells of a steamship clerk, who, hitherto honest, has become "sore" over his non-advancement, and begins to steal from his employer, a hard old sea dog, and vessel-owner. From their modest Harlem flat in which we first find them, the young clerk and his unsuspecting wife move into a semi-fashionable apartment hotel to enjoy for a brief span their first taste of gay life. Of course it doesn't last, the peculations are discovered and the young cad, blaming his plucky wife for his downfall, begs her to go to the old sea captain and barter for clemency. Fortunately, the captain has always admired the young wife, and that admiration he resolves to put to the test when she comes to his rooms to plead for the culprit. She stands the test so well that she returns to her husband with his pardon in writing and her own honor untouched. The husband's joy is soon followed by a jealous suspicion of the price she has paid, and in a scene of violent recrimination she quits him. It is the third act, the scene in the captain's room, that is so entirely good and makes the play the popular success that it is. Mr. Frank Sheridan as the bullying old captain is delightfully humorous and as refreshing as a sou'-wester. Miss Albertson plays the young wife sympathetically and in a key of commendable naturalness.

Mr. Walter's second venture, "The Wolf," although falling considerably short of the promise of his first, will have an interest for Canadians from the fact that its story purports to be drawn from the Hudson Bay country. The wolf in question is an American surveying engineer, and the victim, a pretty, flaxen-haired girl whom a kirk-ridden old father has condemned to these wilds—"lest the mither's curse be upon her." The mother, it appears—who was also flaxen-haired and a Swede—was "a wanton who lured men to destruction"; and for her unfaithfulness to him the father is visiting his wrath on the daughter, hating her with all the hatred of the pious devil-worshipping Calvinist that he is. Charity would even hint that she can be no kin of his. But

this is by the way. Besides this wolf, chance also sends to her desolate cabin the good *Jules Beaubien*, a young French-Canadian, who kills the prowler and carries the girl off to happiness and safety; to something better than the long winter nights and the cold grey eyes of the pitiless father, who can only curse her yellow hair and black heart.

The best drawn character is *MacTavish*, the bigoted Scotch Presbyterian of the old school, whose type will still be recognized even in this year of grace. This part is enacted by Thomas Findlay. Miss Ida Conquest and William Courtenay are the other principal members of a quite competent cast.

Another play recently produced, "The Royal Mounted," by C. B. and W. C. de Mille, is drawn from Canadian frontier life, its incidents having to do with the work of the Northwest Mounted Police. A murder has been committed on one of the back trails, and *Lieutenant O'Byrne* of the Mounted is detailed to run it down. "There are four stages to a murder in the Northwest," we are told. "First there's the murder, then there's the Mounted, then there's a hanging, and then there's peace." The murderer happens to be the brother of the girl *O'Byrne* loves. It also develops that the murder was done to save her honor and, at the risk of court martial, the prisoner is allowed to escape. However, a loophole for *O'Byrne* is found later in the fact that the slain man was a notorious outlaw, on whose head the Government had fixed a price. Consequently the killing was not a crime, legally or morally.

The visit of Mme. Komisarzhevsky, the famous Russian actress, not only "varied the monotony of the commonplace," but proved one of the artistic events of the season, as unfortunately, also, one of the most disastrous. The favorite of St. Petersburg and the Czar proved herself an actress of considerable breadth and a matured artist. Her acting methods are quiet and she reaches her emotional effects with apparent ease and reserve. In the passionate scene of "The Fires of St. John," for instance, usually played in wild crescendos, she allowed the scene to end in a hush of tense suppressed excitement. The effect was almost terrific. But it was in the difficult Tarantella scene of "The Doll's House," never before quite realized, even by Nazimova, that her skill was so unmistakably shown. In the dance her body remains almost rigid, but she dances as if on a volcano, her wild eyes and terror-stricken lips alone expressing the underlying tragedy of that moment.

Our last word is left for Mlle. Adeline Genee, the famous London dancer, who appeared in America, for the first time, this season. A ball of thistledown dancing in the wind, is the rapturous comment of the critics, but even this rapture does not do justice to the ethereal loveliness, the grace, or the fairy, feathery lightness of this great dancer's art. Poets have tried to put it into song and painters have tried to put on canvas the delicate sensuous loveliness of her ever-changing movements. But art like this cannot be interpreted in the terms of any other art. It eludes one like the shadow it is. As well try to capture the sunbeam that mocks you in the dew drop as the sunbeam that mocks you in this vibratile little figure, this ball of green and white sea foam, with its roguish face all dimples and smiles.

The season, now waning, has given us a few things that call for gratitude—"The Master Builder," "Rosmersholm" and Mr. Kennedy's great play, "The Servant in the House." But the happiest note of the season is Genee.

THE LITERATURE OF WAR

BY WILLIAM J. PITTS

A survey and appreciation of the eloquent chronicles of the struggles of the nations throughout the dead centuries

THE magnitude of this subject at first appalled us, and would have obliged us to leave it untouched, were it not for an acknowledged fascination of treating great things in a succinct and popular way.

Peace Conferences are apparently premature, the scriptural age of International Harmony has evidently not yet arrived, and be the game barbarous or mad, as Swift alleges, the world still delights to play it with unabated fierceness. Not only does the world delight to play it, but also to read about it, to feverishly peruse the newspaper account of some unimportant contemporary struggle, to fire the imagination and quicken the pulse by reviving the memories of old struggles carefully preserved between book covers.

The Literature of War is more ancient, though probably not as interesting as that of Love. For antiquity did not clearly recognize the value of the latter in literature, probably for the very reason that sanguinary violence was generally the end of Grecian or Roman love affairs. Homer's Iliad subordinates the romantic abduction of the beautiful Helen, to the tremendous struggle for martial supremacy before the gates of Troy. In the Old Testament, the Book of Joshua is an immortal record of the battles of the early Jews to the exclusion of almost everything else. As the world grew older, however, man grew softer in disposition. The gentle influence of woman began to shine with a silver-like lustre through history. Heroines became as indispensable as heroes, and the world was the better for it. Literature had become more valuable by its elevation of the passion of love to a prominent place, but it had not become less interesting because the old fighting element still fiercely vibrated through it.

In fact there sprang into existence a special Literature of War as war. Not a mere chronicling of the petty jealousies and hates of individuals but a vast panorama of sieges, camps and rough-tilled battlefields. The art of the military historian became a dignified profession when Thucydides wrote of Leonidas and his Three Hundred. Nor is the military man in letters extinct to-day. Publishing houses in America and Europe still send forth to an eagerly-expectant public twelfth editions of graphic records of struggles that have taken place during the past half-century. The volumes that have been written on the American Civil War, alone, are apparently innumerable. But to return to the past.

Roman Literature is essentially a literature of war as Greece is one of philosophy. Livy, Tacitus and Caesar, how those ancients inspire the reader and uphold the dignity of history even in this twentieth century! Livy was the Macaulay of Ancient Rome. Like the author of the History

of England and Edinburgh Review Essays, he was not one of those "dispassionate" historians, so frequently and laudably quoted by university lecturers, but a most passionate chronicler of epochs and painter of statemakers. His work can indeed scarcely be called history at all, although it is certainly literature of a very high order. Tacitus could write more vigorously than Livy, though less eloquently, and was a historian as well as a *litterateur*. No other book can convey to the mind such a clear truthful picture of Germany, "the mother of nations," waking from the sleep of centuries and tossing back with barbarian strength her Latin invaders, than does the Germanias. Who reads Caesar nowadays? The high school pupil painfully stumbles through the Gallic war with a detestation for the task similar to that which Byron had for Horace. Yet Caesar's Commentaries were at one time one of the most valued books of many of Britain's most brilliant officers. Wellington poured over them by the flickering light of Spanish bivouacs, as also did Napier, himself probably the greatest historian of modern times, at least such is the opinion of many who have read the "Peninsular War."

Livy, Tacitus, Caesar! Three great names to speak about. All were Romans to the core, the latter the ancient rival to the military glory of Bonaparte; the only and greatest "war-correspondent" of antiquity.

It would be rash to state, however, that Rome in ancient times was exclusively the home of the military historian. The Jews have been a fighting race from the days of Abraham, and though much of their courage seems to have ebbed away before the domination of the Nazarene, they were nevertheless the most terrible opponents that encountered the Roman legions in the dark centuries just before the birth of the World's Redeemer. It is not necessary to read Josephus to learn this. The Hebrew scriptures alone bear eloquent testimony of Isreal's fighting strength:

"And the ambush arose quickly out of their place, and they ran as soon as he had stretched out his hand, and they entered into the city, and took it, and hasted and set the city on fire."

So speaks the Book of Joshua more succinctly than does the finest chapter of Caesar, more graphically than does the finest pages of Livy.

The Middle ages of our era produced a great crop of "chroniclers," who for the most part lacked the stately diction and comparative accuracy of the ancient historian and the rhetorical brilliancy coupled with a wonderful impartiality of the modern. Frossiart alone deserves a passing notice. This Anglicized Frenchman possessed not only a keen imagination but an inventive one, to which was added a passion for detail that is marvellous in a fourteenth century writer. His description of the fighting men of the day, their child-like differences which so oft begot brutal struggles, of the mace-to-lance *mêlées* of Northern chivalry, are not vivid but historically valuable, in spite of colorings introduced to please knightly patrons.

Why is it that these "chronicles" are so undisguisedly distorted, so frequently false to the time they treat? The reason is not far to seek. The ancient war historian was usually the commander of the forces he wrote about, or of such greatness in the government of the state, that he could recount even the most alarming facts with impunity. The condition has been much the same in modern times. The liberty of the press is inviolate, and the law of libel is more broadly interpreted each succeeding year. The war historian is so much more a journalist than a *litterateur* that this defence amply hedges him in on all sides. In the middle ages things were vastly different. At that period the status of the military chronicler was frequently better than that of the court jester. The single great excep-

tion is that of Philippe de Comines, a French nobleman and scholar, whose writings exhibit a calm impartiality and sound judgment which Caesar or Tacitus might have envied. The majority of the writers of the period, however, were serfs of blue-blooded patrons, whose punishment for "libel" was oftentimes the dungeon or gibbit. The revival of the Drama, during the Elizabethan age, opened a new avenue for the chronicler of sieges and forays. "Henry the Fifth" is Shakespeare's greatest war play, if not the greatest play of the kind produced in any age or language. In it the fighting spirit is almost Homeric. In one respect, indeed, it is a nobler work than either the Iliad or the Odessy. The figure of England's warrior king is far different from some of the Greek's diabolically brutal creations.

"O God of battles steal my soldier's hearts," prays Henry, showing the manly religiousness that underlay his martial character. Shakespeare, however, does not rest with the creating of the king. He brings in vividly the common soldier of the period, who while not fighting the foe is brawling with his comrades. Pistol is certainly not a very heroic figure, but a most natural one.

From the fifteenth century to the nineteenth is undoubtedly a long step, though a justifiable one. For in that long interval of time, it is questionable whether any real great work appeared that was either specifically military or poetically so, as in the case of "Henry the Fifth." The nineteenth century, however, was the Golden Age of the military historian, beginning with the greatest name of them all, William Patrick Napier. Indeed Napier's "Peninsular War" is in some respects the greatest work of its kind in existence. Like Caesar, Napier had the advantage of participating in the struggle he afterwards so eloquently described; but he possessed many advantages over the Roman that makes the truly great contemporaries lack interest and vigor in comparison with the British officer's work. Caesar's work is evidently but a soldier's diary, although the best of its kind that the world possesses. Nor could he do justice to a struggle in which he, himself, was the principal. His modesty was sincere, but even had he been the most bombastic of commanders it is doubtful whether he possessed the rugged eloquence of the famous Irishman, who could intersperse between dry military details such brilliant passages as this:

"Nothing could stop that astonishing infantry. No sudden burst of undisciplined valor, no nervous enthusiasm weakened the stability of their order, their flashing eyes were bent on the dark columns in their front, their measured tread shook the ground, their dreadful volleys swept away the head of every formation, their deafening shouts overpowered the dissonant cries that broke from all parts of the tumultuous crews, as slowly and with a horrid carnage it was pushed by the incessant vigor of the attack to the farthest edge of the hill. In vain did the French reserves mix with the struggling multitude to sustain the fight; their efforts only increased the irretrievable confusion, and the mighty mass breaking off like a loosened cliff went headlong down the steep; the rain flowed after in streams discolored with blood and eighteen hundred unwounded men, the remnant of six thousand British soldiers stood triumphant on that fatal hill!"

A funeral volley was never fired over the grave of a better officer or truer man than William Patrick Napier, brother of the conqueror of Scinde. A sturdy old Tory to the last, he lashed out at his opponents with the vehemence so characteristic of that English party. He was "always in hot water;" either championing the cause of his brother Charles or defending Marshal Soult hardly less vigorously from the onset of a great English newspaper. He wrote his great "History" at a moment which was from every standpoint the correct one. Himself an admirer of French valor as well as British determinedness and courage, he was aided

immeasurably by the lapse of time between the events which he narrated and the publication of his work. Nelson's adage "Hate a Frenchman as you would the devil!" had already lost the most of its force, and it was now not difficult to give the enemy justice in the public eye. "He was the peer of the great military historians of antiquity, Thucydides, Caesar etc.," declares the Encyclopaedia Britannica. He may have been, and is according to many judgments unquestionably their superior.

The nineteenth century saw the birth and evolution of the war correspondent, the first and greatest of whom was probably William Howard Russell. It is doubtful whether the Charge of the Light Brigade is best remembered by Tennyson's spirited Ode or Russell's graphic prose picture. Russell, however, was but the pioneer of a famous army of battle-recorders whose names would fill pages. Amongst them may be mentioned Archibald Forbes, the hero of Plevna and Sedan; Stephen Crane, who wrote that remarkable book "The Red Badge of Courage"; Bennett Burleigh, and G. W. Stevens, the hero of Ladysmith. All that the war-correspondent contributes to literature is necessarily surcharged with realism. It is specifically military above even the war history or war novel. The great reading public, of course, would not tolerate anything else save an exact portrayal of the scene at the front for the explicit reason that they are also the great taxpaying public. Realism in war, however, is capable of being expressed with a vigorous eloquence. The late G. W. Stevens' description of the entry of the Rifles into Ladysmith may be taken as a powerful example, and it is doubtful whether such clear, incisive English was ever penned by a man before in like circumstances. Stevens himself was fighting a grim battle with the germs of enteric fever, even as he wrote his famous account, and no many days elapsed before he lay a blanched corpse within that shell-swept town.

It is a generally accepted truth that the best word pictures of wars and fights have been given to us by eye-witnesses. But there are a few exceptions which instead of proving the rule seem to weaken its application. "The Red Badge of Courage" was written by a man who was born many years after the great American Civil War, but whom Providence had endowed with an imagination that is not often the gift of man. It is a remarkable book not only from a purely military standpoint but from the psychological point of view. Men had long written of the hero who charges sword in hand even to the cannon's mouth. Crane swerved boldly from this policy and painted with brilliant, though painful strokes the shrinking, conscience-stricken craven—, not at all a heroic figure, but certainly a more common one. You can almost hear the whirr and snap of the shrapnel, the mingled prayers and oaths of a frenzied firing line, as the maddened foe creeps nearer and nearer, the rasping click of their bayonets sounding a death-knell to the ears of the raw recruit. It is a powerful picture though a most inglorious one. Nothing is said of "Lieutenant Smith carrying the colors into the thick of the fight," or of "Captain Jones leading a forlorn hope against the battery." It is war in all its terrible realism, unrelieved by a touch of the picturesque heroism of the earlier chroniclers.

There are other books worthy of note. As we have stated, however, this is a large subject, one can but touch the fringe of it. Fortunate is the man who possesses the leisure to cross the border of war-novels and newspaper-reports and delve into the rich mine of history from Thucydides to Napier, treating of the game which the world is still mad enough to play.

Bega.

From the clouded belfry calling
Hear my soft ascending swells,
Hear my notes like swallows falling:
I am Bega, least of bells.
When great Turkeful rolls and rings
All the storm-touched turret swings,
Echoing battle, loud and long.
When great Tatwin wakening roars
To the far-off shining shores.
All the seamen know his song.
I am Bega, least of bells;
In my throat my message swells.
I with all the winds athrill
Murmuring softly, murmuring still,
"God around me, God above me,
God to guard me, God to love me."

I am Bega, least of bells;
Weaving wonder, wind-born spells.
High above the morning mist,
Wreathed in rose and amethyst,
Still the dreams of music float
Silver from my silver throat,
Whispering beauty, whispering peace.
Wheat great Tatwin's golden voice
Bids the listening land rejoice,
When great Turkeful rings and rolls
Thunder down to trembling souls,
Then my notes like curlews flying
Sinking, falling, lifting, sighing,
Softly answer, softly cease.
I with all the airs at play,
Murmuring softly, murmuring say,
"God around me, God above me,
God to guard me, God to love me."

—By Marjorie L. C. Pickthall in *Youth's Companion.*

An Impressive Scene.

WE in the East are sometimes indifferent to the matter of flag display in connection with our schools. We have been inclined to consider such unfurling rather crude and unnecessary. Patriotism, we were assured, is not a matter to be talked about or exploited, but a quality to be taken as a matter of course. We are rather critical of the United States' lavish display of the Stars and Stripes and are even foolish enough to allow the festive Pittsburg citizen to fly the flag of his noble Republic on Canadian lakes and islands. But we have come to a realization of the newness of our country, of the necessity for impressing on the immigrants coming into the Dominion the nature of our laws and civilization, and to the Daughters of the Empire is due much of the credit of our awakening. The flag is merely a symbol, but, as long as we require symbols in matters of religious belief, we surely may find them of value in national feeling also.

In connection with the presentation of a Union Jack to the Alexander Taylor School in Edmonton, "Peggy," one of the ablest women writers in the West, gives an animated description of the scene. "Before us (the presentation took place without doors) marched three hundred and fifty children, two by two, in a long impressive file; hand clasped in hand, and garbed in such a

variety of outfits as might have been the product of every country under heaven. I saw a child in a black velvet gold-embroidered fez cap; I saw another in his father's old fedora; one little girl might have been dressed for the ballet and wore a brass chain belt. There was a stolid little German boy, and right behind him a lad of colour. I couldn't take my eyes off them. Before us marched Canada West, an Empire composed of many nations, who are destined to make this vast and practically untilled country a garden that would literally blossom like the rose."

The flag was presented by the Westwart Ho Chapter of Daughters of the Empire, and the speaker of the occasion was Colonel Belcher, whose address was given in the direct and hearty fashion of a military man. Mr. Taylor is a Westerner who has given much attention to the school system of Alberta, and the school is well-named in his honor. The description of the school building reads like a modern lecture hall and athletic club combined and shows that Edmonton will have none but the best. Next to the homes of the country, the schools are our most important institutions, and the West is showing the East how to equip and "flag" the buildings where Young Canada will obtain its early ideas of what citizenship means. The small Russians who come from provinces where government means nothing but tyranny are lucky children when they emigrate to find themselves within the walls of a Canadian school-house.

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When Woman is Scolded.

THE grave and dignified *Atlantic Monthly* has lately published two heart-searching article by Mrs. Anna Rogers, "Why American Marriages Fail" and "Why American Mothers Fail," which are more scathing in nature than any social criticisms on America published in English journals. The journals and novels of the United States have for so many years been foolish and hysterical in their laudation of their womankind that a change of sentiment was inevitable. It was quite impossible for any woman to possess half the qualities which were attributed to the "American" heroine. Now a few writers on social topics are in danger of swinging to the other extreme and condemning the women of this continent for the faults of a noisy group who are more conspicuous than their home-keeping sisters. It is true that too many women are living in hotels and allowing their small children to devour devilled crabs and pink ice cream. It is also true that too many women have little regard for the sacredness of the marriage tie and rush to the divorce courts, in order that they may form another "alliance." But there are hundreds of thousands of noble wives and mothers on this North American Continent to whom home ties are sacred, and who are the greatest nation-builders in our civilization. American mothers have not failed, nor are they likely to fail. But the flattery of American women has been ultra-loud, and the adverse criticism, now that it has come, has the corresponding fault of over-emphasis. It is just as well for an occasional admonition to find its way into publications which are usually filled with lavish adulation.

* * *

A Great Convention.

THE quinquennial of the International Council of Women is to be held at Toronto next year in the University buildings. This will probably be the greatest gathering of women ever assembled in a city which is noted for its conventions and, no doubt, the citizens will prove equal to the occasion in the matter of interest and hospitality. The Countess of Aberdeen, by her enthusiastic support of the movement, did a great

deal towards establishing the National Council of Women in Canada, and still takes a deep concern in its progress in this country. There will be intelligent and capable women from all quarters of the globe in Toronto next year, and Canadians will be benefited by coming into contact with feminine representatives of all countries and continents. But it is especially desirable that the women from Australia and New Zealand and other British colonies should be made welcome and encouraged to become acquainted with Canadian homes and conditions. We know too little about the British countries in the Pacific, and this convention will afford the best opportunity for becoming acquainted with those who are nearer to Canadians than either the delegates from the British Isles or those from the United States.

* * *

The City Beautiful.

A CANADIAN woman who has been away for two years from her native land was recently expressing her pleasure at returning to "what's the best country — after all." The last qualifying phrase meant climate (such an April as we have had) and other things. The returned Daughter of the Dominion was led to speak of the interest taken by the women of many United States cities in such matters as street-cleaning and a decent milk supply.

"Really, I'm ashamed of our Canadian streets. Toronto is better than many cities in that respect, but it needs further improvement, while Montreal is a disgrace to any country calling itself civilized. American women wouldn't endure such a state of things for a month. In the spring season the streets of Montreal are about the worst on the continent, I should say. They don't seem to care what the place looks like. Then, look at Toronto's water-front. It is no wonder that the United States visitor who came over in the interests of civic aesthetics was disgusted with the scene along the bay. What is the city thinking of to allow the harbor to be made so hideous? And why are the ruins of the fire of 1904 allowed to make Front street a scene of desolation?" Here I murmured something about the railways, but the returned patriot sniffed scornfully.

"Railways! I suppose they own Toronto City Council and the Government. And I'd like to know," she continued with increasing wrath, "what the Montreal aldermen do with the money for street-cleaning. But I suppose all these things are too mysterious and deep for any mere woman to know. We are always talking as if the cities of the States were cursed with graft, but I could show you some cities over there which would never dream of allowing the filth of Montreal and some quarters of other Canadian cities. I believe that most Canadian women are good housekeepers, but the men in the councils need a few lessons in keeping the cities and towns. So far, Canada has not developed proper civic pride."

"Edmonton, at any rate, is beginning right," I ventured to remark.

"It's a pity that the beauty idea did not occur to some of the Toronto city fathers about a hundred years ago. It is too late to widen Yonge street, but it is not too late to have more park territory."

It is all too true that we Canadian women have not taken enough interest in the beautifying of our towns and cities, but there is a whole century ahead in which we may reform.

* * *

Is Co-Education A Failure?

THE co-educational system has received a blow in the report of President Frederick W. Hamilton of Tuft's College, Boston. President Hamilton declares that the segrega-

tion of the men and women of the college is the only thing that can save the department of liberal arts, and he predicts that every institution in New England where the co-educational system is now to be found will eventually be devoted to girls alone. "The average young man,' he asserts, "will not go to a co-educational institution. He is not comfortable with women in the class-room."

A United States editor of decidedly broad views is of the opinion that co-education has not done any of the things that were promised for it, while it has done a great many other things with which we would willingly dispense. Assuredly, during the last five years we have heard many such complaints from those who can speak with authority. University professors in Canada would rejoice if women were swept out of their classes to-morrow. There is much discussion of the matter, both public and private. But, as may have been said before, it becomes a question of dollars and cents. When we are rich enough to have a separate and well-equipped University, our girls will have the best opportunity for "higher education." Until then, those who desire to attend university classes must be content to go where they are emphatically not wanted.

* * *

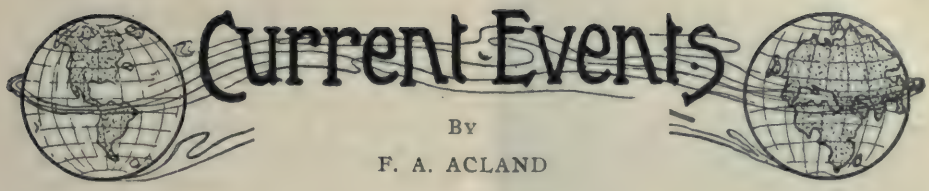
The Wizardry of Work.

IT was a wise man who made a remark to the effect that genius is an infinite capacity for taking pains. When we are very young we talk enviously about the luck of some people, but as we grow older and begin to watch anxiously for hairs of a dull drab color, it comes to us that work has a great deal to do with achievement which is worth while. No one denies that "time and chance happeneth to them all," but the joy of working is, after all, the most satisfactory delight known to humanity.

A famous singer, referring recently to the number of aspiring young artists who write to her for advice, said plaintively: "It is so hard to convince these girls who wish to go on the stage or become operatic stars that tremendous toil is the price to be paid for real advancement. They have the idea that there is some magic pull or twist which will bring them fame." The gift of song or color must be bestowed, and in spite of all talk of heredity and avatism no one can account for its coming. But cultivation must be added unto what Addison called "natural parts" or they do not come to the finest flowering. There has been some confusion of work with drudgery, from which it differs in spirit and intent. The drudge is dull and unintelligent; the workman puts his brains into his craft and does not spend his strength on what is unessential. Every labor-saving device has been followed by the cry that the new conditions will mean an increase in the army of the unemployed. But what have we seen? There may have been a short period of confusion, but there have ultimately arisen new demands which call for as many workmen as in the old laborious days. Properly-directed energy is a happiness to the exerciser.

Of the two extremes, those who have too much work and those who have not enough, perhaps the latter may deserve the larger share of pity. The man with the hoe is not a pleasant object for contemplation, but he is not so repulsive as the lazy and degenerate young millionaire, for whose idle hands Satan invariably finds mischief in overflowing quantity.

Jean Graham.



By

F. A. ACLAND

THAT is a somewhat discomforting doctrine which is enunciated by Mr. Kipling in the last of his "Letters to the Family"—that the only serious enemy to the Empire is democracy, since whether the Empire continues or not, it seems tolerably certain, at least, that democracy is here to stay, and the Empire and democracy must get along together, or—the Empire must pass away. The question is too wide and deep to be discussed here, but from the general tenor of Mr. Kipling's remarks it is clear that the particular phase of democracy that prompts his uncheerful conclusion is that which confronts him in England to-day. Mr. Kipling gives us a most doleful and depressing picture of present conditions in England, which he represents as reeking with socialism and all the evils; then urges that Canada, being "weak for want of men," should bleed her (England) into health and sanity, "by drawing upon her population." It is difficult, however, to see how this process is to produce a result that can be considered satisfactory by those who share Mr. Kipling's views. Canada does not want the emigrants who are "rotten with socialism," as Mr. Kipling put it in an earlier letter, and on the other hand, if we take the kind of folk that he tells us "still exist by the million in England," and of whom he says that "if these people could quietly be shown a quiet way out of it all, very many of them would call in their savings (they are richer than they look) and slip quietly away," what is to become of England, thus further exhausted of its stock of virtue and given over to those evil elements that are wanted nowhere?

* * *

Let us hope, however, the situation is not quite so desperate as Mr. Kipling represents. It is very true that if the heart of the Empire be unsound, the Empire itself can not last, nor should we wish it to last, but the remedy would appear rather to lie in making the heart sound and healthy than in strengthening the extremities. But we know perfectly well that Mr. Kipling, who thus condemns and decries England to the world at large, does not really believe his country to be in as bad a state as his poetic but gloomy fancy paints her and would not allow a foreign pen to write such words unchallenged. Even his faith in democracy will doubtless return once there is a Conservative Government again in power at Westminster, for the fact can not be concealed that Mr. Kipling is a most intense partisan, and in his desire to cast opprobrium upon a government he dislikes has adopted the methods of less notable politicians and besmirched somewhat the fair fame of his country.

* * *

Mr. Kipling, like many more pronounced Imperialists, will no doubt

THE RT. HON. H. H. ASQUITH,
THE NEW BRITISH PREMIER

consider the reconstructed British Government somewhat of an improvement in matters of Imperial policy on the Campbell-Bannerman Administration. Mr. Asquith, at least, was never known as a "Little Englander," as was his predecessor, but was rather an avowed upholder of the Rosebery or Liberal-Imperialist wing of Liberalism. Mr. Asquith remains probably true to his old convictions, and yet his promotion of Mr. Lloyd-George must have pleased and must have been intended to please the extreme section of the party. During the war in South Africa there was no member of the party who was more outspoken in his condemnation of what was known as Chamberlainism than the fiery Celt who has been made Chancellor of the Exchequer. Mr. Lloyd-George's pluck has commanded the respect of all parties, however bitterly his views may have been opposed. As. Mr. Asquith's lieutenant he will have ample opportunity to display this quality. One sees frequently the suggestion that the appointment of Mr. Lloyd-George to the Exchequer gives him the succession to the Premiership. Apart, however, from the fact that Mr. Asquith is only fifty-six years of age, and that the succession under such circumstances is of little value, it does not follow that Mr. Lloyd-George's peculiar qualities would fit him in any way for leadership. Pluck and fighting ability are excellent in their way, but, unless allied to an immense personal ascendancy, as in the case of Palmerston or Gladstone, do not fit for command in a deliberative assembly. These were the qualities that made impossible as leaders of the House such brilliant men as Lord Randolph Churchill and Sir William Harcourt, and allowed the palm to pass to such comparatively second-rate men as Sir Stafford Northcote, Mr. W. H. Smith and Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman himself, whose methods were passive and easy-going rather than aggressive and strenuous.

* * *

It must be remembered, too, that Mr. Lloyd-George's appointment has yet to be justified by results. He will be heir to Mr. Asquith's promise of an old age pension and must find the funds to establish such a scheme; it is a task which may well wreck a career, and possibly a government, and if Mr. Lloyd-George emerges safe and sound from such an ordeal he will have proved himself a statesman and financier of a high order. Meantime, radical as Mr. Lloyd-George is, he has shown himself able to follow the advice of Mr. Chamberlain and "think Imperially"; at least there is every reason to believe that he has given his cordial support to the All Red Line project initiated by Sir Wilfrid Laurier; and with the hands that hold the purse strings upheld in favor of this genuinely Im-

perial project, there should be no longer a doubt of its success. It is rumored, too, that while at the Board of Trade Mr. Lloyd-George actually developed symptoms of Chamberlainism of a more decided type and is at least willing to regard free trade as we have come to regard it in this country, as a matter of expediency, and not a fundamental law of the universe. If there be truth in this rumor, we may see some queer changes yet in British political parties.

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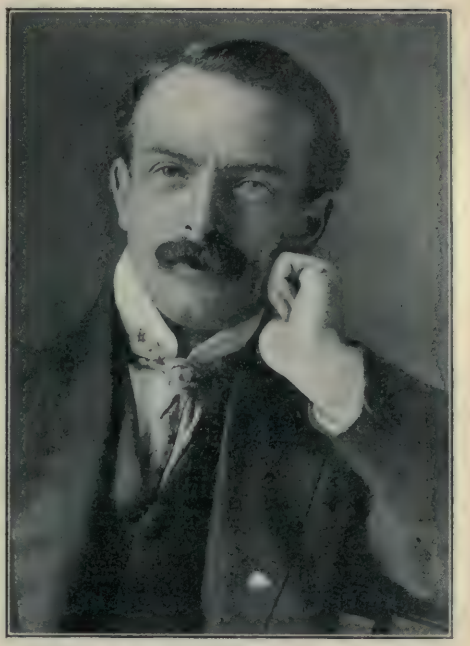
Mr. Winston Churchill is not given quite the prominence in the new Cabinet that had been expected, and this, combined with Mr. Asquith's marked abstention from assisting Mr. Churchill with the customary though somewhat perfunctory letter-from-the-chief during the latter's campaign in Manchester, was taken in some quarters to show that the new Premier did not look with too great favor on the clever and audacious, but uncertain representative of the House of Marlborough. Mr. Churchill's defeat was as sensational as had been his successes. It is not serious to him personally and was quickly remedied by the offer and acceptance of an overwhelmingly Liberal seat in Scotland; but it is a most unpleasant greeting to the new Government, and emphasizes in a marked manner the long line of recent Unionist victories and the reduction of Liberal majorities without exception in cases where the Liberals have held the seat. Old age pensions, license bill, free trade, education bill, singly or unitedly, not only do not hold the electors to the Government, but they appear to have brought the Administration to the brink of ruin.

* * *

A complication of the future will be that arising from Mr. Churchill's pledge of home rule for Ireland. It was more than had been given by



MR. LLOYD-GEORGE, THE NEW BRITISH CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER

any member of the Campbell-Bannerman Administration and more than the new Premier had seen fit to give. Mr. Churchill may have become a convinced home ruler, but there is no doubt the declaration was made with a view to getting the Irish vote in the constituency. It would help many a politician of uncertain conviction if he were able to know precisely what was the effect on the voters of Mr. Churchill's declaration —how many English votes it alienated and how many Irish it attracted. The net result we know—the overwhelming defeat of the brilliant young Minister. What would the result have been had no declaration been made? That is the puzzle for the man who is a politician and nothing more in England to-day. The situation is not, however, encouraging for the home ruler. The question is not an issue for the present Parliament; the Unionists will carry the next election. That puts it aside for ten years, and in these rapid times

few care to provide for a longer period.

* * *

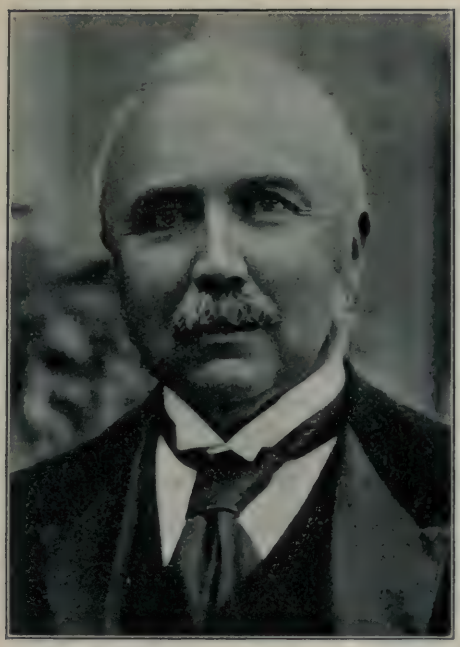
Perhaps the only genuine surprise of the reconstruction was the elevation of Mr. Morley to the Lords. There is something incongruous in the thought of a man who has always been accepted as a leader of democracy suddenly passing into the Peers' chamber just as if he had been a millionaire brewer or manufacturer who had bought his way into the ranks of hereditary titles. But Mr. Morley has a good deal of philosophy in his composition, and will be content to regard the House of Lords purely upon the utilitarian point of view in the present contingency and to look upon it as an expedient for enabling him to remain at the head of a great department of State without being at the same time subjected to the terrible strain of Parliamentary life. Mr. Morley is a man of seventy, and of fragile physique; and the more robust constitution of Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman, a year or two his senior, quickly broke under the double strain. The incident serves to illustrate in a very striking manner one most effective use to which a second chamber may be put, whether we call it a Senate or a House of Lords, though it has, of course, no bearing on the question of the legislative powers that should be entrusted to such a body. Great Britain will not insist on an academic consistency on the part of a statesman whose services are all-important to the Empire. Particularly at the present moment, when unrest and agitation have produced a situation in India that may yet have the gravest results, is it desirable the head of the Indian Office should be able to give his undivided attention to a consideration of the tremendous problems to which the relations of India and England give rise.

* * *

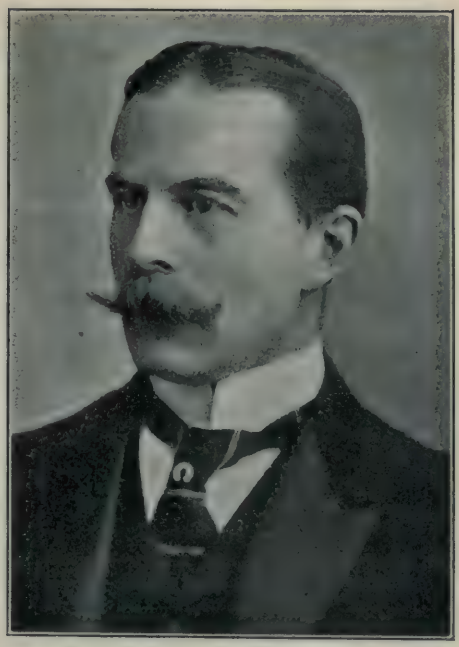
The disappearance of Lord Elgin from the Colonial Office may have been at the noble Earl's own request, or it may not have been; nobody appears to have been concerned in discovering the reason. His successor, the Earl of Crewe, is the son of a brilliant father, but has no great reputation himself for statesmanship. He is younger, however, and more adaptable than Lord Elgin proved himself to be, and may bring out of the Colonial Office a greater reputation than he takes in. It is probably as good an appointment as could have been made under the circumstances, for time has made sad havoc with the ranks of Liberal statesmen with ranks of wide renown, and it is a new generation of Liberal Ministers that comes to the front under the leadership of young men like Lloyd-George and Winston Churchill.

* * *

One of the first occasions, by the way, of the appearance in public in his new capacity of the present Colonial Office was of peculiar interest to Canada, Lord Crewe having on May 15 taken a prominent part in the meeting held at the Mansion House at London to promote the object of the Quebec Battlefields Association. Canadians in England and British statesmen who have had intimate association with Canada, or who are especially concerned in projects making for Imperial sympathy and unity, have taken up the subject in the most cordial manner. The five former Governor-Generals of Canada still living in Great Britain, namely, the Duke of Argyll, the Marquis of Lansdowne, and the Earls of Derby, Aberdeen and Minto, have issued an invitation to the people of Great Britain to participate in the celebration of the tercentenary of the foundation of Quebec, and have made the definite suggestion that England's participation should take the shape of a gift to Canada as a national memorial to Wolfe and



SIR HENRY CAMPBELL-BANNERMAN,
LATE PREMIER OF GREAT BRITAIN



THE EARL OF CREWE, THE NEW SECRETARY
OF STATE FOR THE COLONIES

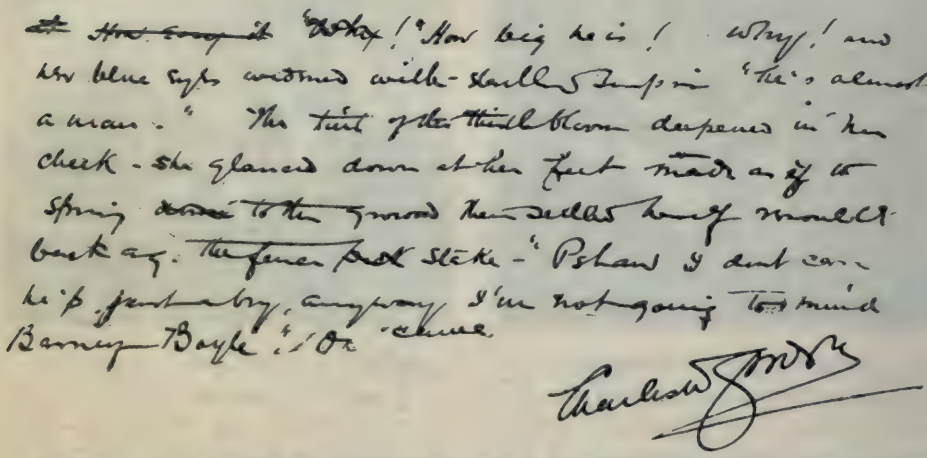
Montcalm, "the two heroes of the two races which make up the Canadian people," and it is urged that "such a gift might appropriately be handed by His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales to the Governor-General of Canada on behalf of Great Britain on the occasion of his visit to Quebec to open the park in July next."

* * *

The appointment of an experienced Canadian journalist in the person of Mr. William Mackenzie to the new position of Secretary of Imperial and Foreign Correspondence is at once a tribute to the press and an illustration of the manner in which Canada is continually putting forth new limbs, as it were, as the need for them develops, and is accustoming herself to the process of gradual transformation into a power within a power which has been working somewhat rapidly of late. The Colonial Conference, the French treaty, the mission to Japan, the negotiations with the United States, the whole question of Oriental immigration, to take some of the more notable and recent illustrations only of the growing diversity and importance of what may be called the diplomatic work of Canada are fresh in the public mind. One may well believe that there are countless matters of a kindred nature of which the public never hears.

As a journalist of great experience and skill, Mr. Mackenzie may be relied upon to bring to his work the industry and versatility characteristic of his calling and to justify the Premier's judgment in his choice of an officer equipped for the position. Few persons entering the civil service have had so thorough a training as he has had.

The WAY of LETTERS



Part of a page of the original draught of "The Doctor," by Ralph Connor, with the autograph of the author, Rev. Dr. Charles W. Gordon, of Winnipeg

THE fascination that the crooked by-paths of life has for some persons is feelingly set forth by Mr. Arthur Stringer in his latest volume, "The Under Groove." The book consists of a series of short stories told in the first person by a clever crook named Gahan. Each story is distinct in itself, but there is a familiar ring to all alike, and some of the characters appear more than once. As entertainers, thrilling, blood-curdling, hair-raising entertainers, they meet the demand on every page, and they are full of intense, dramatic action. The reader scarcely waits to question probabilities or what in less skilful hands might be regarded as absurdities, but presses on, absorbed by the intricacies of plot and counter-plot, a part of the literary craft in which Mr. Stringer is particularly adept. Melodramatic to a high degree, the stories are told in restrained and mostly dignified diction. They all deal with life in the "under grooves" of New York, and the possibilities of wire-tapping are again cleverly utilized. The first story, "The Adventure of the Third Arm," is perhaps the most interesting in this series, because it deals with the problem of dual personality, a problem that has held the attention of psychologists with increasing interest. The pictures that Mr. Stringer draws of New York and of how it impresses the crook, for instance, are picturesquely graphic. Here is one: "So I began to get homesick and peevish for New York. I wanted to sniff the familiar old ferry smell, to hear the rush and gutter of water in the narrowing slips where the piling yields and shudders against the bumping paddle-

boxes, to catch the metallic and familiar tink-a-link of pawl-and-ratchets as the landing-floats lower to crowded deck-ships. I ached for a sight of that old crust-thrower of a town, where its sky-scraper teeth bit up into morning smoke, and it seemed to whisper, with one eye winked, 'Feed me, or I'll feed on you!' I wanted to see it laugh and shake behind its sly old rags. I wanted to hear its eternal whine for more gold, its growls and oaths against the arm of the law. I wanted to get a sniff of the Rialto dust again, of the crowds by day and the lamps by night, of the bustle and stir of Broadway, with its crazy and solemn and tangled and happy-go-lucky bubbling of life. My ears seemed to ache for its street-sounds, its roar of wheels, its clatter of hoofs, its clangour and pulse of bells, its whine of engines, its drone of power, its show of wealth, its rumble and roar of hunger." (New York: The McClure Company. Cloth, $1.50.)

A RECENT PHOTOGRAPH OF MR. ARTHUR STRINGER, AUTHOR OF "THE UNDER GROOVE"

* * *

BLISS CARMAN: ESSAYIST.

It is difficult to associate Bliss Carman the poet, author of "The Pipes of Pan," "The Kinship of Nature," etc., with Bliss Carman, author of "The Making of Personality," which is a treatise on physical culture, character culture and decorum. And yet the association must be made, for "The Making of Personality" is Mr. Carman's latest venture in book form. The volume is composed of a series of essays on topics such as the following: "The Power of Poise," "Personal Vibrancy," "The Value of Impulse," "The Guidance of Reason," "The Use of Out-of-door," "Rhythms of Grace," "The Dominion of Joy," "Modern Heroism," "The Music of Life," "The Art of Walking," "The Might of Manners." The author's conclusions and observations are of more than ordinary interest, and it should be understood that the tone and treatment of the subject is much loftier than that of the commonplace book on physical culture. Mr. Carman takes the stand that culture of the body is of as much importance in the making of personality as culture of the mind. That is to say, that a clean, well-groomed, well-developed, well-trained, properly nourished and well-controlled body adds force and interest to personality. There is a good deal

of truth in that, although many persons would not agree that culture of the body is, apart from bodily considerations, as important as culture of the mind. But the author goes further than that when he says: "In personal culture, that great task which confronts us all, and to which many of us apply ourselves with so much impetuous fervor and persistence, there is one supreme truth to be constantly remembered, the threefold nature of personality, and consequently its threefold perfectability in the different but inseparable realms of spirit, mind and body." Then he goes on to say that art conscientiously applied might have a bad effect on personality, for instance, that no actor could conscientiously act the rôle of Dr. Jekyl and Mr. Hyde without incurring grave responsibilities to himself, and that the rôle of Rosalind, on the other hand, acts as an irresistible nervous tonic. That theory is quite at variance with a common conception of art. Many persons believe that the best actors do not "live the part," and it is said of Edwin Forrest that on one occasion, when almost every woman in the theatre was openly weeping at the pathos of the scene, he whispered to one of the characters in the play: "Get me an umbrella, I'll be drowned." Still, it is in the discussion of points like the foregoing that Mr. Carman's book is interesting. (Boston: L. C. Page & Company. Cloth, $1.50.)

* * *

THE COLOR LINE IN FICTION.

In spite of crudities of style and extravagance of plot, Robert Lee Durham's "The Call of the South" is a story of unusual interest. Its underlying force and tragedy can be appreciated by few Canadian readers—unless they have lived in the Southern States and have felt the sentiment of that region regarding the Black Peril. Most Canadians have little imagination regarding this problem, and accept implicitly such statements as Northern newspapers see fit to make. This novel by Robert Lee Durham sets forth dramatically and pitilessly just what social equality between the Anglo-Saxon and the negro would mean and the conclusion is appalling. The story concerns itself with a period beyond the present, 191—, and is chiefly concerned with the marriage between the daughter of a United States President and a man with negro blood in his veins. The speech of Senator Rutledge, as given in Chapter XVII., is a complete expression of Southern opinion on the social side of the race question. Canadians who are given to sentimentalize on a subject of which they are profoundly ignorant might be instructed, if not entertained, by this remarkable and painful story. (Boston: L. C. Page & Company. Cloth, $1.50.)

* * *

AN ADMIRABLE VALET.

Somehow a person experiences a sense of ingratitude before reaching the concluding chapter of Ronald Legge's recent novel, "The Admirable Davis." The reason of this may not be overly obvious, because the story is one of adventure; because in it there figures an English major of more than ordinary resourcefulness; there is a lovable young woman; there are the usual and unusual obstacles to their marriage, which are eventually removed. The narrative is founded on a desire on the part of the English Government to secretly get a treaty signed by the Sultan of what is called Torto Island, to the effect that England may have the right to use that place as a coaling station. Some of the struggles undergone by those who guard the treaty are worth following, if the reader is concerned about the interests at stake. A time arrives when it is thought advisable to trust a valet with the secret which appertains to the treaty. He finally be-

comes instrumental in carrying the scheme to a successful issue, and due to his efforts the book is indebted for its title. (Toronto: Cassell & Company, Limited. Cloth, $1.50.)

* * *

SONGS OF THE STREET.

The Hunter-Rose Company announce for June a volume of verse by Mr. James P. Haverson, under the title "Sour Sonnets of a Sorehead and Other Songs of the Street." Simultaneously with the Canadian edition, the book will be published in the United States by H. M. Caldwell & Company, Boston. Mr. Haverson's verse is already known to those who read *The Canadian Magazine*, for during the last two years he has been a frequent contributor to its pages. The style of the verse that will appear in the book is different from what has appeared in the magazine, and it will show that this clever young writer has a keen appreciation of the philosophy and humor that abounds in the common walks of mankind. Mr. Fergus Kyle, who is illustrating the book, is one of the most promising of the younger Canadian artists. He displays much individuality. Both he and Mr. Haverson are engaged in journalistic work in Toronto, the former as staff artist for *Saturday Night*, and the latter on the writing staff of *The World*.

* * *

NOTES.

—Mr. W. H. P. Jarvis is the author of a very readable and interesting little book entitled "Trails and Tales in Cobalt." The volume is really made up of a number of short stories or accounts of actual incidents, but there is a connecting chain that runs through them all, making them sufficiently homogeneous to be run in chapters instead of under individual captions. At times the description of camp life and color are very graphic, and there is enough imagination to raise the book above a mere record of fact and experience. (Toronto: William Briggs.)

—"The Review of Historical Publications Relating to Canada" (University of Toronto Studies), edited by Prof. George M. Wrong and Mr. H. H. Langton, provides in a compact and comprehensive way for an intelligent appreciation of what has been published of historical interest in Canada during a given twelvemonth. The volume covering 1907, has appeared, and it is as usual of great value. (Toronto: Morang & Company.)

—All who contemplate "doing" England with a motor car or bicycle should read Thomas D. Murphy's recent book entitled "British Highways from a Motor Car." It is not a volume dealing with the cities only, but it rather gives special attention to country roads, villages, towns, historic spots and solitary ruins. There are sixteen full-page illustrations in colors and thirty-two in duogravure, together with route maps and an exhaustive index. (Boston: L. C. Page & Company. Cloth, $3.)

—"The Law of the Federal and State Constitutions of the United States" is the title of a monumental work by F. G. Stimson, author of "Labor in its Relation to Law," "Handbook to the Labor Laws of the United States," and "Law Glossary." The volume includes an historical study of the principles of the constitutions, a chronological table of English social legislation, and a comparative digest of the constitutions of the forty-six States. What has been sought is to give the history, origin, and present tendency of American constitutions, and for this purpose the bulk of the work is made up of a comparative presentation of the forty-six State constitutions annotated with the corresponding provisions of the Federal constitution. (Boston: The Boston Book Company. Cloth, $3.50 net.)

LIKE many others, we had often heard of the man who swaggers about in leather chaps, steel spur and wide sombrero, with lasso in hand and pistols at belt—the Northwest rancher or cow-boy. But we had never heard of the less picturesque and less warlike brother, the rancher who withdraws to the awful solitudes of the Saskatchewan hills and bears himself in a manner as different from the stage cow-boy as braggadocio is different from modesty. Before the tide of immigration flowed in towards the Dirt Hills the rancher ranged his herds unmolested all the way from Calgary to Willow Bunch. But the coming of the settler has meant division and occupation of the land, and gradually the rancher has been forced back into the Hills, where he now pursues his solitary way, a lamentably unromantic figure as seen in real life—stripped of the halo with which imaginative persons have surrounded his calling. In the earlier days, when the great monotonous stretches were free to all who might come, the ranch was the headquarters of a merry band of roysterers; but now the steam plow and the disc harrow are changing the face of the land, reducing with stupendous strides the pasturage that once looked so wide and inexhaustible, and commanding the rancher to disperse from his fellows, to go up from the plains into the hills, and to take with him his packs and his herds and a warning that neither he nor his shall trespass upon growing or ripening grain.

There is in this transformation the characteristics of a great drama, a drama that assumes in some of its aspects an expression of tragic significance. The simon pure rancher, the man of cattle and of grass, hates the puny settler, the petty farmer, as he guages him, with a hatred that is modified only by pity and contempt. Rather than permit the dispersion and usurpation to drive him into what he regards as the shamefully prosaic requirements of ordinary husbandry, he retreats into the hills and establishes himself as best he may in that somewhat inhospitable environment. And what are his conditions? In some instances he has a companion rancher; in many instances he has none. Solitude is in large measure his portion. Apart from his own herds, the timid antelope, the slinking badger, the barking coyote and the prairie dog comprise his neighborhood, a neighborhood that is at best inhospitable and exclusive. Transient guests come in the shape of wild ducks, wild geese and swan, and to them credit should be given for much interest and some divertisement. Rarely does the rancher seek solace in the companionship of books, nor is his time given much to household decoration. Nevertheless he has regard for clean-

liness, and on Sunday he respects both God and man by resting and changing his clothes. In these respects he differs in a marked degree from the ordinary recluse or hermit. His daily routine is broken in the autumn, when, with horses and waggon, he goes out upon the flats and becomes one of a gang of threshers. His contempt for the farm is on these occasions modified by the promise of ready cash for what otherwise would be latent energy.

It was during threshing time that we went back into the Hills to shoot. After the sporting season opens, the ducks gradually take refuge in the ponds and small lakes in the Hills, and there they can be found by the thousand. To go hunting in the hills of Southern Saskatchewan is not as yet a fashionable sport, and therefore no accommodation is available except what may be found at an occasional ranch or prepared in advance. It was to be a novel experience, to shoot ducks in that great wilderness, but more novel still was to be a visit to a genuine Western ranch. But we had not seen many ranches or inspected many corrals before the scales dropped completely from our eyes and we beheld something that in reality was the very antithesis of what our conception had been of this phase of the "wild and woolly West." We entered the Hills by the old Wood Mountain Trail, but soon turned from that course and headed towards a ranch where, so we had been told, there was a chance of getting some wild geese, a swan or two, maybe a coyote, and, if luck favored us, an antelope. A prairie fire had recently crossed over from Montana, leaving the face of the Hills black as coal, but relieved by splotches of dead yellow, where the grass stood damp in the sloughs, and by white-lined stones that lay out like well-bleached bones. Our only guide was the marks of a horse's hoofs, which were easily traced over the burnt grass. Apparently some one had ridden in before us, for the horse's hoofs pointed ahead. So we followed on and on for hours, skirting here a slough and there a small lake, and sometimes halting to take a rifle-shot at a venturesome coyote or badger. We concluded that the fire had driven some of the wild animals, particularly antelopes, because they do not burrow, before it, and we therefore expected to find game that had sought refuge on some of the ranches, where the fire had been checked by long lines of ploughed guards. Strange to say, the charred remains of the fire assisted in the hunt, because the animals moving about were almost a full contrast from the black face of the land. Ordinarily a coyote or badger is in color, at some distance, not unlike the color of prairie grass, and for that reason it is difficult for an untrained eye to detect one, unless it be moving. But on this occasion the exposure of the animals, as they observed only ordinary wariness, was at times ludicrous. Badgers lay flat at the entrance to their burrows, imagining that the usual surroundings were protecting them from observation. Prairie dogs acted in the same fool-hardy manner, and coyotes, which are usually extremely cautious, would boldly skirt the side of a nearby hill, apparently taking no precaution except not to expose themselves against the sky-line. As a matter of fact, these animals presented a most excellent target, their light gray bodies showing up well in contrast from the burnt blackness of the hills.

The monotonous aspect of the Dirt Hills is beyond conjecture. We could look for miles on all hands and see nothing but the undulating blackness of the blackened earth. The succession of hills reminded us of a man's struggles towards the height of his ambition: we topped one hill, only to be confronted with a valley

and another hill beyond. And so it was ever as we went: the expectation of having at last reached the final slope. But where was the ranch? Night was coming, and the continuous vision of white stones against the black background began to play upon the senses, until it seemed as if these hitherto inert forms were actually moving, making short, quick runs like surprised badgers. But it was merely a caprice of fancy. We knew that. Still, the eye is a convincing member, and it was hard, as the gloom of evening increased, to believe that the stones we were not looking intently at were not moving —not all of them, but just enough to keep the head twisting from side to side in momentary conviction of having located a sly badger or an impudent gopher. Most times, however, they proved to be nothing but white, skull-like stones. But surely that one did move several feet! Then, as the gloom of evening deepened so that it was difficult to see the hoof marks we had been following, the stones began to assume the shape and semblance of skulls. What a gruesome, horrible flight of fancy! And yet, there they were. The place looked like an old neglected battlefield, and no surprise need have been felt if the spirits of a horde of dusky warriors had arisen from the black earth, swinging their tomahawks in welcome of the night.

But where was the ranch?

The hills began to melt one into another; the valleys and the sloughs became less distinct in outline; the whole scene grew vague and mysterious. There was nothing to serve as a landmark—no tree, no shrub, no peculiar pond or slough, no odd or unusual formation, nothing by which the way could be marked or an indication given of human habitation. Helpless, we stopped and gazed about. The sharp bark and long-drawn howl of a coyote fell upon our ears; the honk, honk of wild geese came from a small lake that looked in the distance like a thin streak of silver; the whirr and flap of ducks' wings stirred the air overhead, while the quack, quack of an energetic drake mustering his flock came as a reassuring sound to us who were the only things in discord with that imposing phase of nature.

We had become resigned to the situation, and were about to prepare for the night, when we caught sight of a light glimmering faintly in the distance. To get to the light we had to almost feel the way over the uncertain ground. Small lakes had to be rounded, sloughs avoided and hills surmounted. Meanwhile the light served as a beacon, and towards it we pressed with thankful hearts. Although we seemed to come closer to it, we never seemed able to reach it or really locate it, and finally we began to fear some will-o'-the-wisp was luring us into mischief. At last it disappeared altogether, and presently the horses' ears pricked up and were rewarded with a faint whinny that seemed to come from everywhere and yet from nowhere. We pressed forward towards the spot where we thought we had last seen the light, and suddenly to our great amazement, we came upon a shack, a human habitation. Advancing somewhat timidly towards the door, we expected at every step to be accosted and asked for an explanation. But the place was as silent as a grave, so we approached the door and rapped. There was no response. We waited a minute, and then rapped again. Still there was no response. Gaining courage, and yet fearing the embarrassment of an unceremonious entrance, we raised the latch and walked within.

The first thing to do was to strike a match, and yet we wondered what had become of the beacon that had guided us thither. The match revealed a lantern standing on the table, and, having lighted it, we

gazed upon the one-room interior of a rancher's shack in the Dirt Hills. A stove stood at one end, and a pine-board bed at the other end. By the window there was a table, and in one corner a trunk. Provisions in the form of flour, sugar, molasses, and various canned goods were ranged on a shelf, together with dishes and cooking utensils. On the walls hung a pair of chaps, a trap, a shot-gun, a lariat, a saddle and a pair of spurs.

There seems to be an unwritten law among ranchers that no man shall be refused hospitality or the use of whatever a ranch may afford, even in the absence of the owner, and so we had no scruples about stabling our horses, feeding them, getting supper for ourselves, and occupying the rancher's bed. But the sight of the white, skull-like stones, the dismal howl of the coyote, and, above all else, the appearance and disappearance of the light, had quite unnerved us. The wind had risen, moaning and soughing around the shack, causing a creepy, uncanny sensation. The whole place was so dreadfully apart from the common walks of man that it seemed as if no one but the devil himself could at that hour appear to molest us. The condition of the room looked as if it had been unoccupied for days, but there had been the lantern, with the glass still warm. Neither of us admitted any apprehension, but as we blew out the lantern before turning into bed, we looked out of the window and door and observed that the place would make a safe retreat for robbers. We could see the tops of the hills on all sides, and therefore knew that the shack stood in a cuplike hollow. While we could not see the face of the hills, we could discern the skyline, and as we gazed, in a measure fascinated by the imposing sombreness of the scene, we saw a human form silhouetted for a second against the dark gray of the sky. The form was bent close to the ground — almost creeping—as if to avoid detection, and it was moving rapidly at a right angle from us. Soon it disappeared, leaving us on the alert and not a little perplexed. To go out and shout was the first impulse, but being unused to the etiquette of the Hills, we decided to play a waiting game. Instinctively we felt that whatever the circumstances might be, we were being watched and perhaps surrounded. The loneliness of the place was conducive to real terror, and gradually the feeling came over us that the shack was being stealthily approached from behind. We had drawn back from the window, and had seen that our guns were loaded. By this time the wind had gone down, and the silence was therefore intense. Presently we thought we could just barely hear a slow movement in the grass. The window was open, so there was but little doubt that we heard it. Then the silence was markedly broken by a sharp click. We then knew that the hammer of a rifle had been cocked, and we waited, breathless, for the next move. The door was slightly open, and through the small open space we saw a man, on hands and knees, come cautiously around a corner of the shack. The man in ordinary circumstances would have been immediately accosted, but there was actual fascination in his posture and in the probability of his design. So the oncoming was awaited with intense interest and some concern. The form came creeping up, hugging the side of the shack, and the dull cast of the sky shone more dully still on the bright steel of the rifle barrel. Just when it looked as if a climax had been reached, the man stood up and quickly pulled the door shut. A clicking sound told that the padlock which had hung on the outside staple was now doing service.

Surely this was not the hospitality of the Hills, for obviously a barrier had been raised against freedom of

escape. The window was still open, but it was not large enough for a man's body to pass through. In any case, to attempt to pass out through it then would not have been a wise undertaking. Retreating footsteps were heard, but soon they came back again. Then there was a rap on the door.

"Is Bob Johnson there?" was asked in a somewhat penitent tone. (Bob Johnson was a notorious horse thief.)

"No."

"Or Garner How?" (Garner How was the boldest steer-chaser in the Hills.)

"No."

"By the look of your horses and outfit, I thought not. Then who are you?"

"We're friends of Bill Jones."

"Then you're welcome."

By this time the padlock had been opened and the lantern relighted.

The rancher had seen us coming when we were still miles away, and, thinking we were horse thieves who had taken it for granted that he was away with the threshers, had set the lantern in the window to scare us off. But, seeing that we meant to come on, he had blown out the light and retired to a safe distance.

Ranchers who play a lone hand, such as our friend of this incident, are by habit sober and uncommunicative, and their appreciation of human companionship is often shown in long spells of silence. And in this instance, after courtesies had been exchanged and explanations given, our host tilted a canned corn box back against the wall and permitted us to talk on without scarcely an interruption. At length the lapses in conversation permitted us to hear again the weird night howl of some wandering coyote, the less mournful quack, quack from a disturbed flock on the nearby pond, and the faint, distant honk of a gander in flight. We seemed then to be strangely close to nature, but still not quite so close as the man who gladly stretched his long limbs on the floor, giving up his bed to us.

The Editor

Samuel de Champlain

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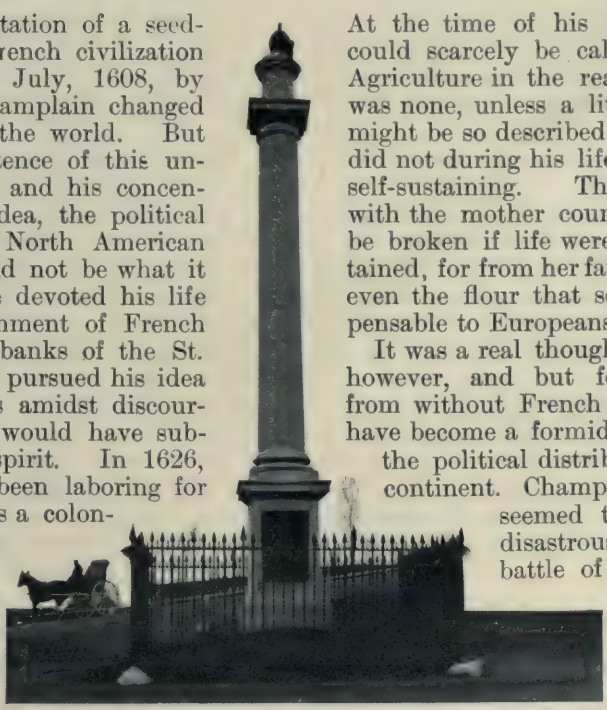
QUEBEC, FROM THE LEVIS SHORE

THE QUEBEC TERCENTENARY

BY JOHN A. EWAN

THE implantation of a seed-grain of French civilization at Quebec in July, 1608, by Samuel de Champlain changed the history of the world. But for the persistence of this uncommon man, and his concentration on an idea, the political aspect of the North American continent would not be what it is to-day. He devoted his life to the establishment of French power on the banks of the St. Lawrence, and pursued his idea for thirty years amidst discouragements that would have subdued a lesser spirit. In 1626, after he had been laboring for twenty years as a colonizer, there were but fifty-five white people at Quebec and virtually none anywhere else in all Canada.



WOLFE'S MONUMENT AT QUEBEC

At the time of his death Quebec could scarcely be called a village. Agriculture in the real sense there was none, unless a little gardening might be so described. The colony did not during his life-time become self-sustaining. The connection with the mother country could not be broken if life were to be maintained, for from her fair hands came even the flour that seems so indispensable to Europeans.

It was a real though feeble birth, however, and but for aggression from without French power would have become a formidable factor in the political distribution of this continent. Champlain's dreams seemed to come to a disastrous end in the battle of the Plains of Abraham. There are at least two readings of the meaning of that event,

THE DUFFERIN TERRACE, ONE OF THE FINEST PROMENADES IN THE WORLD

but there can scarcely be more than one of the consequences which flowed from the life-work to which Samuel de Champlain devoted himself.

He was the one Frenchman of his time who seemed consumed with the desire to follow up the discoveries of Cartier. Cartier spent two and perhaps three winters in Canada, but made no attempt to form a permanent settlement. He and his companions were sailors and had no notion of deserting the deep for the work of colonizing a new land. Seventy years elapsed between the visits of the Breton navigator and the building of that "habitation" in 1608 which was the real founding of the white man's residence in Canada.

The memory of the pale-faced strangers with their winged ships, and metal tubes belching forth fire and death, had ceased to be even a memory in Stadacona and Hochelaga. Indeed the race of Donnacona had vanished from the shores of the St. Lawrence and in their place were Algonquin strangers to whom the traditions of Cartier and his men were unknown. Champlain had to begin afresh. All that Cartier had left for his successors was the knowledge of a mighty river flowing through a new land. The testimony with respect to it was various. Of the coast of Labrador Cartier records his conviction that it was the land to which Cain was banished after the first murder. When he had penetrated as far as Hochelaga, however, he becomes enthusiastic with respect to the deep forests, the paths strewn with the fallen acorns and the bunches of wild grapes that bent to the water's edge. Notwithstanding these glimpses of a demi-paradise, it is altogether unlikely that Cartier's work would have been resumed but for the circumstance that a man of Champlain's temper and mould took it up. The kings of France, suffused and surfeited with pleasure and the sense of the amazingness of their own majesty, were incapable of any steady policy in regard to a matter so far from the region of their senses as Canada was. If some courtier of the moment in search of novelty took it up as a fad the monarch was willing to bestow the over-lordship of the vague regions in a solemn document to which he appended his august name. But favorites came and went, and if the founding of a French colony had depended solely on them the project

THE PLAINS OF ABRAHAM, SHOWING THE JAIL IN THE MIDDLE DISTANCE

would have died in its very infancy. But behind these butterflies was the inflexible will of an heroic Frenchman, who when one court instrument failed him immediately turned to another in order that his work for the establishment of a new France in the Western world might not be delayed. He crossed the ocean more than a dozen times in the course of his labors. He threaded for thousands of miles the rivers and lakes of Canada in bark canoes. He braved all the dangers of the wilderness, including starvation, wounds and disease. He spent whole winters alone in the wigwams of savage and fickle red men. For the thirty years of his active life he was banished from the comforts and luxuries of his home. He saw his labors apparently ruined when Kirke, the British admiral, captured Quebec, but as he had gained it by sacrifice and foresight he regained it by diplomacy. And at last, broken with toil, he laid his bones down in the city of his founding.

But it all came to naught, the reader will say. French possessions in North America are comprised today in two pinhead islands off the coast of Newfoundland. Let it be repeated, nevertheless, that the labors of Samuel de Champlain vastly influenced the course of history.

To see this it is only necessary to speculate on the course of events if no French settlements had been formed on the St. Lawrence. Canada would in that case have been colonized from the English settlements to the south. The fur trade would have irresistibly attracted them to the great lakes, and when, later on, the inevitable revolution arrived, the whole of North America would have seceded from the British crown.

As it was, Canada at the time of the Revolution was mainly peopled by a race who inherited a decided hostility to the British colonists to the south—the Bostonnais—who, in league with the Iroquois, had been the scourge of French settlement. They had but little disposition to revolt against their new masters, who had treated them with mildness and generosity, in order to place themselves under a newer master of whose disposition they were not so sure. Thus it comes that there is a Canada to-day—that there are two political systems, or three if Mexico is included, on this North American continent. This was not Champlain's aim, but his policy led to it in the

ST. LAWRENCE RIVER AND LOWER TOWN, FROM THE CITADEL

great circle of human events. But for Champlain's thirty years in the wilderness there would have been no land distinctive from the thirteen colonies, and the United Empire Loyalists would have had no place of refuge on this continent from the persecutions of their foes.

Champlain was born at Brouage, in the Province of Saintonge, in 1570. After becoming familiar with navigation, he commanded a vessel on a voyage to the East Indies. This seems to have fixed the love of travel in his blood, and when he returned to France we find him taking service with de Chatte for the purpose of prosecuting Cartier's explorations in Canada.

Even before Cartier's day the Basque and Breton fishermen were accustomed to resort to the shores of Newfoundland to prosecute their hazardous calling. Every reader of Cartier's narrative must have experienced a disillusion when he finds that the famous discoverer of Canada was able to hail vessels of his own countrymen when entering the Gulf of St. Lawrence.

Before Champlain's arrival in Canada these fishermen had formed a settlement at a harbor on the Labrador shore which they had christened Brest. A French governor resided there, together with an almoner, etc., and it is recorded that even in the winter it contained a thousand souls. Champlain's voyage, therefore, had little in it of the breathless wonder and miraculousness which attended that of Columbus. He doubtless had a fair idea of where he was going. He was accompanied to Tadousac by Pontgravé, who had been there before. The difference, however, between him and these fishermen and traders was abysmal. He differed from them in soul and mind. Their objects were wholly sordid; his were

CORNER HOUSE IN WHICH MONTGOMERY MADE HIS HEADQUARTERS AT QUEBEC

national and religious, with a large dash of the discoverer's insatiable curiosity acting as an incitement and reward for constant endeavor. They were content to cast their nets in the waters or trade with the natives along the shore. To him a voice was crying from the interior wilderness which lured ever and ever further on. Thus he was led to lands that, although the most enticing of the districts of Canada, were not settled for almost two hundred years thereafter.

It touches the romantic element in our nature to picture Champlain exploring the St. Lawrence, the Ottawa, Lake Ontario, the Georgian Bay and Lake Simcoe three hundred years ago. A less prophetic eye than his could foresee on the shores of these great waters a mightier France. What were the Rhine, the Loire or the Seine compared with these mighty floods? When he saw the countless miles of stately forests unfolded to his gaze—the white pine areas of the Ottawa and the hardwood forests of Ontario—he must have thought of the sparse woods of France or the dreary and treeless Landes of the southwest. He and almost he alone knew how well worth an effort was the inclusion of this gem in the diadem of French sovereignty. He has been called the Father of New France. He indeed bore every relationship to it that we associate with fostering and nursing and warming into life.

It was not an easy task. The Breton and Basque fishermen and merchants had views entirely foreign from his. For them the only possible object was gain. They did not believe in colonization. Colonists were apt to step between them and their barter with the Indians for furs. The fur trade was the god of these men. Champlain believed in

LITTLE CHAMPLAIN STREET, QUEBEC, SHOWING BREAK-NECK STAIRS AT THE END

the fur trade and every other sort of trade, but believed that colonization should proceed step by step with them. The two ideals fought for years, and the slow progress of Canada was an evidence how powerful the commercial interests were. The good temper and steadiness with which he maintained his view is the best proof of his possession of the qualities that ensured eventual success. It did not come in his time, however. Worn out with travelling and Indian wars and privations, he laid him down to die in the stronghold he had founded.

The tercentenary will be associated in the minds of many with other incidents and other figures. The moment the eyes of the world were, in connection with the celebration of its founding, fixed on the rock-built city there was a sudden realization that another world-event, the complement, indeed, in one view, of Champlain's life-mission, had had Quebec for its scene. It came to be realized that the spot where the Canada of to-day had its birth was worthy of being freed from degrading uses and perpetuated in dignity and beauty in the eternal memories of men. The thought had long arrested the attention of a few who were conversant with the facts. It was specially fortunate that it gained the sympathy and the enthusiastic advocacy of Earl Grey, the Governor-General of Canada. With the energy and contagious enthusiasm for which he is distinguished, he thrust the subject on public notice. The field where Britain added the greater half of the North American continent to her over-seas lands, the spot where James Wolfe perished in the moment of accomplishing his apparently impossible task, the scenes of Montcalm's heroic defence, of de Levis' victorious exploits, should not be allowed to sink into commonness or be forgotten.

It is gratifying to know that the first steps have been taken to atone for neglects that would not be creditable to Canadians. Not only will Champlain's foundation of the city be duly celebrated, but a beginning will be made for dedicating the fields of Abraham and of the Ste. Foye road as national holy places forever.

PITT THE EMPIRE-BUILDER

BY A. H. U. COLQUHOUN

THE mind naturally connects the name of the first Pitt with the Quebec celebration. The scientific historians, always accurate and usually dull, may correctly trace the origin of the British Empire to a period and to men more remote than he. Popular opinion, however, assigns to Pitt more than to any other statesman the great position attained by England in the middle of the eighteenth century. From that high point her fortunes were soon to recede owing to the blunders of his successors. But never so far as to obliterate the bold outlines of the structure raised by his far-seeing and commanding genius. The results of the capture of Canada alone were to prove a monument to his foresight. Its importance has been increased by the subsequent loss of the United States, and this result was hidden from him. The fusion of French and English under one rule has produced a situation milder and better, perhaps, than any he conceived. But in recalling Quebec's historic past it is impossible to avoid associating Pitt with Wolfe, just as the French rightly honor both the illustrious Champlain, the founder of the city, and Montcalm, its gallant defender.

The career of Pitt awaits full and adequate treatment. Lives of him there are, but none quite equal to the man and his work. It is not the fashion now to glorify a great War Minister. To soothe the modern ear you must talk of peace. The nations stagger under vast armaments, but these, we are assured, exist for defence, not for defiance. To-day a Pitt and his grand designs would be voted down by philanthropists, economists, and philosophers. *Autres temps, autres moeurs.* The French, almost alone of the nations, frankly avow their admiration of a conqueror like Napoleon. Should another such arise, to him likewise they would pay tribute. When the French admirals visited London not long ago they saluted the statue of Nelson as they passed through Trafalgar Square. The candor and courage of such homage is refreshing. The British are a trifle apologetic of their empire-builders, and are apt to regard Clive and Hastings and Chatham with mournful admiration. They were great, but they were ruthless. Happily the British Empire is a concrete fact which the mild sentimentalist must accept, and we can no more celebrate Quebec without thinking of Pitt than we can preserve freedom without force or expect prowess without physical vigor.

Abstract theories, when in conflict with public duty, had no attractions for Pitt. There was work to be done, and he was the man to do it. "My Lord, I know I can save England, and no other man can." The emergency could not be met by disquisitions on the horrors or the futility of war, by reflections that Englishmen had already proved their endurance and that the nation might safely repose on the glories of the past.

The existence of the country was at stake and its liberties and prosperity trembled in the balance. Constant vigilance is the price of empire.

The policy of Walpole — peace abroad and corruption at home—had produced its natural effects. The condition of affairs was seen to be serious. Lord Chesterfield expressed in terse fashion the feeling of the time: "Whoever is in, or whoever is out, I am sure we are undone both at home and abroad; we are no longer a nation. I never saw so dreadful a prospect." The struggle of place-men and sycophants had for many years formed the staple of Parliamentary activity. The honor of the country was little regarded. There is probably no period in British history wherein the selfishness of petty politicians and the intrigues of parties stand out so plainly. The general reader is familiar enough with the depressing story. Even Macaulay, who forgave much to the Whigs because they had been the chief prop of the throne of William, is moved to contempt by their base devotion to the favors of the Court and their cynical abandonment of ancient principles. The Tories, long excluded from office and compromised by their attachment to the fallen Stuarts, were scarcely a factor in the governing of the state. Besides, if the Whigs had declined in public spirit they still produced the ablest men. The promotion of incompetent favorites had impaired the efficiency of the army and navy. The growing colonies and commerce of Britain had excited foreign hostility, and it seemed a fitting opportunity to crush them forever. The war with France had been so feebly conducted that a period of disaster appeared to be the immediate prospect.

At this juncture Pitt came to the front. His qualities appealed to a nation disgusted with faction, distrustful of professing patriots, and genuinely alarmed by the threatening outlook. His personal integrity was above question. His ambition was for his country and not for himself. His was the kind of eloquence which caught the popular taste. Democracy is fond of rhetoric. Above all, strength of character and a vigorous definite policy were required, and Pitt supplied that need. In this way there came into existence the celebrated Administration in which the Great Commoner was the ruling figure. It lasted but four years. Its achievements were marvellous and enduring. Pitt divided with the Duke of Newcastle the supreme authority. To his colleague he left the management of domestic affairs, including the distribution of patronage, and secured a free hand in controlling foreign policy and the conduct of the war. During a critical period, therefore, the cause of England in her struggle against the European coalition was championed by a man of the highest talent and the most exalted patriotism, exercising the sway of a wise despotism. He maintained a good understanding with George II. throughout. Opposition in Parliament virtually ceased. More important than these advantages, substantial as they were, he possessed the unshaken confidence of the nation.

It was a formidable task, despite the resolution and insight of the great Minister, because, to employ his own words, there was ranged against England "the most powerful and malignant confederacy that ever yet has threatened the independence of mankind." On the one side by the beginning of 1757 were England and Prussia; on the other, France, Austria, Russia, Hungary, Sweden, and Bavaria (with other German states). Spain, for the moment, held aloof, and Denmark and Holland stood neutral. At first the successes of the new policy were not remarkable. The expeditions against France bore no brilliant fruit. But Pitt had a thor-

ough grasp of the situation and he knew how to deal with it. He intended to fight the mighty combinations at sea and in India and in America. To this end he now devoted all his energies, imparting to admirals and to generals some of his own zeal. He who had so persistently preached the greatness of England began to see the effects of his inspiring eloquence. He selected for the fighting line men whose valor and quality could be relied upon, and not men whose claims were based on their seniority in the service or their artistocratic connections. The incompetents were passed over to Newcastle, who appropriately rewarded them with titles and honors. Macaulay has described in one of his graphic paragraphs what soon happened:

"A succession of victories, undoubtedly brilliant, and, it was thought, not barren, raised to the highest point the fame of the Minister to whom the conduct of the war had been entrusted. In July, 1758, Louisburg fell. The whole Island of Cape Breton was reduced; the fleet to which the Court of Versailles had confided the defence of French America was destroyed. The captured standards were borne in triumph from Kensington to the city. They were suspended in St. Paul's Church amidst the roar of guns and kettledrums and the shouts of an immense multitude. Addresses of congratulation came in from all the great towns of England. Parliament met only to decree thanks and monuments and to bestow, without one murmur, supplies more than double of those which had been given during the war of the Grand Alliance."

Victory followed victory: on the ocean, in India and in America. The Pitt policy had not merely justified itself, but had been brilliantly successful. The taking of Quebec in 1759 was one of the most picturesque of these victories. Wolfe, as the general of the land forces, was his choice. The campaign was mapped out with the supreme disregard of physical obstacles characteristic of Pitt's conceptions. It was rendered possible by the British control of the sea. In fact, the completeness of the triumphs of this wondrous period demonstrated at every point the sagacity of the Minister who might make errors in detail but whose general plan was born of a mastery of the whole problem.

The closing years of Pitt's life are not easily made intelligible to twentieth century ideas. We who see the recovery of the Empire from the point of depression reached after the peace of 1783, cannot quite realize the anguish and dismay with which the great statesman saw the results of his labors crumbling away. His health was broken, political intrigues were once more in the ascendant, and a monarch had come to the throne in 1760 with a higher opinion of his own powers than the facts warranted. There seemed to be no place for a master mind. He has been censured for espousing the cause of rebels in the quarrel with America. He would have conceded before concession was too late, and in so doing would have changed the history of this continent. Pitt's invectives hurled at incapable Ministers, as disaster after disaster overtook the British cause, may seem to some stagey, rather than impressive. His rhetoric bears no resemblance to the measured criticism of modern Parliamentarians. The final scenes in the House of Lords in which he is stricken down are almost too dramatic for comparison with the commonplace events of our time.

The man and his achievements are on too grand a scale to be understood in an age of nicely balanced patriotism. There is a comfortable feeling of security to-day in the permanence of British rule which prevents us from fully comprehending

the immensity of Pitt's task and the genius which inspired his course. What has been accomplished since his time has been chiefly accomplished because he made it possible by inspiring in the race a belief in itself, a belief often latent, but never extinguished. The spirit he evoked still exists. If the taking of Quebec was the deed of Wolfe it was the brain of Pitt who conceived the enterprise, and it was his masterful temperament that nerved a brave people on to their most notable achievements. In honoring him we at least respond to a sentiment which should be respected even in the utilitarian ages of the world, since we honor a man who, to quote Hume, was raised to the height of power and popularity by dint of merit, integrity and disinterestedness.

WOLFE AND MONTCALM

By JOHN BOYD

Wolfe and Montcalm! Montcalm and Wolfe!
Two heroes of a kindred soul
To whom a People tribute pays;
In life divided but by death united:
To-day in glory one.
This year we dedicate
The far-famed field of honor,
Where heroes fought and fell,
And of their mighty deeds remembrance set.
Not ours to triumph but to honor heroes,
Where all fought nobly, all were victors;
And none the vanquished:
Wolfe and Montcalm an equal glory share.
With honor crowned to distant ages borne,
Their names shall echo with a just renown,
Teaching Canadians of a common soil
That though distinctive they may yet be one
In loyalty to high ideals, of duty nobly done,
Of life unselfish and of death heroic.

Where fell the mighty dead,
Heirs of their valor and their glory gather
Their memory to honor.
Hushed all contention; healed all division;
Peace reigns where discord dwelt of yore.
Upon this sacred ground join hands as brethren;
High sound the pæans in their honor;
With fitting pageant celebrate,
While all the world their fame acclaims;
Erect the tablets to their worth;
Their deeds in sculptured story trace;
While high over all, with folded wings,
The Angel of Peace shall stand
In benediction on our native land.

THE FOREST'S SECRET

BY GUSTAF GEIJERSTAM

TRANSLATED FROM THE SWEDISH BY A. E. B. FRIES

IT was a long distance to Reedmarsh. First one had to go through the deep forest on a narrow path, which wound its way between the tall spruce trees and here and there across bare rocks. Where the mountain descended, White Moss began. Little dwarfed pines arose on the knolls and when the bog myrtle bloomed, the air was full of spicy fragrance attracting the insects thither. It was a long way across the bog and when the mountains rose again you could see from their top the woods thinning out and the lake lay calmly mirrored between the fir-clad shores, and still you were not there. For it was on the other side of the lake that the house stood. If you wished to get there on foot a long walk remained. But if you stopped on the bank, from which you could see the little house with its tiny, tilled inclosure and the pine woods like a wreath around the sloping barn and low dwelling, if you then called loud enough and if you allowed yourself time to wait, you would soon see on the other shore a little, bent old man, with red stocking cap and woolen jacket, come out, walking carefully down the stony slope and push off a rickety boat to row you across.

While rowing over the lake, you could not but wonder why it was called Reedmarsh. For no marsh was to be seen, only a little lake which looked very bright and pleasant after the long walk through the twilight of the forest under the dense pines from which hung long, gray, tangled lichens. Neither could you at first discover any reeds. The shores were high and rocky and the pine trees, that grew in the crevices, mirrored themselves beneath in the calm water. Only at the end of the cove, where the lake made a small curve beyond the mountains, there grew in the summer a thick bed of reeds in which, every spring, a pair of wild ducks made their nest and, when their young were hatched, swam, undisturbed, on the smooth inlet.

Jakob, who sits doubled up by the oars, rowing the newcomer across, had never cared much for shooting with a gun. At least, that is what he himself says, but, of course, that is no reason why that, as so many other things, need be the truth. "When I was young," he says, "I used to try. But I never got that far. You know I had a kind of failing, I never could learn to blink with one eye, and so my duck shooting didn't amount to much. Now, I can blink with one eye and both, but I am too old to learn to shoot now and so I'll have to get along without it." The wild ducks know quite well that no one will disturb them. Unconcernedly the mother duck, with her full-fledged young, swims past the rowing boat to the landing. There they hunt for remnants of fish and potato peelings, quack, dive and

jabber with each other and behave like domestic animals. Jakob has to shoo away the boldest when he wants to land.

In this way Jakob has taken many a wanderer over the lake and, if the number at last has grown considerable, it is not to be wondered at, for he has lived in the little shanty at Reedmarsh so long that no one remembers when he moved thither, hardly even he himself. Though it is not often they have visitors. It is too far away and he who lives at Reedmarsh has not much to offer. Or rather, when he lived, he had not. For now Jakob is long since dead and gone and his wife with him. The house is falling into ruins and the field, overgrown with weeds, will soon become wilderness again. So far away and alone in the backwoods as Reedmarsh is situated, no one wants to move nowadays if he can help it. In old times it was different. Then there were plenty of solitude-loving people who feared not the wilderness.

Jakob and his wife were two such strange recluses, as you sometimes may find even yet, deep in the forests, far away from human dwelling places, and if they had cared to tell all about their lives, they would indeed have had strange things to tell. For Martina belonged to those who had seen both "the Lady of the Woods" and "the Neptune," and what the sudden lights that shone over White Moss signified she could also tell, when she wanted to; and for all things which whispered and murmured and sighed and moaned, when the winter night hung starry clear and cold over the frozen lake, she had both eyes and ears. Martina understood all such things well and could give a clearer and better account of witchcraft than of anything else that had happened to her during her monotonous life. But, best of all, she understood those tiny beings who peddled and meddled all about in bushes and thickets; led her on the right path in the woods and left her first when she took down the key from its old place in the crack under the window. Then they all pattered away on light feet, happy to have accompanied her so far. And if the wolf then howled far away under the snowclad pine trees, then Martina knew whom she had to thank for getting home sound and alive. Jakob always listened quietly when his wife related these experiences, and sometimes it happened that he nodded in confirmation as if to give her words the support they deserved and mayhap needed. But oftentimes he seemed to pay no attention, only sat staring straight ahead as if seeing what no one else could see and at such times it happened that his face took a stern, almost bitter, expression as if he would have said, "Why do you tell such things to people who never have seen anything themselves? What can they know about the forest?"

In his youth Jakob had been a charcoal burner and had always made enough to support himself without being a burden to anyone. Martina used to pick berries, sell chip baskets, help in the houses in the distant village at Christmas and Easter, and she was well known the country over. For she always gave good measure, her berries were sound and fresh picked. Never did you need to fear with her to turn the basket upside down and find greenings in the bottom. Her baskets were well made and durable; and in curing and baking, Martina was not ignorant, however far from habitation she lived. Never did she consider the distance too long, and, if she knew not much of what is in books, she knew all the more of other things which she gladly related to anyone who cared to listen.

Neither was Jakob a man whom anyone would find where he had left him. Wild animals of the forest Ja-

kob had trapped and even shot, in spite of what he said to the contrary. There were those who said that while he was young there was not one who took surer aim and was swifter in hand than Jakob as a hunter. His old muzzle loader he hid behind the bed, and his story, about not being able to keep his one eye shut in his youth was very likely made up because Jakob preferred to choose his own time for shooting and had no patience with the restrictions which the mean game laws imposed on the parishoners.

In a word, Jakob had gotten along nicely in his day, and three sons had gone out of the little home at Reedmarsh and become laborers in other countries where it seemed easier to make a living and where the whisperings of the woods were not heard.

Of these, their children, Jakob and Martina often spoke at first, during the long winter evenings when it grew so quiet around them and no one came on a visit. But the years went their way, White Moss and the lake under the window froze again and again, and many summers came and moved the wild ducks. But around the old couple it was as quiet as if no children had ever played on the slope towards the lake, and the longer this silence lasted, the closer did Jakob and Martina grow to each other, forgetting that a world existed, away from them, and finding it quite natural that no one remembered them, who had long since forgotten all others.

The forest sang its song for these two old people, and what little they needed of life, they got, until Jakob, one day, had to remain in bed. What illness he suffered from neither of them knew, but it began in this wise: When he walked a long way or stood still for any length of time, a queer sort of ache started in his legs and one morning when he awoke he found they would not support him and he was obliged to remain in his bed.

"You will have to see to everything now, Martina," said Jakob. "When I get up again you can take a rest."

There were many things they had to go without now while Jakob lay sick. No game came from the forest and no fish were taken from the lake. Neither did any wood come home of itself and no man was there to help make a hole in the ice. But worst of all was it with fodder for the cow. Martina worked with the sickle, cut and dragged home all she could. But it grew too hard for her, all this. Many a time she sat out in the woods and cried because she did not want to cry at home. Jakob lay where he lay and one good thing about it was that he was always patient and good. Else Martina never could have stood it.

At last their greatest misfortune happened; their cow died one winter from want and now there was no other way out of it, but Martina had to go around the country and beg. Very hard this was for her, she, who had never asked a favor of anyone before. Small and shrunken she seemed and walked very fast, and wherever she stopped, she lingered only so long as she must for courtesy's sake. For Martina never gave herself any peace while away. At home lay Jakob, who could not so much as get across the floor to make up the fire for himself if it should grow cold towards evening. And he had nothing to eat but what she had put beside him before leaving. Worried and distraught, Martina looked as she strode along, the milk pail in her hand and on her back the beggar's wallet, and the dogs came rushing through the gates along the roadside and barked when she passed.

For two years Martina went on thus and during all this time, Jakob grew no better. Neither did he grow any worse. At last there was no dif-

ference between day or night, summer or winter, sunshine or rain. It was just one long day of misery which never seemed to have an end.

"If I only could die," Jakob used to say. "Then it would be better for you."

Martina grew so weak at that, that she could not keep her tears back, try all she would.

"What would become of me, if you died?" she answered.

Within herself she knew that so bad as it was now, it could never be. But to say that to him who lay there and couldn't help himself, she hadn't the heart.

One summer day, Martina was on her way home from the village. She did not have much with her. People soon tire of giving to those who often must ask for help. And begging is a heavy profession for one who has no joy in life. The bag she had on her back was therefore easy to carry and the milk pail that the little old woman had in her hand was not heavy either. The sun scorched hot when Martina came to cross White Moss. The cloud-berries were ripening on the hillocks and far away in the fir trees a woodpecker whistled. As she went on her way Martina must bend down and examine the whortleberries, not yet grown red. All around her old places she went; bending down over the hillocks and just looked and looked. Oh how many green ones there were! and such plenty of ripe blueberries! It was only she, who could not go and pick and sell them as of old; she, who had to wander around the village and beg, for she could not take care of her sick man and at the same time work for them both. How quiet it was here, and how lonely. Martina let the bag fall; put the pail on the ground and sat down. She was very tired; tired of her very life. If the Lady of the Woods would come now and offer her something! Or he, of whom she could not think by name, he, who always came when anyone was in great need! Why did he not come now? Why did she see nothing? She who used to see so many things. Why did she not even hear the imps potter in the brushwood; she, who had heard so much before? Why was the forest silent? And why was there not a person to come home with her and see how she had it; help in her great need and lighten some of the burden that a poor old woman is no longer able to bear alone?

But the forest stood silent all around Martina. She heard the grouse making a noise in the woods, flapping their wings against the branches to come up. She heard the doves cooing with their sharp creaking sounds and that strange bird, whose name she did not know, screaming like a human in pain. But otherwise all was quiet around her. The forest stood silent. She saw nothing but trees, pines and firs, sunshine, flies, moss and gray lichen. The air trembled with heat and everything stood so still around her that suddenly she grew afraid.

Martina, who had lived in the woods all her life long, who had heard the fox howl at night and seen the wolf steal to the locked barn like a gray spirit in the tingling cold, clear and starry winter evenings, for the first time in her life, she was afraid of being alone in the forest. It was as if the trees had come too close to her; as if it had become too quiet for her, too desolate, too silent, too calm. Trembling, she got up to go. Trembling, she hung the bag on her shoulder and took the milk pail in her hand. Trembling, she stood quiet and listened to this deep silence which seemed like one long unbroken sigh. With uncertain steps she went on and did not stop before she reached the shore where the old boat lay. Hurriedly she entered it and pushed out from land. But Martina thought that it was as if hands were reaching out after her every time she turned

around. The old stumps in the wood, the tree roots, the stones, the tumble down trees, the moss-grown rocks, and the junipers that grew wide and bushy on the very edges of the cliffs, all, all were alive and all kept quiet, so quiet, that they filled the air with their silence and were changed into horrible images that in stony silence grinned at her misery. Swiftly Martina rowed across the long narrow lake. She heard how the wild ducks called their quack, quack, after her; the wild ducks that Jakob never had found it in his heart to shoot. But she never turned to look at them, only pulled the boat ashore and ran, rather than walked, passed the old trees on the bank and up towards the house. It was as if the silence of the forest had shouted after her and driven her along.

"Is that you, Martina," suddenly Jakob's voice came from the corner back of the window. "You have been gone a long time."

"I was tired and sat down to rest in the forest," answered the wife. "How have you been to-day?"

"As all the other days," came the answer.

Jakob's voice sounded so clear and gentle that Martina must go closer and look at him.

"I believe I've slept awhile, just now," the old man said. "It must have been because I've been lying here so long by myself, thinking."

"What have you been thinking about?" asked Martina. Strange! it was as if the forest had come with her even into the house and brought its fear along.

Jakob moved his head so as to see better. Now the light fell on his face. Thin and gray it looked as of one who had not seen the face of the sun for a long time. But the old eyes shone.

"I would so much like to see the sun once more before I die," he said. "I've always loved the sun and the quiet lake with the forest out there. Do you think you are able to carry me so far, if I help myself all I can?"

Martina came closer to him and sat down on the edge of the bed. "What do you want out there?" she asked.

Jakob looked at her with eyes that suddenly grew wonderfully clear. "I want to die," he answered. "And you must help me. You must not be afraid because I ask you this. It can't be hard to die, and I don't feel able to live any longer. And when I am gone, you won't have to run around the country to beg for me to keep me alive."

Martina understood what the sick man wanted, long before it was all said. Martina thought she had never heard Jakob beg as now; and, through the window she saw how the sun shone and how calm Reedmarsh lay.

"You shall help me down into the boat," the old man went on, "and push it out in the lake. Then you must return to the house and not look again."

Jakob's eyes searched Martina's eagerly, as a child's, when it wants its dearest wish fulfilled. And as Martina sat there, it came over her that it couldn't be any different. This was what the forest had frightened her with; this was what she had been sitting and thinking about where White Moss ended, and the mountains rose with the pine trees.

"When do you wish this?" she asked, and the tears dropped from her old eyes.

"Now the sun shines," said Jakob. And his voice sounded impatient like a child's who does not like to wait. "Two years I've lain here and only thought of this."

Martina went and sat down by the window and thought, as well as her mind enabled her to. She had never read much in books and she did not know a great deal. A long time she sat thus and Jakob lay quiet so as

not to disturb her thoughts. At last Martina rose and saw that the sun still shone. Then without any more words she took her old husband, with whom she had lived for more than one generation, and helped him up in bed. She then carried him out of the house and sat him down on the steps. Very thin and shrivelled he had become and was not heavy to carry. And Jakob sat there looking at the sun, the woods and the lake, and everything which once had been all his own.

"Now help me farther, if you're able," he said at last. And Martina carried the crippled man down to the shore and put him in the boat. But when she had done this, she sank in a heap, took Jakob's hand and could not speak.

"Push out the boat," Jakob spoke gently, "and when it is done go back to the house and don't stay here. Take down the book and read in it. God understands all this, He who knows what you and I have passed through."

Then Martina took Jakob's hand and pressed it in farewell. And she pushed the boat well out into the lake, waiting on the bank until it reached deep water. Then she walked alone up the slope and when she came into the house, she took an old book and tried to read in it. It was not the Bible she read. It was Thomas and Kempis. But to Martina these books were just the same, and she had never owned any others. The old woman read aloud the obscure words of the book. Slowly and laboriously she read on, but though the words were familiar, she could not get any meaning in them. In her time they were not taught much at school, and most of what Martina had learned she had long since forgotten. Far from the book her thoughts strayed, and yet Martina found a kind of comfort in these mysterious words, probably for the very reason that she understood so little of it all. When she had finished, she carefully put the book back on the shelf. Then she went down the slope again, and saw, that the boat drifted empty on the water. Martina sat down on the bank and what she now saw and thought was more than she could ever make clear. But Martina believed that she thought of Jakob's soul, of herself and all that they two had lived through together. With simple faith she recited "Our Father" over the calm water in which the forest was mirrored. And when this was done, she returned to the house, hung clean sheets before the windows and strew spruce brush on the path between the steps and the lake.

Whereupon, she went to bed and for the first time slept alone in the house at Reedmarsh.

When Martina afterwards came to the village to get help in finding Jakob's body and having the funeral, she artlessly told all about how it really had happened. But everybody thought she was telling a fairy tale. Only when those who accompanied her home, found the sheets before the windows and saw the path to the lake strewn with spruce twigs, could they believe that the weird story was the real fact. And when Jakob's dead body at last lay shrouded in the bed, where Jakob himself had lain sick so many years, many people gathered around him—more than had ever before been under that low roof.

And all understood that this, which had taken place here, was not to be spoken of. This that had happened was a secret of the woods, and none of those who knew it were to disclose what they had seen and heard or tell it in the villages. For what Martina had done had been done from a simple heart in distress.

And this was meet only here, where the forest extends miles upon miles and the calm lake mirrors the woods.

ON BUSINESS PRINCIPLES

BY WALTER ARCHER FROST

WHEN Hasting reached home it was half-past six. The open fire was blazing cheerily in the big living-room, and his wife's face lighted up with the pleasure which she saw reflected in his own.

He walked to the closet, and hung up his coat.

"On the last hook to the left, please, Fred," she called, and, turning on the electric light, he found that he had made use of a hook labelled "Mrs. Hasting's rain-coat." The last hook to the left was marked with "Mr. Hasting's over-coat."

"Isn't this something new, Edith?" he asked, regarding the labels a little dubiously. "Where did you get the idea?"

"From Mrs. Hume," she answered, as they went in to dinner; "I called there this afternoon, and she took me over the house. You never saw such system."

"I have *heard* about it—from her husband. He is just a shade less enthusiastic about it than you are."

"But don't you think labeling the hooks is an excellent plan?"

"Oh, yes—yes, indeed," said Hasting, with suspicious haste.

They had been married only three years, and, as the lawyer looked across the pretty, round table, and noted, as always, his wife's girlish figure and fresh, warm coloring, and the little irrepressible curls at her temples, he thanked again the fortune which had given him her, and left her free from anything more than temporary devotion to such hobbies as feminine method and system.

"This little reform will blow over in a week or two," he thought to himself; and he told, with light-hearted humor, of the happenings of the day.

When they went up to the "den" he looked about him in surprise—his pipes were lying in neat rows, stems pointing toward the fireplace and bowls toward the window; their appearance was very trim and orderly, but, somehow, he missed the look of haphazard untidiness which the pipe-tray had had before.

He went to the jar in which he kept his matches, and so tightly had they been "packed" into place that, after one or two attempts to loosen them, he gave it up and found one in his pocket. For a few moments he smoked in silence, and then he spoke. "Has *Mary* been up here? I told her that she must never——"

"No, Fred," interrupted Mrs. Hasting. "I have done all this *myself*. Just see how orderly everything is."

Hasting looked into the fire. "You must be very careful not to over-tire yourself, Edith."

"Oh, but I *love* to do all these things for you," she exclaimed.

Hasting made no reply, but walked to the book-case — "Where is 'Pickwick Papers'?" he asked at

length; "I was sure I put it back, right here," indicating the place with his hand.

"Oh, yes," exclaimed his wife, rising quickly, "I arranged your books, according to size, and, when I found that that was one of the set which Aunt Ellen gave us, I took it down to the library and put it with the others. I'll get it for you right away."

After reading, Hasting laid the book on his knee, and later was returning Mr. Pickwick to his accustomed place, when Mrs. Hasting said, "Let me take it down-stairs again, Fred. I will bring it up whenever you want it," and down-stairs went the President of The Pickwick Club, Hasting feeling his reproaches at being thus unhomed.

The next morning, when Hasting came down to breakfast, his wife asked, "What kept you, Fred?"

"I was a bit slow this morning, I think."

"I'm afraid that the eggs will be too hard."

"Never mind. I can manage any sort of an egg."

"But," she persevered, "if you could have come down a little sooner ——"

"Now, Edith, dear, never mind about the eggs."

"All right, Fred. But——"

Hasting laid down the napkin which he had just lifted. "Edith, what *is* it?"

"Nothing. Only they are so much better, when they are not too hard."

He made no reply, and then changed the subject.

Just as he was leaving the house, she said: "Will you get me a fairly large ledger, when you go past Mun's?"

"Yes, of course; but why do you want a ledger?"

"I have decided," she began, and then laughed half-unwillingly, "to keep a diary of all that I do, each day, and see where I can save time, and be more systematic."

For a moment, he stood irresolute, looking straight in front of him. "I'll bring you one, to-night." Then, as he walked slowly down the path: "I'll have it sent up; that will be quicker."

"What a delightful woman Mrs. Hume is," he said as he swung himself upon the rear platform of the car.

Returning from the office that night, he found his wife bending over a large book, the calf binding and red leather tips of which seemed strangely "business-like" and out of place in her hands.

"What on earth are you doing," he asked, his big voice filling the room, and his laugh, a little forced, following it; "it looks so unnatural to see you with that sort of thing, and I don't like it, Edith."

He was not laughing now.

Bending over her shoulder, he read:

"Wed. a.m., October 15th, 1907—Arranged books in library, putting them in alphabetical order according to authors."

He read no more, but she did not wait for him to speak. "I *know* that I have made a mistake in the date; to-day is the 12th. I always forget what day of the month it is, but the *scheme* is *so* satisfactory! Mrs. Hume ——"

"Edith," he interrupted her, "do not pay any attention to what *she* says, and do not do anything she does."

"But you ought to see how lovely and neat her house is, Fred, and how methodical——"

"Oh, I know all about that, Edith; but, don't you see that——"

"But, Fred, isn't it best to have things in their places?"

"In one sense it is, but——"

"Well," (and Mrs. Hasting spoke with determination), "I think that it is best in *every* sense; Mrs. Hume said that it was very difficult for a woman to make her husband like the

'system' (she *warned* us of that); but she said that, as soon as he became 'broken,' I mean *accustomed* to it, he would have the house run in no other way."

"She told us that her husband felt very much injured because she would not let him smoke in the living-room ("*Let* him?" said Hasting, under his breath), and asked him to do his smoking in the 'den'; but *now*, he doesn't *think* of smoking in the living-room—"

"Or in the 'den' either," added Hasting, and then, "I *know* Hume; any one can tell by looking at him what sort of a woman his wife is. That man has been driven out of his home by 'system,' driven to his club by 'methods,' and driven to drink by 'business-like' ways of running the house he calls his home. Home? Why, the Colonial Club is *his* home, the only home he has!

"John Barnes told me the other day that when Hume first began coming to the club, the poor devil would never lean back in his chair or put his feet up on anything; and he'd unconsciously arrange the magazines in nice little piles, on the table in the reading-room, and, instead of *throwing* a match into the fire-place, he'd actually lay it there, as if he were putting a net down over a butterfly. *Gad!*

"Mrs. Hume has a card-catalogue of all the books they have in the house, and, when you take a book out of the book-case, you 'sign a slip,' and put the 'slip' where the book was, and, when you put the book back, you 'check' the 'slip,' and then, I suppose, you 'file' the 'checked' 'slip.' Did you ever *hear* of such nonsense!"

Though Mrs. Hasting laughed, she was not to be dissuaded. "But you have a card-catalogue of the books in your *office*, haven't you, Fred?"

"Of course I have."

"Well, a house must be run upon systematic lines, just as much as an office; it is as necessary in the one as in the other; without system and method, neither can be so conducted as to achieve the best results." (She spoke as if reciting a lesson).

"I have heard all that before; but don't you see the difference between an office and a home?"

"Not as regards their respective needs of being run systematically."

"Really quite a concise statement of her case," Hasting admitted, as she rose to her feet, and went to the piano.

As he would have examined the "possibilities" in an action on a contract, he studied the various aspects of the situation. Then he laughed.

Presently Mrs. Hasting was called to the telephone, and, when she returned, she found her husband standing before the largest of the book-cases in the library.

"I have been thinking it over, Edith," he said, without looking up, "and it seems to me that it might not be so bad, after all, to have a card-catalogue of these books. It might be very convenient, there are such a lot of them. In fact, I believe that I shall get the cards in the morning."

In an instant she was at his side. "Do you really favor it?" she asked. "I am *so* glad. When the cards come up, I shall arrange them just like Mrs. Hume's." Hasting's eyes were upon the books. "As you have arranged them, they certainly look very well, but, you know, Dickens comes before Doyle, as the sets are arranged according to the alphabetical order of their authors." Mrs. Hasting blushed. "It was very stupid of me," she declared with emphasis.

Her husband turned from the book-case. "You will have to be just a little careful about these things, Edith; we must be *absolutely* exact."

The bell announced an arrival. "It is Agnes and her husband," said Mrs. Hasting.

"Yes," laughed Hasting, "it is Laurie and his wife."

The two men were standing before the fire.

"You put *your* labels *below* the books, Edith. I put mine above; but yours are straighter than mine."

The voice was that of little Mrs. Hill.

Hasting and Hill looked at each other.

"Do you know Mrs. Hume, Laurie?"

"I am beginning to, I think; but, see here, Fred, we have got to put a stop to this, you know. You ought to see our house."

"Come up and have a look at my 'den'; you remember what a snug place it *used* to be."

"We are going to smoke, Edith," he called to his wife, as they went up the stairs.

"Yes," said Hill, glancing around the room; "how jolly and 'systematic' it is, isn't it? It is very nice to have all your pipes arranged like that; mine are the same way. And look at that desk!"

"Oh, it is certainly *great!*" cried Hasting, as he lifted one corner of the tray and let the pipes slide down on top of each other.

An hour later Hill glanced at his watch, and then dashed down the stairs.

"By jove, Agnes," he exclaimed, "it is ten o'clock: time to run home!"

"But, Laurie, I have not gotten half through what I want to tell Edith."

Her husband advanced quickly toward her. "Our bed-time is ten-twenty, dear," he said; "and we must be absolutely regular."

The door closed upon them, as his wife called good-night to Mrs. Hasting.

"I think it was mean of him to take her away like that; don't you, Fred?"

Hasting was extinguishing the lights in the living-room, and his back was turned as he answered: "No. I quite agree with Laurie, that, unless people are unfailingly exact, they never accomplish anything. It is simply not *business*, you know."

When Mrs. Hasting came down to breakfast next morning her husband was already at the table; his watch was in his hand. "What time are you?" he asked briskly, holding out his hand. "Just as I thought; nearly three-quarters of a minute slow. I'll have Dillon look at it," he said, as he put her watch in his pocket.

At his office, he called up Laurence Hill. "She was three minutes and a half late," he laughed.

"Good! Agnes was four!"

"Congratulations!"

"Congratulations!"

At ten-thirty, an agent of the card-catalogue company showed Mrs. Hasting "samples," saying that Mr. Hasting had said to "rush" the order.

"We are in no *immediate* hurry for them," said Mrs. Hasting, in some surprise, "but it will be as well to have them promptly."

"One of our 'demonstrators' will bring the cards this afternoon and instruct you in our method."

"But I did not know that it was so complicated."

"It is very simple, as soon as you have thoroughly mastered our system, Madam," and the bowing agent was gone.

As they sat at lunch, the maid came to Mrs. Hasting's side. "A man has come with a desk and a typewriter," she announced.

Her mistress spoke without hesitation. "It is a mistake, of course; this is number——"

Hasting interrupted her. "Oh, no. I meant to tell you. (He went to the door). "Right in here," he called, and then: "It is going in the living-room. There, right next the window. The light will be all right there, will it not, Edith? I can move it, any

way, if it is not as you want it." Mrs. Hasting was looking fixedly at the typewriter. "But am *I* to use it?" "Yes, indeed. It is the very latest. The agent says that, after three months' study of their 'key,' you will be able to write *three hundred words a minute.* Seems extraordinary, doesn't it?"

"About the short-hand," he resumed, as they seated themselves again at the table, "I have been looking over various books on it, and I feel that *Pitman* is the one for you; it may be a bit more complex than *Gove*, but, in my opinion, it is the more effective, when you have mastered it."

Mrs. Hasting looked at her husband in blank incredulity. "I do not understand," she said.

"Why, it is just this way—we are going to have this house run upon strictly business principles, and the only way to do it is for you to become a trained 'business woman.' I know that it will take a little time for you to become broken, I mean accustomed, to it, but once you have learned it you will have no other way of working."

That evening his wife's face was, he thought, a little pale. "The Pitmore man was here this afternoon," she said, weakly.

"Pit*man*," her husband corrected, gently. "The letter-press will be up in the morning."

Mrs. Hasting put her hand to her forehead. "Fred," she said, "let us not talk any more to-night about typewriters, 'Pitmans' and 'letter-presses.' You may be quite right about it all — but not to-night, please. I think that I am a little nervous."

Hasting winced. How it hurt him to do this! But he tried not to show it.

"Very well, Edith," he said, lightly.

A week later, Mrs. Hasting went in at Mrs. Hill's, finding her at an office table, which stood in the middle of the floor of the living-room. The table was quite new.

"Why, Agnes," she cried, "how funny you look! What are you doing?"

Mrs. Hill replied with dignity, "I am studying mechanics."

"Are you, really? I did not know that you cared at all for that sort of thing."

"Oh, yes indeed! It is very interesting. Did you know, Edith (taking up a graduated compass), did you know that a force of five pounds weight, I mean pressure, of course, applied to the——let me see, if applied at the—— the—— well, right here, you see, on this diagram, right here where my little finger is, would equal——well, over *here*, of course, at this *other* point, it would be equal, would be——equivalent to only five pounds, whereas *here* (with great emphasis), it would be equal, not to *five* pounds, but to——let me see again, I do not know how I *could* have forgotten that; but, anyway, you see, don't you, Edith *dear*, that it could not be the same *here* that it is *there.* Isn't it just *wonderful?*"

"I am afraid that I do not just understand it, Agnes; it must be that I have not the *mind* for it (so much depends upon the *mind*, of course), but it does look *so* interesting."

"How long have you been studying this——mechanics, I think you said it was?"

"About a week," said little Mrs. Hill, looking down. And then, with great spirit and fluency—"Laurie is *so* clever at it; he says that he knows of nothing that is 'better exercise for the mind.' You know, he has had a turning-lathe set up in the billiard-room."

"Really? What good times you must have!"

"Oh, we *do.* What is that on *your finger?*"

"It is typewriter ink. I am studying stenography and type-writing."

Mrs. Hasting's cheeks were very pink.

She turned over the pages of the book before her, as she continued: "It is so absorbing. What are those funny little knobs for, Agnes?"

Mrs. Hill, with renewed animation: "Those are electric buttons. Laurie rings once when he wants me in the 'den,' and twice when he wants me in the billiard-room. I get confused, once in a while, but he says that I will soon learn. Tell me, though, Edith, when you became interested in stenography and typewriting."

Mrs. Hasting evaded the question. "I have, here, my book on shorthand; it is written by a Mr. Pitman. Do you care to see it?"

"Thank you. I should be so very glad to."

"I am now on this page," continued Mrs. Hasting, "learning the alphabet. Do you see those little *lines?* Well, each line means a letter. No, it means a word, or is it, let me think, is it a *sentence?* Never mind (courageously), but it *is* so stimulating. I study it for hours, *hours*, Agnes, writing 'Napoleon was a great man.'"

"I should think it would be perfectly *fascinating*. Let me see the next page; 'George Washington was the father of his country.' Edith Hasting, in just the shortest time you will be able to take down *anything*, just like *that*" (dashing a pencil across a sheet of paper).

Mrs. Hasting, hesitatingly: "*Fred* says so."

"Don't you *love* it?"

Mrs. Hasting turned quickly. "Agnes Hill, you have known me for years and years, and can you look at this horrid book, and these awful, ugly marks, and ask me if I do not love it? Do *you* love your *mechanics*? Then, you know how *I* feel! But I cannot do anything with Fred. He is having a 'demonstrator' teach me the 'card-catalogue' system—it's all mixed up—and now, when he takes a book from the book-case, he puts a slip in the vacant place, and, when he puts it back (the book, I mean, of course), he makes a funny little mark on the slip, and then—just to think of it, Agnes—he *files* the slip. I cannot bear to see him do it. It almost makes me ill."

Little Mrs. Hill threw her arms around her friend's neck, and cried upon her shoulder, "Edith, Oh Edith, you are always such a dear, and you *do* make me so happy. And (relevantly) Laurie is acting so strangely; he is so neat that it makes me creep! He is crazy about the lathe, and wants me to learn to *make* things on it! Did you ever see a lathe, Edith? It is horrible!"

Mrs. Hasting spoke with tearful decision: "Agnes, I am going home, and I am going to take off those horrid *labels*; and then I am going up to Fred's 'den,' and make it look just as it used to before I became so disagreeable and 'systematic.'" She held her handkerchief to her eyes.

"And that awful mechanics," quavered little Mrs. Hill.

That evening when Hasting reached home he saw that his wife's eyes were tired with tears.

"What is it, Edith," he asked, as he took her in his arms.

She did not reply, at once, but led him to the coat closet and pointed to the hooks.

"The labels are gone, Fred," she said shyly, and then hid her face on his shoulder.

He held her to him, quieting her in the way she knew and loved so well.

"I thank God for it, Edith," he said. "Mrs. Hume's ways are not our ways."

Pitman, lying open upon the typewriter desk, caught his eye; in a second he had seized it, and as it crashed against the wall the telephone bell rang, and a small voice, tremulous and uncertain, came over the wire to Mrs. Hasting:

"Laurie wants you to ask your husband if he wants to buy a lathe."

THE HOME OF THE SEA-GULL

BY A. WYLIE MAHON

PICTURESQUE Grand Manan, with its towering cliffs, dangerous shoals and ledges, and group of lovely but lonely islets, lying at the mouth of the Bay of Fundy, has been called the home of the sea-gull. There Audubon studied the gull before publishing his great work on the birds of America. It was a great surprise to this celebrated ornithologist to find that some of the gulls of Grand Manan build their nests in trees, like crows, a thing altogether unknown elsewhere. As the population of the island increased the gulls' nests on the ground and among the rocks were often robbed of their eggs. The gulls bore this patiently for a while. They would lay a second time, and if robbed again would lay a third time, two eggs each time, never more than three. If the nests were robbed a third time the gulls became discouraged, and would lay no more. "Try, try again" is good philosophy, but gulls, like some creatures that are thought to be wiser than gulls, get tired practising it. This custom of robbing the nests finally drove the gulls to build in trees.

It is a beautiful sight to see the countless pinnacles of dark, jagged rocks up and down that bold precipice, Southern Head, each with a white gull standing on it, saying proudly, and almost boastfully for a Canadian, in language which Charles G. D. Roberts and William J. Long, with no fear of President Roosevelt before their eyes, could easily interpret as "This is my own, my native land."

Some Canadian tourists say they have heard the gulls sing "The Maple Leaf Forever." They sing forever, although some doubt may be entertained as to whether it is the National Anthem they sing. Mr. Moody used to say that he could sing two tunes, but he never met anybody who could tell "tother from which." Of the songs the gulls sing it is difficult for any one but a writer of bird stories to tell "tother from which."

Three hundred years ago the ancestors of these gulls saw Champlain, the Ancient Mariner, cast anchor off the dangerous headland. What a wild, shrill protest these first inhabitants of Grand Manan must have uttered as they saw the French invaders approach. For some cause Champlain beat a hasty retreat, so hasty, indeed, that he lost an anchor, the remains of which were discovered about fifty years ago.

It is delightfully interesting and amusing to lie on the cliffs of Southern Head and watch the gulls at play. As we study their graceful evolutions, it does not require a very large exercise of the imagination to discern that there is method in their movements. See them as they come wheeling round the jutting headland

SOUTHERN HEAD, GRAND MANAN, THE HOME OF THE SEA-GULL

and alight in some obscure cave. Soon a single gull appears, flying swiftly hither and thither, till he finds his friends, and then they all go off in giddy glee to play over again their game of hide-and-seek, or some other game which we humans have not yet learned.

Their favorite game is politics. They seem to get much fun out of it, and they certainly put a lot of themselves into it. The outsiders—that is, those who have not been fortunate enough to get possession of the projecting pinnacles—try to oust the insiders; but the insiders hold on for dear life. It requires a tremendous swoop of wings to clear the rocks. Sometimes one unfortunate member of the cabinet goes by the board, or rather by the rock, while the others hold on with a death-like grip, seemingly regardless of the fate of their companion, selfish as it may seem.

This game of politics may be some evidence of the truth of the theory of evolution. "These are our ancestors, and their history is our history. Remember that as surely as we one day swung down out of the trees and walked upright, just as surely on a far earlier day," did we fly about the rocks as gulls and play the game of politics some like so much to play to-day.

Some days the rocks of Southern Head are almost deserted. Scarcely a gull is to be seen, except a few aged ones — the grandfathers and grandmothers, who are staying by the stuff. They have all gone off on a pic-nic to see the famous Gannet Rock, seven miles away from land, to say how-do-you-do to the keeper of the light, who, like the conies, makes his house in the rocks, where never a blade of grass was known to grow, where even a dog cannot live,

WHERE AUDUBON STUDIED THE GULLS

who must gladly welcome even a gull to his lonely habitation, for otherwise he would hear no sound save the breaking of the wild sea over the treacherous Murr ledges, the graveyard of the Bay of Fundy.

Out of the base of the beetling cliffs of Southern Head stands the Southern Cross, a huge rock rising up and stretching out two short arms which give it the name.

There was a time when this rock was called the Old Maid; but when Grand Manan became popular as a summer resort, and many charming spinsters came from Boston town, who could fly about the dizzy brow of the rocky headland almost as gracefully as gulls, with an exulting air about their every movement which proclaimed their freedom from man's control, the native guides felt a feeling of embarrassment in their presence when asked the name of that rigid, gloomy figure rising out of the rocks, which, like the well-known spinster in Hawthorne's "House of the Seven Gables," seemed to be in mourning for her lost hopes. So to save this confusion of face they converted the Old Maid into the Southern Cross. The gulls loved the Old Maid and lavished upon her their warmest affection. She had lovers many, but her heart was cold and petrified.

When Mrs. Roosevelt, as a girl, visited Southern Head she persisted in the hazardous feat of descending the high cliffs to the Southern Cross. It was enough to make the gulls break forth into "The Star Spangled Banner." Under such circumstances even the critical President himself would have forgiven the birds for being so human, or would have forgiven Mr. Long for being so much of a bird as to interpret so happily

SOUTHERN CROSS, GRAND MANAN

their good supply of musicial speech.

The gulls of this grandly picturesque island have had many notable visitors in their day. Captain Kidd, who made for himself a reputation as world-wide as that of Champlain, used to spend his summer vacations on Grand Manan, and many a thrilling tale is told of his deeds of daring. He could go where a gull could go, and he could do many things which no gull would care to do. His favorite resorts were Dark Harbor and Money Cove, where, we are told, he buried many a pot of his ill-gotten gold. In a little history of the island, published a quarter of a century ago, the following legend is given: "At the mouth of a deep-dug hole the pirate made an unhappy victim swear to keep that money safe from all comers for all time; and then to make the spirit-sentinel keep good faith he shot the man and buried him with the pirated silver and gold."

Many blood-curdling stories, of ghosts and goblins are told to-day by the dulse-pickers, who live on this wild, almost inaccessible shore, where rocky walls frown seaward, bald to their dizzy height, and deep-fluted by the storm-sculptor. Standing on the cliffs and looking into the awful abyss of Dark Harbor, one can believe almost anything one hears about phantom forms—bodiless heads and headless bodies—which go travelling about in the night to frighten away those who are seeking buried treasure. The groans which come out of the grim, gloomy gorges of Dark Harbor, when the storm rages without, and the wild waves break in fury over the harbor bar, are said to be terrible.

"I cannot tell how the truth may be;
I say the tale as 'twas said to me."

To get at the truth of the whole matter, we must ask the gulls. They know all about it. One thing is sure the birds have almost forsaken this bit of haunted beach. Now and again you will see them approach the dread harbor and suddenly wheel in their course and make seaward, as if pursued by some relentless ènemy. Since a great man tells us that there are more things in heaven and earth than are dreamt of in our philosophy, the stories of the dulse pickers may be true.

The Legislature of New Brunswick, a few years ago, on the petition of Grand Manan, passed an act imposing a fine of five dollars on the person convicted of killing a gull. The bill was not popular with the ladies, but since there were no ladies in parliament, it got through. Some of the members of the house, as they

glanced into the ladies' gallery and saw the beautiful gull-plumes shaking threateningly at them, had their moment of weakness, but the bill passed.

The promoters of this legislation held that gulls were too good scavengers to be ruthlessly destroyed, as the Indians were doing by making a practice of going at night to the rookeries with torches, which caused the birds to become so completely dazed that they were easily taken. Gulls also serve as guides to the best fishing grounds; and their shrill, raucous cry at night as they roost on some dangerous ledge serves as a warning to mariners.

The home of the gulls is as well made as it is beautiful. It took only six days to make the rest of the world, but seven days' work was bestowed upon Grand Manan. In approaching the island by steamer from Eastport, a good view can be obtained of what is called the Seven Days' Work, a high, perpendicular wall which reveals seven distinct layers of rock, which give the name to the precipice.

It was near this spot that the ship *Lord Ashburton* was wrecked just fifty years ago, when twenty-one officers and men, including Captain Creary, of Pictou, lost their lives. In the cemetery at North Head they were buried in one large strangers' grave, over which a board still stands to mark the place, with this inscription:

"Here lie the remains of twenty-one seamen of the ship *Lord Ashburton*, who were drowned 19th of January, 1857."

In a shoemaker's shop in the village may be found the only one of the eight persons rescued from the wreck who made his home on Grand Manan. To look into his kindly face and hear him tell with undying emotion the story of that awful night, and of the subsequent five years which he was compelled to spend in the Marine Hospital, at St. John, recovering from the effects of that night's exposure, is an experience not soon to be forgotten.

Many a thrilling experience could the gulls relate of unknown ships that have gone down upon the treacherous ledges, leaving no record of their own to tell of their terrible fate.

Photograph by C. E. Northrop

THE BORE

THE scene was from a wharf on the Petitcodiac River, at the head of the Bay of Fundy. It was during the autumn equinox, about six in the evening. The sky was a peculiar deep gray, almost electric, with splashes of vivid violet. The wind was blowing in gusts, with short pauses between, as if listening. The mud banks gleamed, and the water in the channel looked like terra cotta oil and eddied sluggishly. There was an intangible feeling of suspense in the air, and a weird expectancy, as before some great event. Suddenly far down the river one was conscious of a roaring sound, as if some huge leviathan of the deep had emerged from his lair in the depths of the river bed in search of prey. One gazed down the river and there was the monster, the *Bore* himself, rushing along and curving in close to the shore. He was showing his teeth, and his mane was erect and bristling. As he surged on he seemed to lash himself into a fury, and his snout and tusks were flecked with foam. As this swift force came closer it began to lose distinct outline and seemed to expand like a huge nightmare, and one saw it was a wave of water with a foaming crest of froth, but still with an impelling, initial power of its own. Two gulls flew just behind the crest of the wave, making sharp, frightened cries as if fascinated. A beating, lashing note began to mingle with the roar of the water. The head of the wave shot forward and cut its way, and the rest streamed after, spreading across to the opposite bank of red mud, and the whole river behind was filled with a surging mass of water. The wave came swiftly onward, and when close to the wharf seemed as if about to descend like an avalanche and sweep everything away in its rapid course. It struck the wharf with a shock, licked and lapped against the piers, and rushed on dragging the whole flood, a rippling, eddying water in its wake. The "*Bore* was in," and there was a feeling as of a great escape. The drama was over. The curtain of night began to fall, and the stage was darkened.

K. E. Hewson.

A GREAT LIBRARIAN

THE LATE JAMES BAIN, D.C.L.

BY THOS. E. CHAMPION

Let us then be up and doing
With a heart for any fate,
Still achieving, still pursuing,
Learn to labor and to wait.

AMONG the many men who have held prominent public positions in Canada there have been but few who so completely made the lesson taught in the lines of Longfellow just quoted their inspiration and their guide as did James Bain, the late Libraian of the Public Library in Toronto, whose death took place on May 23rd last, he having at the time of its occurrence fulfilled the duties of the post for rather more than a quarter of a century.

The late librarian was always "up and doing" in his work, striving day by day, week by week, to make the Library a greater power for good to the people, yet not dismayed when at times his plans for advancement seemed for the moment to be retarded. He was always thankful when some definite forward step was taken and continued the even tenor of his way always, though "still pursuing," as he had learned what was to be accomplished by earnest work and was content "to labor and to wait."

Before referring to the work of Mr. Bain as a librarian, it will not be out of place to give a brief sketch of his early career. He was born of Scottish parents in London, England, in August, 1842. At that time there was a wave of almost enthusiasm passing over the population of the British Isles and Ireland in favor of emigration to Canada. Great numbers of both English, Scotch and Irish people were affected with this all but prevailing sentiment and came out to Canada, among them the parents of the late James Bain, who was at the time a lad of little more than nine years of age.

James Bain, sr., settled in Toronto early in 1852, being from the first engaged in business as a bookseller and stationer. In this business he was subsequently joined by his son, James Bain, jr., after the latter had completed his education, which he received at the old Toronto Academy. James Bain, sr., lived to an advanced age, dying on May 18th, 1908, just five days previously to his son, of whom we are now speaking.

The late Mr. Bain, or rather Dr. Bain, continued in business with his father until 1870, when he entered the service of the publishing firm of James Campbell & Son as buyer. In the year 1874 he went to London, England, to open a branch establishment of the firm, which he managed until 1878, when he entered into partnership with the London publishers, John Nimmo & Son, the firm being known as Nimmo & Bain. This partnership was dissolved in 1882, Mr. Bain returning to Toronto.

In the following year he was appointed librarian of the newly organized Toronto Public Library,

THE LATE DR. JAMES BAIN

which position he held until his death.

Twenty-five years ago the Public Library, as we know it to-day, was a new thing, to a great extent in the nature of an experiment, and its success depended in a very great measure upon the capabilities of the man who was appointed to the post of Chief Librarian.

There can be no better evidence of the manner in which Dr. Bain discharged his duties towards the Library and the public than the condition in which that Library, with its five branches, is found to-day.

The formal opening of the Library took place March 6th, 1884, those who delivered speeches at the inauguration proceedings being the then Lieutenant-Governor, the Hon. Beverley Robinson; Sir Daniel Wilson, President of University College; Hon. G. W. Ross, the then Minister of Education; Professor Goldwin Smith, and Rev. W. H. Withrow, D.D.

The first issue of books to the public was on April 17th, 1884, and from that date until December 31st in the same year, the total number of books issued from the Central, Northern

and Western branches, including books of reference, was 179,506 volumes. Of that number 167,506 were in the circulating department, the remainder were books of reference consulted by readers.

On December 31st, 1884, when the Library had been open for but little more than eight months, the total number of books it contained in all the departments was 31,148 volumes. On the last day of December, 1907, this comparatively small total had increased to 149,801 volumes, valued at no less than $217,-258.71. Included in the figures just quoted are the books in the Reference Libraries, 46,585 in the Central and 396 in the various branches.

Statistics are rarely very interesting, but it has been necessary to give the foregoing figures to show the enormous development of the Library during the period of Dr. Bain's tenure of office as Chief Librarian.

Dr. Bain was most fitly described by the Rev. Canon Cody, in an address the latter delivered on the occasion of his funeral, as "a great librarian," while he may also be as fitly spoken of as "a great educationist," for very few among the many educationists in Toronto exercised in a quiet, unostentatious way such great influence in directing the intellectual development of the people as did the late James Bain.

He had, as Canon Cody also remarked, an almost encyclopædic knowledge of books. He was in fact as another great friend of his, the Rev. Dr. Milligan, described him, a "professor of books."

A circulating library must of necessity always contain a very large number of works of fiction the contents of which are but of passing interest and of no enduring literary merit. There are hundreds of such books in the Toronto Library. It is inevitable that it should be so, as there are a large class of readers who demand that kind of literature, and their wants must be provided for. Allowing for all this though, in the many long years in which the direction of the purchase of books for the Public Library was in Dr. Bain's hands, no questionable novels, no books such as might not be safely read by anyone, were ever allowed to gain admittance to its shelves.

It was, however, in the Reference Library, which contains books such as all students require, that Dr. Bain's ripe acquaintance with literature was so fully displayed.

There is no finer collection of "Canadiana" portrayed in books, outside the Parliamentary Library in Ottawa, than that collected by Dr. Bain and stored in the Toronto Reference Library, opened in May, 1893, apart from the circulating department.

When the Historical Exhibition was held in Victoria College, Toronto, in 1896, it was a revelation to students of Canadian history when they saw what a wealth of books, documents and pamphlets relating to that subject were there, contributed by the Public Library, arranged chronologically, as far as possible, and catalogued, by Dr. Bain. In that all but unique collection, books were to be found which threw light upon the whole history of Canada, from the time of Jacques Cartier to Confederation.

All students using the Reference Library of Toronto invariably found in Dr. Bain a man not only willing but most desirous of helping them in their work. The politician who was writing on any particular subject in the past history of the country could at once learn from Dr. Bain what books there were within his reach best calculated to assist him. With every other class of student Dr. Bain was a veritable book of reference in himself, for he could direct the writer on history, biography, theology, or the fine arts to the very books which he needed.

Dr. Bain, famous as he was as a Librarian, was not simply that and nothing more, but was a capable, useful man of affairs outside his own particular profession. He found time to undertake the duties of Secretary of the Canadian Institute, filling that position from 1882 to 1886. He was for a time Secretary to the St. Andrew's Society and later still its President. Besides this work he had been President of the Caledonian and Gaelic Societies, while the great success of the visit of the British Association to Toronto ten years ago was mainly due to Dr. Bain's untiring work as local secretary to the Toronto branch of the Association.

In 1905 Trinity University bestowed upon James Bain the honorary degree of D.C.L., everyone feeling that the distinction was merited and that in honoring the late Librarian the University honored itself.

One cannot do better in concluding this article than to quote the leading article in the Toronto *Globe* of May 27th in reference to Dr. Bain:

"In Dr. Bain the man was still greater than the librarian, because he succeeded in resisting the almost inevitable tendency of a librarian to become a mere bookworm. Dr. Bain was always much more than this, in fact he was not in the ordinary sense of the term a 'bookworm' at all. He was as earnest and as efficient in many other ways as he was in his chosen and special calling. . .

"He was constantly devising ways in which he might make his library increasingly useful to the public and he naturally looked forward to the completion of the new edifice. To make it as perfect in all its details as experience and forethought could do was his constant aspiration, and it adds infinitely to the pathos of his taking off that he did not live to see his noble conception of a Library building fully realized."

THE PLAINS OF ABRAHAM

By A. L. FRASER

The cynosure of Briton and of Celt,
These plains again give back the tramp of feet;
Across dead Hate the same two peoples greet;
They come to-day as men who oft have knelt
In holy fanes and worthy feelings felt,
Yea who had visions of a high emprise,—
That, East and West, beneath Canadian skies,
To feuds of blood and creed death may be dealt!

They dig the gathered moss from his great name,
Who blazed the trail three centuries ago;
They deed to Peace this sacred field of Fame,—
These dizzy heights that make our annals glow:
From purposes of mere utility
This place where heroes fell shall now be free!

THE SOCIALIST MANIFESTO

BY GOLDWIN SMITH, D.C.L.

THE Socialist election manifesto is a remarkable document. It flatly renounces loyalty to the community, pledging its authors and the party, when in office, "to conduct all public affairs placed in its hands in such a manner as to promote the interests of the working class alone"; the working class apparently including manual labor alone. There is a distinct avowal of an intention to use the ballot for the purpose of getting hold of the forces of the State, which would be sure to be used by the writers of this manifesto as other terrorists have used them.

The Russian anarchists are spoken of as "our comrades in Russia." Our comrades in Russia open the age of gold by throwing bombs into a railway waiting-room and a dwelling-house full of people. When a benevolent Emperor inaugurates great reforms, such as would take the wind out of anarchy's sails, they put an end to his encroachment on their trade as regenerators of society by blowing up him and his attendants.

It is notable that among the names of candidates three are foreign. That element is coming into play and our Chief Justice is trying to make a treaty against carrying knives with immigrants from the land of the Mafia.

What, after all, is Socialism? What is its plan? Where can we find its oracle? Karl Marx seems to be falling rather into the background. We have had from Plato downwards a number of reveries of social equality and bliss, more or less serious, more or less attractive; the "Utopia" of Sir Thomas Moore, through which the character of the author shines, being the most beautiful and attractive of all. "Man pines for what is not," as well in good sooth he may. But what is the practical plan for the reconstruction of society on the basis of equality and mutual affection now before us? The "State," it seems, is to be everything. But who is the "State," what are to be its powers, how is the right action of its sovereign authority to be secured? Is it to regulate our private as well as our public life? Then how is the transition to it to be effected? The manifesto hints, by the methods of "our brave comrades in Russia."

However, the animating spirit of this manifesto and other productions styled "Socialist" is sheer class-hatred of wealth, a feeling for a certain amount of which the human breast, being what it is, we must be prepared, trying to allay it by beneficence. The inequalities of the human lot, especially if we take in all ages, countries and classes, are a most mysterious part of the great mystery and one which presses especially upon us now when belief in future compensation is growing faint. They can be mitigated and are being not a trifle, though slowly, mitigated as civilization advances. Gradual progress by effort seems to be the paramount law of our being, but so far as we can see can-

not at once be levelled. Never was a greater fallacy uttered than Jefferson's "all men are created equal," the author of which himself kept slaves. Men are created with infinite diversity of qualities, characters, and endowments, bodily and mental, as well as of circumstances and opportunities. Out of these the diversities of their conditions have arisen, and would again arise if we could level everything to-morrow. Mitigate the irregularities we can and are bound to do, but to work any great or sudden change or one excluding the influence of natural endowments is clearly beyond our power. This manifesto promises to the working classes and their wives, when power is in Socialist hands, "culture, refinement, travel, in short all good things possible." Does the writer seriously believe this? Can he imagine that when the manual laborer was touring in Switzerland the manual work could go on? Where is the use of feeding fancies which can only beget disappointment and discontent?

The movement, however, which blows its trumpets in this Socialist manifesto is not one of social reconstruction, of which little and only in the vaguest terms is said. The manifesto is a blast of incentive to revolt against wealth, and especially against the capitalist employers of labor. If the capitalist class refuses to yield when general ownership is taken out of their hands, "it will be so much the worse for them. They will get 'law and order,' working class law and order." Its practical effect, if it has any, will be to increase the number and bitterness of the strikes which have already cost us so much, and, if Oriental manufactures should come into competition, as there is reason to apprehend they may, will probably cost us more. It is a pity that to allay this bitterness something like a tie or partnership between the capitalist and the wage earner can not be devised. If it could, there might be a fair division of the earnings of the firm without the intervention of strikes. Unfortunately it is impossible to determine by any criterion what would be a fair partition of the earnings of the firm. The capitalist cannot tell in advance what his profits will be; while the workingman cannot wait for his wages. Arbitration has done something, perhaps much; but unfortunately it comes after a strike, and it is now reported that in Australia difficulty is found in getting compliance with the awards. It will probably take the wage earners long to discover that if by a strike labor is exacting from the employer more than the employer can afford the loss will fall ultimately on the trade.

That there are bad millionaires too many and undue accumulations of wealth, nobody doubts. Sometimes the wealth has been accumulated by protective tariffs, by monopolies, or in other ways injurious to the community. But there are also millionaires not a few whose accumulations are used in large measure for the good of the community. This, the number of benefactions proves. The worst things the millionaire does is leaving his hoard to an idle and worthless heir, who has not only been debauched himself but sows the seeds of corruption around him and ends perhaps by desecrating marriages. It is a pity that such a wrong done to society cannot in any way be restrained.

The land owner under the feudal tenure had serious duties. Even in our time he has some. A really good land owner in England, who resides on his estate and looks after his tenantry and people, earns a not inconsiderable part of his rent. But wealth has become roving. The millionaire especially feels no paramount or strong tie to it. He is apt to drift away to the society of the imperial

country or to the pleasure resorts of Europe.

Gains may be too great, at all events if they come into unbeneficent hands. But would great ventures ever be made without the hope of great gains? Without great ventures where would be the great works? We are always talking of that mystical being "the State," which some people seem to regard as a being apart endowed not only with boundless power and wisdom but with boundless wealth. Could "the State" have undertaken to do with the public funds what has been done by daring speculation? Where would have been our early Canadian railways? Many of the accumulators of millions have risen from the humbler ranks of industry. Just now a great concourse, including men of high distinction, and public benefactors, is meeting at Ithaca to celebrate the foundation of Cornell University by one who laid telegraph poles by his own hands.

In my native country general improvement and improvement of the lot of the poorer class especially was held back till some way into the last century by the ruinous and distracting wars brought on by the delirium of the French Revolutionists, precursors of "our brave comrades in Russia." But surely since that time there has been improvement, improvement surely enough to disarm frantic and indiscriminate hatred of the class that has had wealth and power in its hands. Extension of the franchise, improvement of factory laws and laws regulating industry generally, with liberty to form unions, provisions for public health, especially beneficial to the dwellings of the poor, public education, and free libraries, great amendment of the poor law, foundation of hospitals and other charitable institutions, opening of parks and other places of health and recreation, and charitable effort of various kinds, surely call for notice in balancing the social account. The vast improvement in the means of production and locomotion must also have been very beneficial, though the improvement of machinery may incidentally have had the unfortunate effect of throwing some manual labor for the time out of employment.

There lies before me proof, apparently on the best authority, that the wages of the masses of the people in England and their savings have been greatly increased within the last half century, and that the increase more than balances that of the capitalists' wealth.

It is needless here, and would be an unwelcome task, to inquire whether the working classes have done all that was reasonably in their power by thrift and temperance for the improvement of their own lot, or whether they have always used their political franchise wisely, as for example, in throwing up their caps for war as a spree.

It is happily a "Socialist," not a "Labor," manifesto on which I have been commenting. "Labor" is still true to the commonwealth, still recognizes that as the best form of government, which "doth actuate and inspire every part and member of a state to the common good."

We must demur to the constant use of the terms "rich" and "poor," as though society were divided on the line of property into two distinct and antagonistic classes, of which one is always assumed to be the oppressive, the other the oppressed. The gradations of property and condition are infinite, and the struggling professional man or tradesman is often in reality poorer than the laborer earning fair wages.

THE CANADIAN MILITIA

BY CAPTAIN C. FREDERICK HAMILTON,
Corps of Guides

FIRST of all — why have we a militia?

Because there is a possibility that some day our country may be obliged to fight.

Few Canadians seem willing to consider the militia in a business-like way. They like to say, "This continent will never see another war," and to add in the next breath, "But of course we must keep up a decent militia." Two utterances could not conflict more nakedly. If Canada will never become involved in a war—if we are sure of that—we should not keep up a decent militia, nor any militia. We should abolish it instantly. The two millions we spend on it every year would be an utter waste; and to spend two dollars on it would be as wrong as to spend two millions. As for preserving order, an annual outlay of a few hundred thousands on a Federal constabulary would procure a force which would handle riots more efficiently, and at the cost of far less class jealousy than the employment of militia arouses. On the other hand, if we admit that we may become involved in a war, we must be able to put an army in the field; and our militia exists to produce that army. Our militia is a war-force: that, and nothing else, when we look at it rightly.

If you ask the ordinarily well-informed Canadian what the strength of the militia is, he probably will answer that it varies from 40,000 to 45,000. He is thinking of the men in red coats whom he sees drilling in peace time. If you ask him what the typical young Canadians of his town would do if war were to break out, he will tell you that they would enlist as soon as they could reach the nearest drill-shed. Ask him the number of these war-time volunteers, and he is likely, if he has a good knowledge of Canadian statistics, to put it at about 60,000. Yet the ordinary Canadian, who knows these two facts perfectly, scarcely ever combines them. He continues to think of the militia—and if he is a public man to provide for it—as if it was 40,000 strong; whereas 40,000 *plus* 60,000 equals 100,000. To be just, the ordinary Canadian is beginning to understand that the plan underlying the new militia organization of the present government is to produce a "first line" of 100,000; even then he will not combine this fact with certain other elementary facts, of which he is perfectly aware, and bear in mind that 100,000 men will need 100,000 rifles—or that each man should have at least 1,000 cartridges handy — or that 1,000 cartridges apiece for 100,000 men means 100,000,000 rounds of small-arm ammunition which should be in stock—or that 100,000 soldiers should have at least five hundred big guns to support them—or that they would need clothing, blankets and other stores.

When we enlist men we organize them — put them into battalions, squadrons, and batteries, and provide them with leaders. It takes a long

time to get these corps—what British army officers style *cadres* and Americans call *organizations*—in good running order, and it is part of a business-like preparation to see that we have a sufficient number of them ready to receive and train the war-time recruits who will come trooping in.

We have organizations which will produce when filled up to war strength just about the hundred thousand men we have been talking about. In peace-time we train only forty-five officers and men in an infantry company; in war-time we recruit it up to one hundred and twenty. Our existing organizations are approximately as follows: Infantry, 720 companies; peace establishments, 37,000; probable war strength, 86,000. Cavalry and Mounted Rifles, 104 squadrons; peace establishments, 8,700; probable war strength, 15,500. Horse, Field and Heavy Artillery, 38 batteries; peace establishments, 4,700; probable war strength, 6,000. Engineers, 4 field companies and a telegraph section; peace establishments, 800; probable war strength, 1,000. Total Field Army: Peace establishments, say 51,000; probable war strength, say 100,000 combatants; number of guns, about 200.

To this we must add staffs, Garrison Artillery (three regiments), Ammunition Columns, Corps of Guides, Signalling Corps, Army Service Corps (twelve companies), Army Medical Services (eighteen field ambulances), Ordnance Store Corps (twelve sections), etc. The peace establishments of these auxiliary services is about 4,600; in war they would receive heavy increases. How heavy these would be can be seen by taking the case of the Ammunition Columns. On mobilization no fewer than twenty-six of these would be needed in Eastern Canada, with nearly 3,700 officers and men, 4,100 horses and not far short of 1,000 vehicles. The introduction of the eighteen-pounder gun will cause considerable additions to this total.

It may be noted that this organization is a vast improvement upon that of half a dozen years ago. In 1901 the distribution of arms was as follows: Infantry, 86 battalions; peace establishments, 30,000; probable war strength, 86,000. Mounted Rifles, 47 squadrons; peace establishments, 3,400; probable war strength, 7,500. Field Artillery, 18 batteries; peace establishments, 1,800; probable war strength, 3,000. Engineers, 4 field companies; peace establishments, 500; probable war strength, 1,000. Total Field Army — peace establishments, 35,700; probable war strength, 100,000, with 108 field guns.

To this would have been added Garrison Artillery (thirty-one companies), Army Service Corps (four companies), and Army Medical Services (eight bearer corps and eight field hospitals). The organization of auxiliary services, an especially meritorious action of the present Government, then had just commenced.

Thus we see that we have the organizations to provide a field army of just about 100,000 riflemen, mounted or on foot, with from 160 to 200 guns of the several sorts necessary. We further have a number of auxiliary corps for commissariat, transport, medical attendance, etc.

If I buy during the winter a boat with which I intend to navigate a lake during summer, I am far more concerned with the soundness and buoyancy which it will show during the boating season than I am with the paint it wears in the season of ice and snow. And so the most interesting thing about the militia is the army of 100,000 riflemen, or 125,000 men all told, which it will put in the field in time of need. We should keep asking ourselves whenever we do anything to the militia in peace, whether it will help to make the war-army efficient.

During peace-time you see your town or county battalion drilling away. Its eight companies probably number from 350 to 400 men. The men wear red coats and white helmets, which are unsuitable for war; the drill-shed contains only 300 rifles; little or no ammunition is kept in store, little or no extra clothing, no boots, and few if any extra articles of equipment. With that outfit the battalion year by year gets through its training.

Suppose war threatens, and comes. Five or six hundred of the lads you know on the streets or the concession lines rush to join; and you wish to see your battalion in a very few days start off to the threatened points. You wish to see it from 1,000 to 1,100 strong; you wish to see the men clothed in suitable campaign uniform; you wish to see a rifle on every shoulder; you wish to see every man supplied with plenty of cartridges; you wish to see a Maxim trundling behind the rear company; you wish the men all to have overcoats, blankets, haversacks, canteens, water-bottles, and similar necessaries; you wish the companies to have cooking utensils, water-carts, transport wagons. Further, you wish to see the battalion commanded by a colonel who has some military skill, and each company provided with well-trained captains, lieutenants and non-coms.

Again—an object consisting of a trunk, two legs, two arms and a head, but devoid of brain and blood, is not a man; neither is a collection of battalions, squadrons and batteries an army if it has no staff to manage it, no commissariat to collect nor transport service to move its supplies, no doctors, ambulances or hospitals for its sick and wounded, no ordnance service to manage its ammunition supplies—in a word, if it is without administrative services.

Bearing in mind these two needs, let us see how our army would fare in the event of war, as things are now.

First of all, the six or seven hundred recruits who would rush to your local armory to enlist could be given neither rifles nor uniforms; the armory would contain just rifles enough for the men already on the rolls. There probably would not be cartridges enough to teach the men how to shoot. There would be no field service uniforms for anybody, and very few of the red uniforms extra. Overcoats, haversacks, belts, bandoliers, mess-tins and similar necessaries would be lacking. About all the colonel could do would be to drill the recruits in their shirt-sleeves and worry his District Officer Commanding, his Higher Command general, and the Ottawa authorities for rifles, ammunition, clothes, boots, equipment, necessaries, harness, water-carts, ammunition-carts, transport-wagons, and a few scores of other things. About two hundred commanding officers would be sending, let us say an average of one hundred such telegrams apiece; the lot of the Headquarters Staff which would receive these twenty thousand telegrams would hardly be enviable.

What would make the lot of the Headquarters Staff still less agreeable is the fact that even if its officers were to read all these telegrams, they could not comply with their requests. We should have 100,000 men — we could at present arm only about 70,000; of these, 38,000 would have Lee-Enfield, the rest would have Ross rifles; on this showing there would be 30,000 or 40,000 men who could not be armed. The ammunition stores are terribly low. Campaign clothing equipment — boots — of all those stores we have not nearly enough to outfit our hundred thousand men.

If war broke out this year, we could not put rifles in the hands of more than three-quarters of the men who would present themselves. It would take weeks, perhaps months, to clothe them. If we could buy arms, munitions and stores in Britain, we

might be able to mobilize—that is, enlist, outfit, train and assemble our men—in about three months. But what would our enemy be doing in those three months? Especially if he had a better system of preparation?

A few years ago our militia on assembling and being outfitted would have been obliged to improvise commissariat and transport services before it could have marched or fought. In this there has been improvement. An Army Service Corps—a properly organized body which undertakes to procure, transport, and deliver the food of the army—now exists, and could be rapidly expanded in cases of need. There also is a good medical service, and other auxiliaries are being provided.

Again, battalions and squadrons must be grouped into brigades, and brigades into divisions, and these formations must have competent generals and staff officers. A few years ago the militia was a welter of unorganized units. Improvement has been effected, and now the higher formations are provided; an effort is being made to train leaders and staffs. Also, a sound organization into higher commands has been effected.

Suppose we arm, equip and organize our men and march them to the danger spot; then will come the fighting. It would be extremely disagreeable if our army were beaten. Armies win because their soldiers are the better fighters, or because they are better led; and neither skill in fighting nor competence in leadership are gifts of nature; they must be acquired by laborious training.

Here we are faced with a difficulty; it is very hard to train soldiers and to procure skilful leaders under militia conditions. General Hutton improved our training somewhat, and the Central Training Camp marks another onward step. But more must be done.

Let us summarize our needs:

1. Everything we do in organizing the militia must be for the express purpose of making it the better able to produce that army of 100,000 riflemen.

2. We should have at least 100,000 modern military rifles in the country. Indeed, we should have more, for a reserve is necessary to replace weapons which are broken, get worn out, etc.

3. We should have an artillery force of at least five hundred guns. Partially trained troops need powerful artillery backing; 100,000 regular British infantry would be allotted about five hundred guns. At present we have about ninety obsolescent horse artillery guns in the country, and some modern field guns have been ordered. We also have a few heavy guns.

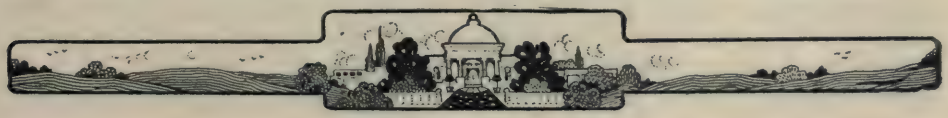
4. We should keep on hand the ammunition, stores, equipment, etc., necessary for our army of 100,000 men.

5. We should decentralize those stores; that is, at every battalion armory we should have 1,000 rifles, 1,000 suits of campaign uniform, 1,000 equipments, a good supply of ammunition, and the other things needful. The battalion should be able to parade ready for service without sending one telegram to worry higher officers.

6. We should have a proper organization into brigades and divisions.

7. We should have a sufficient number of administrative services for commissariat, transport, etc.

8. We should train our men as well as possible, and in addition should take special pains to train a large number of competent leaders—noncoms, company officers, battalion officers, staff officers, and generals.



IN RUPERT'S LAND

BY ROLAND HORN

SNOW had been falling all day over the wide reaches of the Abittibi river, but as the day died the wind swept back the clouds and showed a crimson sun. But if the upper skies were clear, the river and woods were still lost in a whirl of frozen flakes, for the wind caught up the new fallen drifts and tore and tortured them, driving them before it in icy eddies. Through the white bewilderment a man came stumbling, groping with out-stretched hands. Once he tripped across a root and fell headlong, but gained his feet and staggered on more feebly. The wind shrieked above him in a derisive menace, and from the impenetrable woods near by came the long howl of a wolf, repeated from the distance in lessening echoes.

At last the wanderer stood erect and tried to draw breath. He looked about him dimly on frozen river and pathless wood, then cast himself face downward on the snow like one that would choose his own time for dying, since death it must be in the end. But as he fell he cried aloud into a lull of the wind, a cry of rage and protest, not of appeal; and the words of his outcry were English, a strange thing for the woods and snows to hear in the uncharted land in the year of grace 1670.

It was not only the woods and the winds which heard, for the whirling snowflakes had scarce had time to settle on the silver fox skins worn by the fallen man, before a figure came out of the tangle of juniper on the river shore and drew stealthily nearer. For a moment the newcomer knelt beside the prostrate body, then turned it over and looked hard into the face upturned to him, which yet knew nothing of his presence. Then he drew the great glove from his left hand and felt under the furs for the beating of the heart. Finding what he sought, he nodded satisfaction and, rising, half lifted, half dragged the inert form towards a giant fir tree which reared itself above a mass of lesser evergreen, its black branches cutting the crimson of the western sky. Arrived at this landmark, he let slip his burden into the snow and busied himself in feeding a newly-lighted fire which burned yellow and wan-blue among its curls of smoke. When the fire was licking eagerly at its spruce twigs he turned once more to his work of rescue, rubbing the lips and temples of the unconscious man with fiery spirit and forcing a few drops down his throat. The face of the helper, strangely lit by quickening fire and fading sun, showed intent and grave, with the look of one repairing a broken weapon rather than of one ministering to a comrade in need.

Yet his first words were of comradeship, when the closed eyes opened and life came back with a sigh.

"He, my friend," he said in French, "hast forgot thine old companion on trail and in camp? By the Lilies, it was well I chanced on thee before the wolves!"

"Was it well?" answered the other,

morosely, as he raised himself on one elbow and glanced vaguely around. At first he could see nothing, then the snow blur cleared from his eyes and he met the gaze of his rescuer with recognition.

"Is it you, Gaspard Breton?" he asked with indifference. "Why, I owe you a life, but if my thanks profit you as little as the life profits me, which of us is the gainer?"

"The old mood," smiled Breton, and though he spoke lightly a momentary gleam brightened the alert black eyes. "Yet if you care not for life, friend Olivier, may be you will care for food."

"Food!" the word came with a wolfish cry. "My God, have you food? The cold has dulled me past desire, but now — for God's sake, quick!"

"Take it warily, then," and Gaspard dropped a strip of dried meat into the clutch of his guest. "Nay, I have eaten, while you feast I will smoke."

Thereafter was no talk for a time. The red sun slipped below the horizon and the long twilight of the north drew down, shade by lingering shade, across the snowy earth. The fire leaped up and crackled, hollowing a little space out of the gaunt wilderness and the grey, encroaching night, filling it with cheer and a semblance of homely content. The starving man finished his scanty meal and leaned back against a tree stump, while Gaspard Breton watched him with considering eyes from behind his wreaths of smoke. Both men were clad Indian fashion, and at a careless glance Gaspard, with his slender sinewy figure and swarthy skin might have passed for a son of the great unknown land; only his dark eyes, avid in their keenness, had never learned the impassive stare of the Indian. The man whom he was watching with that concentrated look had the air of neither Frenchman or Indian. He was largely framed, and his skin had been fair before wind and sun had darkened it. His bearing, now that the faintness of famine had passed. was that of a man still in the fulness of life, but his hair and beard were nearly white. Grey eyes looked with a homeless weariness from a face meant for comeliness, but marred by hunger of body and soul. Feeling the gaze upon him, his own shifted to meet it and warmed to a friendlier mood.

"I owe you a life, Gaspard," he repeated his words with an altered accent. "Fire and food are good, when all is said, and I shall see the sudden spring again, maybe, and hear the wild geese cry across the forest."

"So I am pardoned for not leaving you to the wolves," laughed Gaspard. "Let us smoke the pipe of peace, then, for all that there is war or like to be war between our countries."

"I have no country," answered Oliver, as he reached for the pipe.

Breton rose to pile wood on the fire and then returned to his seat on a root of the great fir. The wind had quieted with the going down of the sun, and the two men, wrapped in their fox and lynx skins, sat warm enough in the heart of a frozen world. The Frenchman waited till his companion had smoked a while, then he spoke in a low voice which seemed scarce to break on the other's musings.

"You are bitter to-night, Olivier, why is it?"

"Why does an old wound ache at the shifting of the wind?" returned Oliver. "So long I have sojourned in the north and heard its speech and its great silences. Sometimes I have thought myself content; sometimes I have feigned that the huts of the savages, the forests where a man sets himself singly against death and conquers, the great swords and banners of strange light in these skies, were

more dear to me than the home of my fathers and the narrow kindly fields and gentle waters of England. I lied, doubtless, but a man's soul is at peace whilst that he can believe his own lies. But to-night memory stirs; I know not why."

Gaspard nodded reflectively. He had met Oliver—Olivier, as he called him—more than once during their wanderings on the shores of the great lakes, where the foot of white man had scarcely trodden. He himself had come from the French settlements and returned to his own people in the pauses of his explorations. But Oliver, he knew, had thrown in his lot with the Indians, denying, as far as might be, his race and nation. A silent man he had always found this English exile and had guessed at his bitterness towards England more by a glance, a silence, than by spoken words. Now it seemed, in this hour of companionship after death had so nearly estranged him from all companionship, Oliver had at last foregone his reserves. Gaspard Breton was well content; all was shaping itself for his purpose.

"It may be," he said, after one of those pauses which men learn from the stillness of the north, "it may be that I could tell you of the wind which has set your old wound aching. Your countrymen, or, since you will have no country, Englishmen have been near this spot of late. Tell me now, for all your hate, do you not desire to clasp hands with them?" There was a faint sneer in his voice which may have fretted the other's anger. At least Oliver answered fiercely:

"Sooner shall the frost gnaw the flesh from the bone. But—" his voice changed—"Englishmen here! You dream, Breton."

"I would I did," laughed Breton. "Where have you been, comrade, that you know naught of these strange doings? Already the Kilistineaux, your people, have heard the words of the white strangers from across the big water."

As he talked, Breton's French took on something of the Indian fashion of speech, but to Oliver the phrases seemed natural enough; he was used to the savage dialects which he had spoken so long.

"I have not been near my people for many moons," he answered, "I go to their tents now. But what is the talk of the English?"

Breton pointed northward.

"You know the Indians' tales of the great sea yonder thrust into the heart of the land. Always I have planned to find it. Well, the English have been before me. A year—two years ago—one of their ships pushed into those waters and landed, claiming the shores for their King. This year they came once more with bribes to buy the Indians; they landed and piled timbers for a fort. I have seen it, for word came to our settlements and I was sent many days' march to look on their doings. Had you wandered into these parts before the ice was locked across the sea you had seen their ship setting forth."

"What is all this to me?" broke in Oliver so harshly that Gaspard knew him moved.

Breton shrugged his shoulders. "I cannot tell, for I know not what the English are to you, nor why you left them to house in the wigwam of the Algonquins."

Oliver turned in his place and stared into the intolerable shifting play of the Northern lights. When he spoke his voice came low and even as though he were reading the story of his own life there in the alien heavens.

"My father died for the King in the old wars. I was but a lad, but when they brought him dead to our doors I took the sword from his stiff hand and went out to do his work. And when the Roundheads had slain the King and driven his son into

exile I followed him, and fought and plotted and starved till the day came which brought Charles II. in triumph to his own."

"And doubtless he rewarded you," Breton threw in smoothly.

Oliver lifted his head. "Did I serve for reward? I sought but my own again, sought but the lands which had passed into rebel hands because of our loyal service. No, less than that had sufficed—I asked the right to live and serve him further. Our leader, the prince we had followed, was still in exile; I betook me to the King."

"And won?" asked Breton, when for a moment there had been no sound save the groan of a snow-laden branch overhead and the soft thud when it had eased itself of the burden.

"And won," repeated Oliver blankly. "I won a jest on my rebel name. Yet I had served Charles for all I bear the name of his greatest foe. A jest was my payment." He laughed suddenly, a bitter echo, in those homeless spaces, of a bygone mirth.

"How long since was all this?" questioned Breton, still with that air of purpose.

Oliver pushed the furs and bared his left arm. Somewhat above the wrist was a row of scars, the highest scarcely healed, some of those near the wrist showing mere lines of white on the bronzed skin. He ran a finger across them, counting.

"It is ten years," he said heavily. "I had forgotten, save for these marks, for meseems to have spent a life-time in these lands. But each year when the snow came I gashed my arm, and a man forgets not while his wounds remember."

"And yours remember." Gaspard flung a sudden passion into his voice. "What if now the time be come to strike back at last: you from the wilderness and edge of the world at your forgetful King in his power?"

For a moment the wavering light overhead found an answering gleam in Oliver's eyes. Then he shook his head.

"All that was in another life. It is gone too far that I should seek for vengeance."

For a time Breton sat silent, feeding the fire. Here was an unlooked for mood in his companion. Had the great horizons of the unmapped land indeed taught the wanderer something of its own large and desert peace? But he recalled Oliver's laugh and knew its bitterness. He set to work to feed that old hate as he fed the fire before him.

"And yet," said he musingly, "if once a King fails in faith, shall he learn it in days to come? Will you, friend Oliver, promise to your Indians, justice and generous dealing, on the word of a King? They trust you, 'tis said, those savages of the Kilistineaux who have made you free of their huts. Maybe 'tis your thought to win court favor even now by moving yon poor barbarians to an alliance with the English and winning their spoil of furs to deck the fair ladies whom your Charles chooses to favor."

"You talk many words," Oliver cut in with a hint of disdain. "Remember though I be now a chief of the Kilistineaux, I was once an English gentleman. Tell me plainly what you would have."

Breton caught up a handful of snow and shaped and re-shaped it between his hands; then he flung it into the fire, which hissed for an instant and then leaped up the brighter. Frenchman and Englishman eyed each other for a heart-beat, then Breton spoke, straight and swift.

"I would have your help. See, you owe me a life; you have said it. Give me your aid instead. These Englishmen, these strangers, have they not enough of the new countries? Yet hither come they with their prate of the first discoverers,

though our King claims of right all the land called Unknown towards the French Sea (Commission given by the King of France to De la Roche in 1598.) They have built a fort of squared logs yonder and already the Indians come to trade their beaver skins against knives and beads."

"What can I therefore?" asked Oilver impatiently.

The Frenchman's answer was ready and eager.

"Move your own tribe to be loyal to the Lilies, to make no peace with the invaders. See, I have come up from Sault Ste. Marie to watch the doings of these English. 'Tis more than trade, 'tis dominion they seek. Will you help them, that have felt their scorn?"

"It is so much to you whether they succeed or fail," muttered Oliver.

"It is much," affirmed Breton. "Did I not follow the Sieur de Valiere, nine years since, when he sought to reach these waters? The land is ours, the trade, the people; let your Stuart Kings keep to their own." His tone softened suddenly. "Comrade, I do not seek to force you, I have not over-much of food or powder, but the half is yours. Go to your people?"

"And win them to you; I understand," answered Oliver. He rose up and tramped back and forth in the snow. "Whither go you?" he asked at length.

Gaspard pointed to the river. "I follow that to the sea; then by its bank towards the rising sun. Two rivers I cross; by the third I pitch my camp. It is nigh to the fort of these English whom I have orders from our settlement to watch."

Oliver shrugged his shoulders as he retorted:

"Your nearest settlement is far enough hence, and you can scarce hold this land by a form of words when others are first to tread it. If the English claim these shores, who shall dispute them?"

"You and I," cried Gaspard Breton. "Come to me with the pledges of your tribe and King Charles shall not play ingrate here."

Oliver stood silent for a breath, then flung back his head and laughed.

"I bear a rebel's name," he cried; "why, let me be loyal for the last time and make the King's jest come true. I will do your will, Gaspard Breton, or I will give you back the life you saved."

Seven days later, in the frost-bound brightness when the sun had reached the highest point of its low autumn arch, Oliver Knightley, known as Cloud Face because of his grey English eyes, came back to his savage brothers. The war house and wigwams of the tribe, a branch of the Algonquins, stood on a cleared space among woods not far from the Abittibi Lake. On the noontide when Oliver returned, most of the men were gone for a great hunt; the women were pounding maize in the lodges, and old Eagle Feather, the chief, sat gloomily by his fire, unable to set out with the rest because of a wound in the thigh. At the appearance of his adopted son on the edge of the clearing he limped a few steps forward in welcome and called to the women to bring food. Oliver glanced about him, at the skins drying in sun and fire-light, at the rude buildings, masked in snow, and at the chief's face, with its markings of strange color. For close on a decade this life had been familiar to him; now, on a sudden, it looked alien, hostile.

"And it was in my heart to wish for thee, O my son," the old chief's voice continued its monotonous harangue, "for the wisdom of far peoples is with thee and yet thy heart is true to the fires of us thy tribe. But I deemed thee gone from us to dwell among the mighty men who hunt forever and whose arrows we see shining in the sky."

"I am here to hunt with you again, my father," answered Oliver, "but what is this need of which thou speakest?"

For answer the chief told how men had come over the great water offering gifts and speaking words of friendship and had desired trade with his tribe. They were of another race than those who came from Sault Ste. Marie and far-off Quebec, and their's was another totem. Speaking, Eagle Feather reached out his bow and drew two rough figures on the snow beyond the lodge door; one was the French Lily; the other a simple Cross, the Cross of St. George. Oliver caught breath as he looked on them and the words died on his lips. The Indian went on in the sustained fashion of his people, with many repetitions, to speak of the strangers and their great chief far beyond the frozen sea. Pausing at length he looked into Oliver's face and in a deep guttural voice pronounced a single name:

"Rupert."

At the sound, Oliver cried out aloud, broken words of English from a far-off past. Eagle Feather nodded grave understanding; clearly the name he had spoken was a spell of weight. He went on to tell that this was the great white warrior chief who had sent forth the strangers and who desired peace and friendship with the men of the Algonquins.

His voice reached Oliver dimly through a daze of dreams. He stood staring at the snow, at the St. George's Cross traced there, but he saw nothing of that on which he looked. Instead, he saw the rush of Horse across a slope of English green, saw the Royal Standard flinging its blazonries to the wind beside Prince Rupert's banner with its sanguine cross. Round him rose war cry and the gallant music of steel, and life was crowded into that stinging instant of the charge. Ahead flashed a figure in a scarlet cloak; he could see the dark imperious young face and hear the ringing shout that meant victory. Then another scene; a ship motionless in the grasp of a tropic calm, her sides scarred with shot, her sails rent, her planks cracking in the relentless sun; one ship, the last hope of the King, pitted against a rebellious navy. And still the same leader's face, changed, shadowed with defeat, sunken with the hunger he suffered equally with his men, but the same face, dauntless and loyal still, Rupert.

Oliver looked about him at the savage life he had shared, into the eyes of the man he had meant to lead to the French alliance. The blood mounted to his forehead, and with a sweep of his moccasined foot he brushed the Lily of France from the snow.

The cold of winter's self had closed down on the shores of Hudson's Bay, gripping the heart and numbing the pulses. But Gaspard Breton in his shelter of woven branches and Buffalo hides lay snug enough. He shot no game, even when the caribou plunged near his hiding-place, lest that should make his presence known to the handful of Englishmen holding their fort against winter and the wilderness. Daily he waited the word which should send him back content to his superiors, awake at length to the dangers threatening France in the New World. He awaited Oliver and his pledges of alliance.

When Oliver came at last it was through the wonderful crimson twilight of the North, in which the snow glowed fire-like and the steel of the frozen river gleamed a sinister red. The newcomer advanced swiftly and silently on his snow-shoes, his glance alert for any sign of human presence. At sight of Breton's fire, a mere spark in the all encompassing ruddy light, he swerved and came towards it, head erect.

"He is awake and a man," mused Gaspard. "Hate can do much."

"You are here, friend," he called softly, "but what of your people? My faith! Time it is we rally, for the English think this land their own. They have given a name to this river by which we stand."

"What name?" asked Oliver, smiling.

"Rupert River," returned the other with impatience. "But what matter, now——"

He did not end the sentence.

"Rupert River," repeated Oliver. "Then it was true. Breton, I have not done your work; three young braves are on their way to the English fort. But here is the life that is forfeit."

Ready speaker though he was, Gaspard Breton found no words. Instead, he caught at his gun; he had no further need for secrecy. The shot rang out on the flawless winter stillness, and Oliver dropped face downward, a red stain creeping out from his body across the paling snow.

In due time, the names of the Kilistineaux Indians were entered on the list of allies of the Company of Merchant Adventurers trading into Hudson's Bay, and read by Prince Rupert, the Governor, as he weighed the forces of England against France for the coming struggle in the New World. But the beginning of that alliance was never recorded in the annals of the Company, and it was by chance that seven years after Oliver Knightley's unregarded death, Rupert House arose where the blood of Rupert's soldier had reddened the snow.

MY STIMULUS

By MABEL BURKHOLDER

I shall be brave.
I know, dear heart, you lean upon my arm,
Believing it a solid shield from harm;
So long as my support you crave,
I will be brave.

I shall be wise.
For if I err and run in folly's way,
Your feet, too, from the beaten path will stray,
Since parallel your pathway lies.
I will be wise.

I shall be pure.
Your holy eyes are mirrors which detect
The scars seared on the soul by sin's defect
Your simple faith shall rest secure:
I will be pure.

THE COUNTRY OF THE MAD MULLAH

BY H. S. SCOTT HARDEN

SOMALILAND is situated in the most easterly part of the Continent of Africa and forms the great horn which terminates at Cape Guardafui. The coast line is washed by the waves of the Indian Seas and the waters of the Gulf of Aden. The interior is a vast arid inhospitable desert, and for the most part waterless. Its land is inhabited by a race of people differing in religion from their neighbors, the Abyssinians, who are Christians—and in customs and speech from the Arabs who live across the water. The Somalis are descended from a people who were driven out of Mecca about 1300 years ago and who settled on the Maritime plain where Berbera now stands. They gradually *trekked*, to use a Boer expression, into the interior, and for twenty-two generations the Somalis have wandered about the country leading a sort of patriarchal existence with their flocks according to the seasons. In this way they formed themselves into tribes under Chiefs or Mullahs, and settled more or less in large districts. All these tribes to-day speak the same lan-

THE DREARY MARCH

SOMALIS AND THEIR GOATS

guage, of which there is no known writing. The Somalis are the proudest people on the earth, wrapped up in their own importance and the importance of those who have gone before. They and their camels are at the head of creation. They talk, think, sing and dream of camels, and their aim and object is to possess, breed and buy them, and they work to buy more. They live on camel meat and swill camel's milk and love it. As one marches through the country their customs and habits unfold themselves day by day, and one finds that a Somali talks for all he is worth and a good deal more. A Somali will talk until he is out of breath, and he prides himself on his ability to be able to do it. If you tell him to stop he goes away and talks to himself in a long-drawn-out drone like a bumble bee in a bottle.

Of the women one sees little, as they are strict Mahommedans. However, one can distinguish a married woman from a girl, for the maiden wears a cord round her waist, which is removed on marriage. Her hair, which hangs loosely, is tied up in a net. Both men and women wear long white sheets folded gracefully over the shoulders. These are called tobes and are often five or six yards long.

Besides his white sheet, a good Mahommedan wears round his neck a tisba—a string of beads with a verse of Koran wrapped up in a leather locket. He always carries a spear, called a waran, and generally a round shield—a Gashan — made of ox-hide and when on the march a little bill-hook to cut down the thorn fences with; for wherever an encampment is made the resting place is surrounded by a thorn fence called a zareba. Although Somaliland lies in latitude from four to six degrees north of the equator, and the sun beats down in full force upon the heads of the inhabitants, they wear no covering save a sort of plaster of clay, which makes the black hair glossy when the stuff is removed. Those who have been to Mecca wear a green turban.

Women are of not much account in the East, except for child-bearing

and menial work. A Mahommedan is allowed four wives and as many more as he can afford to buy and to keep and find work for. When a male child is born there is always great delight in the camp and the lady receives a red tobe as a birth day present, but should a female baby arrive all is silent.

Until recently hardly any Europeans had penetrated far into the interior, and no white man until General Manning's Field Force had actually crossed from north to south by the Haud, which as the crow flies — if any crow would be foolish enough to flap his wings across the sandy plain—is about 600 miles.

British Somaliland, however, has for years been a happy hunting ground for sportsmen, as it contains perhaps the finest lion shooting ground in the world, and such sportsmen as Lords Wolverton and Willoughby have penetrated as far as the Webe Shebele on the far western frontier, where there are great lakes full of hippopotami and hundreds of gazelles and zebras graze on the banks. Here the descendants of the ancient Gallas live — a tribe of dervishes whose ancestors wandered down the Nile with their flat-tailed sheep and mixed with the people of the upland on the borders of Abyssinia.

The Somalis may be divided into three distinct classes: Those who are more or less—mostly less—civilized and live at the coast in the ancient Egyptian town of Berbera and the small fishing hamlets by the sea; those who are settled in their own districts as shepherds, and the outcast Somalis who live by hunting the deer and the ostriches. The horns and

SOMALIS LOADING A CAMEL

AN ANT HILL IN SOMALILAND

feathers thus obtained are exchanged for rice and dates, which come in dhows from Aden and Zanzibar. The Somali never drinks intoxicating liquor or eats birds. He eats only the meat of animals that have been *hallaled,* with the throat cut by a Mahommedan. He has wonderful powers of endurance and can march for forty miles on an empty stomach across a waterless sandy plain under the hot African sun. Being intensely superstitious he never eats alone, for there is a saying in the land that "he who dines alone dines with the devil." Formerly a Queen ruled the Dolbhanta district in the centre of the land, and conceiving a hatred towards all male children she ordered all to be killed. A woman escaped with her boy, who when he grew to be a man returned and sought out the old witch and slew her. Then, cutting her body to pieces, he tied them to a camel, who scampered in mad career over the district, and wherever a piece fell a stone was thrown to keep the devil down. The characteristics of people are often best judged when you watch how they eat, how they fight and how they pray. Somalis cannot be said to be brave soldiers, although many of them have been enlisted and trained by British officers, and when armed stood by their commanders in action against their kinsmen who fought for the Mad Mullah. They are brave hunters, and have been known to tackle wounded lions with their spears, and kill leopards. A Somali is a most devoted servant. He is intelligent and deeply interested in the master he serves, especially if that man happens to be an Englishman. They are keen observers. I took an eight-day clock with me to the country and taught Mahomed Charma, by request, how to tell the time of day. He could not understand why the others wound up their watches every night. On one occasion, when I was marching through the desert and had reached an oasis where there was an encampment, I saw that all the natives had come out to see the white man who could go eight times farther than the others without being wound up (for the

story had been spread throughout the land and all wanted to see me.

The late campaigns in Somaliland have stirred up ill-feeling against the British amongst the tribes in the interior, for Mahomed Abdulla had preached a *jehad* or a holy war throughout the land, and although he has successfully got away the battles at Erigo and Gumburru showed the Mullah what British bullets were made of, and at Jidballi we maintained our prestige in the British Protectorate, where there is a garrison of Indian troops from Aden, and where the goats and sheep graze, supplying the troops on the rock with meat.

It is sad to think that no memorial marks the scenes of action where the British officers and men fell, but they, like many other brave men fighting against fearful odds, have died for their country in Africa and have a monument more lasting than stone in the hearts of their comrades who served with them in that God-forsaken land of Allah.

SOMALI WARRIORS

SIR WILLIAM VAN HORNE AS A HUMORIST

BY CHARLOTTE EATON

IN his home life and surrounded by his friends Sir William Van Horne is a humorist. He enters into the spirit of a jest or a practical joke with as much zest as a school-boy follows up the adventures of the trail. Being fertile in resource and imagination, he sees many opportunities to exercise his natural love of fun upon any unsuspecting visitors who are not familiar with this phase of his character. He told me that on an occasion, when a number of distinguished persons had gathered at his house, he handed a lady a poem, presumably by an unknown poet, which he himself had written a short time before, expecting to be discovered and called to account on the spot as an imposter, when, instead, the lady read it through with evident interest, and, looking up, remarked serenely, "It might be Browning."

I was present on an evening when the late Wyatt Eaton the painter was the target for Sir William's wit. We were assembled in a small reception room, looking over some etchings and Japanese paintings, a recent gift from an Eastern official.

"By the way," said Sir William, looking at Mr. Eaton, "I did not know that Emerson wore a beard."

"As I remember him," replied the artist, "his face was bare."

Sir William affected surprise at this, and calling Jenner, the butler, he said:

"Bring me the portfolio with the head of Emerson by Mr. Eaton."

Jenner obeyed, returning in a few minutes with the portfolio desired.

"There!" exclaimed Sir William, after rummaging a while among the contents and producing a proof of Timothy Cole's engraving of Mr. Eaton's crayon portrait of Emerson, "You must be mistaken."

Mr. Eaton looked at the proof, and, sure enough, there was his portrait, the face adorned with chop-whiskers. He became greatly excited. "I never did it," he said, "and yet it certainly is my mark."

He examined the proof more closely, taking it to the window for scrutiny.

"Is it possible," he asked, "that any one has tampered with my drawing and that that has gone out over the country as my work?" He turned pale and his hands actually shook with nervous excitement.

"It is a libel," he muttered.

But, the artist's feelings going beyond the limits of a joke, Sir William quickly relieved his tension. "All right, Mr. Eaton," said he: "I did it." It was a put-up job, arranged with Jenner beforehand for the amusement of the guests.

Of course it ended in a laugh, with a compliment to Sir William from the artist, that he had handled his crayon so skilfully that it was not detectable from the grain of the engraving.

"I was completely deceived," said the painter, who was something of an expert in these things.

Sir William makes an annual trip over the Canadian Pacific Railway and should there happen to be a greenhorn in the Company; that is, one who is making his first trip over the prairies, he too comes in for his share in the fun-making.

On different parts of the prairies there are alkali beds that glisten in the sun and seem to ripple like water. Before approaching these beds, Sir William incidentally introduces the subject of Christ walking on the water, and asks whether any one present believes that it can be done.

SIR WILLIAM VAN HORNE

Of course there is protest, and as if to clinch the matter, Sir William raises his hand to the conductor, and orders the train to be stopped. He th n alights, runs across the prairie, and walks over the apparent pond, glistening in the sunshine, and, returning, quietly remarks, "And my feet are not even wet."

The conductor, who is in the secret, keeps a serene face; the train starts up; the greenhorn, not having the chance to investigate for himself, is mystified; and like a good many other simple things, Sir William's "walking on the water" remains unexplained.

A *bon mot* is never lost on him, and it is just as highly savored.

At the time when Lord Aberdeen was Governor-General of Canada, I sat at Sir William's left-hand at a dinner given to Lady Aberdeen. With the coffee were served some preserved lotos flowers on sea-weed of a vivid green color.

Lady Aberdeen examined this unusual looking dish, hesitating before helping herself.

"Don't," said I, "if you love Old Erin."

"Why?" she asked, amused, holding one of the salmon-colored petals mid-way to her lips.

It is the lotos flower that brings forgetfulness, and so I quoted a few lines from Tennyson's poem, "The Lotos Eaters."

She swallowed the petal. "I am very happy here," said she, beaming.

"O Diplomacy, thy name is success," I thought, and they who possess it find it means power and revenue.

"I would like to have thought of that myself," said Sir William to me afterward, in speaking of the aptness of my quotation.

Next to Professor Morse's, Sir William's collection of Chinese and Japanese pottery is the finest in the country. It is an experience to spend a Sunday afternoon with him among these treasures, and note his memory of dates and dynasties. He is making a copy of each piece---a careful study in color and design, upon

SIR WILLIAM VAN HORNE'S RESIDENCE AT MONTREAL, SHOWING THE CONSERVATORY ON THE RIGHT AND THE GREENHOUSES AT THE BACK

a heavy hand-made paper — a work that in time to come will be of great value for its originality and skill.

He always handles his pieces of pottery with great care, using a piece of soft silk to polish them off, this to show the beauty and sheen of the glaze. Here, too, is a field for his fun-loving nature, and every little while a new victim is fooled with a grease cup. This little vessel of the scullery, crackled with heat and polished to an ivory tone by tallow, is his mock *pièce de .résistance*, and has been passed off repeatedly on the innocent as a piece of Satsuma. This little cup is kept in a cabinet among gems of the Ming and Sung periods, and brought out with great pomp and circumstance whenever the hour is ripe for experiment. Even Professor Morse himself came up against "the grease cup," and, laughs Sir William, "he is the only one that was not deceived."

It is a delight to talk with Sir William when he is in a reminiscent mood, when he recalls incidents of his boyhood and early life. He told me once that he broke into the library of his native town in Illinois on a Sunday and copied a book he wanted from cover to cover, illustrations and all. "I was not able to buy books in those days," he explained. "I was employed as a messenger at six dollars a month, which I took home intact to my mother. My only pocket money was the dimes and occasional quarters given me by the patrons of the company for carrying long distance messages."

How picturesque is that incident in the life of one who later became unrivaled in the planning of railway systems and the handling of millions.

"I never cost my parents a cent, after my thirteenth year, for my education," he told me, and yet his education is of the best, being absorbed from experts along different lines, by personal association with men. At his table are to be found brilliant exponents in every department of art, science and invention.

In his handsome grey stone house on Sherbrooke street, in Montreal, there is a room designated as the "Studio." Here Sir William dashes off landscapes in the "wee sma'"

hours, chiefly memories of the Northwest or scenes in the primeval forests of Cuba. It is a treat to enter there, where more than in the rest of the house his versatility finds expression. Oils, crayon drawings, brief sketches in colored inks are everywhere to be seen from his hand. One of my comments that delighted Sir William was that "a good painter had been suppressed to make a bad railroad president."

The studio contains portable lights, which Sir William carries about with him and turns full upon the sketch or painting under observation, thus greatly enhancing its artistic effect. In this room treasures are hidden away, and are brought out only on special occasions—drawings by Dutch, French and English masters and a representative group of the great Japanese painters, Hokusai and Togoshigi included.

These studio events are memorable to those who have taken part in them, and herein lies the secret of Sir William's success as a host; he selects his guests with a view to contrasting one with another, so that monotony or *ennui* is never felt. At his table modest representatives of the arts are received "cheek by jowl" with millionaires and men of rank.

I remember a Sunday when the first lady of the land invited herself to the two o'clock dinner. This day the arts were represented by a young Dutch artist. After dinner Sir William suggested that the young man show his skill in making a quick portrait sketch of an old English general who was present. The artist set to work against a quickly fading daylight, Lady Aberdeen leaned over the back of his chair as he worked, so deeply was she interested in the process. When the sketch was completed, she not only complimented the young painter, but invited him to dine with her the following day. This was a double triumph for the stranger, who presented her with the sketch, and the day passed off happily for all.

Those who know him well are often puzzled as to when he gets his sleep, for he is awake at all hours of the night, engaged at his manifold occupations, or in the billiard-room, but he has discovered the secret of the great Doctor Pepper, of dozing off for a moment at any time and in any place, thus fortifying himself against fatigue, so that his waking hours rival those of William of Germany himself.

Once at table I asked him a question, and, getting no answer, I thought him pre-occupied and passed the matter over in silence. Presently he turned to me and asked whether I had spoken. I replied that the matter was of no importance, thinking that my question might have bored him.

"I must have been asleep," he apologized; "how shocking of me."

"Asleep," I exclaimed. "How could that be possible?"

"Yes," said he, "I drop off some times between the courses, and these little winks rest me wonderfully, even if I only lose consciousness for a few seconds."

This led up to a discussion of absent-mindedness, and he told a little story on his own account.

"I was in a great hurry to get to my office one morning," said he, "and, seeing something on wheels at a little distance, I hailed it and was driven off. Stepping out on the curb, I put my hand in my pocket for a quarter — which is the Montreal tariff — and looking up I was face to face with my own coachman. Well, I was raised to go afoot, you know," he concluded.

With the years and their achievements he seems to exhaust none of his pristine energy. I said to him at the time he resigned from the presidency of the Canadian Pacific Railway, "I suppose now you will settle

down to a quiet life, occupying yourself chiefly with your collections of art objects."

"No," said he, with a vague look in his eyes, "I could not make up an existence with any one thing. If I gave up my activities things would become flat, stale."

"But where do you find time for so many interests?" I asked, for the man seems no less than a magician who creates in some way, the secret of which is known only to himself, and he replied: "Going from one thing to another rests me." That was a favorable mood for the beginning of his enterprises in Cuba, where he is laying out a city to outshine Havana in beauty and commercial prominence.

Writing to a friend from Camaguey, Puerto Principe, he said: "The important matters which have kept me here for most of the past seven months are still pending, and, although very busy, I am greatly enjoying the beautiful climate and surroundings here."

It will be seen, then, that he is not only charmed by the future industrial possibilities of the island, but by the natural beauty, and surely this new city is an idea of stupendous import, revealing great foresight on the part of Sir William.

It is equally enjoyable to hear him speak of his pioneer days in the Northwest, and some of the tales he tells would stir the blood even of the least imaginative. On the plains the atmosphere is so clear and the earth so flat that one loses all sense of perspective, the air becoming something like a lens that magnifies distant objects. Accordingly, Sir William describes his astonishment on first seeing a prairie chicken on the horizon: "A creature of gigantic proportions strutting slowly and fantastically along, it was a disappointment to find it was only a prairie chicken and not some truly antediluvian bird, and the silence is terrifying, something so new and oppressing that it can almost be heard."

Nor were the hardships and bodily exhaustion attending any pioneering cause wanting, but these are never touched on, excepting to his most intimate friends. It is thrilling when he describes his nights on the plains in a pouring rain, sleeping on a wet mattress on the ground, "with the water oozing from the blankets over us, the steam rising like a fog from our bodies, and in that way we got many a good steam bath and came off none the worse for the experience."

In those days he fared no better than the Italian laborers along the line, living chiefly on pork and black coffee. He gave orders that the coffee should be served without stint, hot and strong, and the result was that the work was carried through in less than half the time stipulated by the Government. The same heroism that met and overcame the conditions, single-handed, one might say, necessary in the building up of the greatest railway in the world, was shown in his private life. At the time that he was night telegraph operator on the Milwaukee his wife fell sick of the small-pox. Putting an end to all discussion of the matter, he began by turning everybody out of the room. Then, tying up the patient's hands, to prevent scratching, he took up his post by the bedside, and fought the disease and the doctors alone, and to-day Lady Van Horne has not a scar on her face or hands, and is a witness of the entire efficiency of her nurse.

Somewhere in the Bible it is said that the "way of the child gives prophecy of the nature of the man," and so the quality that makes a man one of the creative spirits of his time is revealed in his obscurity to those of us who are more than mere superficial observers.

Poultney Bigelow once said to me that "a man's greatness is explain-

ed by his vitality, rather than by opportunity or the advantages of birth and education."

With Sir William Van Horne the habit of work has become so fixed that it is a necessity like sunshine and air, and he works for no reward other than the doing of that which his hands find to do, and doing it with all his might. This habit of work, coupled with a superabundance of vitality, enables him to carry through the work of a dozen men and do it as easily as play.

As he has spanned the vastness of the Canadian Northwest and belted the Island of Cuba with a progressive railway system, he is to-day laying the foundations of a future prosperity that is almost undreamed of. Might it not be said of this man, with truth, that he has made himself a veritable citizen of the world? And through it all he is still a humorist.

THE DAUGHTER OF THE SIEUR LE SUEUR

By CHESTER FIRKINS

My happy France, I dare not reck
How sweet thy moonlit gardens call,
Here 'neath grim bastions of Quebec,
Or brown log walls of Montreal;
Mine, mine the wild, the wanderer's lure,
For I was made—by Mary's will—
The daughter of the Sieur Le Sueur,
The bride of Iberville.

The wind wails cold along the shore;
O God, to-night upon the sea,
My Love sails in the northern war;
Pray bring him safely back to me!
My proud gray father braves the wild
To far Louisiana's rim;
Now, Holy Mary, by Thy Child,
Hear Thou my loving prayers for him.

Again! The music in my ear!—
Dear France, my beautiful and blest,
Weary with yearning, spent with fear,
My heart cries out for you, for rest!
But hark! what clatter at the gate?
Doth now the red foe strike at last?
Nay, now!—Pierre!—Oh, heart elate!
My love, my warrior, hold me fast!

Farewell, fond dream of courtiered halls,
Of merry song, of stately dance;
I would not change my loop-holed walls
Tonight for all the pride of France!
And sweet is sorrow to endure
For one who holds—by Mary's will—
The glory of the Sieur Le Sueur,
The love of Iberville!

THE RENEGADE

BY BEN HUGHES

And they'd better far forget—
Those who say they love us yet—
Forget, blot out with bitterness our name.
—Songs of a Sourdough.

"SAM," said I, "will I do?"

"Guess you'll have to; there's nothing but women folk and drunks in Blatchford now; rest are up the river. An' you are some good on a portage. You don't know how to sit a canoe or keep her nose off rocks and snags, but you sure can pack her."

Faint praise, and it hurt. For here was I in my khaki overalls and cruisers, coarse black shirt and three months' baptism of flies and bannocks.

But Sam had known nothing else all his life.

"It's three dollars a day for both of us and a good enough bonus for me if we find our man. And we'll have a passenger. Now hustle an' get two sacks filled with chuck enough for a couple of weeks. Put in some canned tomatoes an' pears for the greenie an' fly oil."

Sam went down to the wharf and picked out a trim eighteen foot Chestnut, roomy enough to carry three and about 400 pounds, fairly fast, and light on the portage.

Next morning our man came down with a good-sized grip with English locks. Over his well cut English riding breeches he had strapped a belt with a six-shooter on one side balancing a sheath knife on the other. He was an oldish man, citified, with cold grey eyes, tight lips and a squared chin.

"Spot the pants," said I to Sam, as we trimmed the canoe with the packs so that I should paddle in the bow, passenger should sit in the middle and Sam should steer.

"Yah, but I'll fix that."

Next thing I knew he was telling Mr. Dixon that the nights were chilly and he had better put on some close fitting underwear.

"An' if you think it will be too warm with those knicker pants why change 'em for those overalls youse bought yesterday; they look all right for the woods."

When he came back in the overalls he looked more like a Christian to be sure. And if Sam did fool him about the damp because he wanted to get rid of those leg o'mutton things, he would sure have been eaten up by black flies if he had gone into the bush without pants and vest. Why one Johnnie Raw who went up to Larder with nothing but overalls was so swollen up when he got back to Cobalt they put him in the black isolation shack for smallpox away down in the muskeg, and there he had to batch for three weeks.

When we had cleared the little bay at Blatchford, and Sam had pulled our bow round to head up the broad waters of the Montreal, the northwest wind came skipping over the sparkling surge, breathing the wild sweet fragrance of the north

in benign mood. The blood made riot in my veins. But Sam was too true a bushman to take open pleasure in these harmonies. He belonged to it, reasoned not at all, but only knew it was good. He used the short snappy Indian stroke, I, the longer pull through of the white man, and Passenger Dixon hung on to the sides of the canoe so that the Chestnut did not move very sweetly.

Same shouted to me: "Do you think you're in a skiff? Shorter and more of 'em." To the passenger: "This is a canoe, not an alligator, get out your paddle." Dixon gasped as one not used to be checked, but smiled and put in a very strenuous hour with Sam's comments rasping from behind. Before the river narrowed to Snake Rapids and the first portage, the paddles flickered and plunged in time.

It was early June and the portage was the worst fly-trap on the river. The vanguard met us as we paddled up the canoe-wide passage in the drowned bush of the rocky landing; they swirled in venomous clouds as we swung the packages out of the canoe. An odd one here and there settled on Sam as he tied the paddles across the thwarts and bobbed off with the canoe like a monstrous snail. They kept my hands busy batting them off my neck and face while I showed Dixon how to get the straps of the pack sack over his shoulders and the tump line on his forehead, but they plastered on the Passenger's ruddy English face and neck like currants on a suet roll. It was a mile portage, half boulders, half swamp and a ravenous curtain of flies all the way.

The Passenger started out with the amused smile of a man doing something unusual and rather picturesque. He finished bent under the pack and swearing vindictively. The flies followed him half a mile on the river and he averaged two strokes of the paddle to one neck rub. When we made our first camping ground, at the foot of the Boiling Pot falls, he was calm again. But a swarm rose out of the bit of muskeg across the narrow channel and shook out of him all that goes for language with an Englishman in about half an hour. Bushmen reserve their most vitriolic language for the fly season, and he picked that up in a few days. Naturally, he wasn't much help at pitching camp. Sam picked a clean bit of rocky shore where all the wind could reach us and the flies, and with some dry tamaracks handy; I strung the tent on a straight bit of spruce and anchored her to a couple of jack pines, endways, that is; the sides we weighted down with twenty-pound rocks. Inside, I laid a bed of balsam twigs cut small, feathery foliage always overlapping the rough ends, to keep the Passenger's hips off the rocks. You can make a bed as springy as feathers that way, but it's a long job. Sam had built a fire on the shore, and the Passenger was standing up in the smoke, with a happy little smile on his face at losing his parasites. Then Sam came back with three good-sized speckled trout he had caught in a pool below the falls, (he had cleaned them and their flesh looked like butter with just a little coloring in), and we had to yank the Passenger out of the smoke and get down to business, with the tea water to boil in an old lard can, and the frying pan for the fish. It didn't take me long to bake the trout, with the backbone taken out of them, as it ought to be, while Sam was mixing some flour with lake water, making it good and stiff for the bannock we should want in the morning. For that night, I tossed half a dozen flapjacks in the frying pan after I was through with the trout. We let the Passenger into the smoke to eat his chuck, and built ourselves a smudge off to one side.

By the time we were through eat-

ing, the shadows had crept out of the bush back of us, and the big sprawling white man's fire of green birch shone ruddily. The pert little chickadee dropped to sleep, and the brown Canada birds no longer piped "Poor Canada." But the frogs in the muskeg over the narrows boomed and croaked in half a dozen cadences. For an hour and a half the flickering amber light drove back the dark a space, and it was home. Before the fire had died down to embers, red as the light of Mars over head, and Nature stole back, dark and inscrutable, we had banked round the tent with moss, and flapped out the wailing mosquitoes, homeseeking under the canvas. But we hadn't been down in the blankets more'n ten minutes, before the falsetto chorus rose again, though not so robust as before. It sung over my head and I heard the Passenger curse and bat his neck. There really weren't many around but by this time they had got on his nerves, so that, if one of 'em came whining, he would sit up, slapping his hands and cursing. Sam told him to get his head under the blankets, same as we had ours. He ducked under, but came up in about two minutes, saying that he would as soon be eaten alive as suffocated. Hanged if he didn't unsew the tent and lay out on the rocks in his blankets. We let him go at that, for the mosquitoes piled in on us through the loosed flap like politicians after a job, and we quit peeping and tucked in our heads for keeps. In the morning when we ran out to dress, and left them the tent, there were a score of long legged sports hanging on to the canvas, and they couldn't fly, they were so full, but the rest of the brethren were too eager for breakfast. The Passenger was haggard and worn. He had been in the lake, but the flies had chewed him so voraciously while he was getting his clothes on and off, that he decided to cut swimming out.

We paddled and camped, ate and smoked for a week round the waters of Tombagami Lake, and the flies never let up for a second. Sand flies, black flies and mosquitoes in the day, and mosquitoes at night. Sam had put me wise by this time, that we were looking for a young Englishman, a Mr. Oliphant, who would have a bunch of money from home, when he came out of the woods and claimed it. So we butted in at all the white tents of prospectors and firerangers in their little clearings at the lake edge, and asked slow questions of amateur miners, who more'n half believed that we had our eyes on their quarter of an inch vein of calcite back in the bush and meant to jump their claim. Many a time, since I came back to Toronto, I've seen those veins in the rock figuring as "good leads from which assays have been taken, giving values of two thousand ounces in silver and bound to improve with depth." But if a man is fool enough to put his money in the ground, without looking where the hole is, that is his affair.

We couldn't hear of our man; hadn't much to go by, anyway. It was fifteen years since the Passenger had seen his chum, and he might have turned squaw man in that time.

He came like the sudden burst of wind before the storm; the wind that puts so many good canoemen at the bottom of the lake. It was the last day of June, and we were camped on a bit of land in Pike Bay, which an Orangeman, with violent ideas as to nuns and the Pope, had named Boyne Island. Sam was washing his shirt in the lake, and tomorrow's bannock was rising in the reflector in front of the fire, when I saw a canoe 'way off to the south, but coming up fast. In ten minutes I saw there were three people in her, in five more, that one of them wore skirts. Then I shouted to the boys, for it was a strange thing for a

woman to be there. Sam wrung his shirt out and hung it on a bush out of sight, the Passenger put a clean handkerchief round his neck and laced up his cruisers. By the time we were through, the canoe was beached, and two men and a woman were sauntering up to look us over. The man in the bow was tall and lean in the flank. His head was covered with a red handkerchief, knotted so as to screen all but the face. He was so covered with hair and flies, that he might have been taken for an Indian, at fifty feet. But when he said "thanks," and I noticed how the flies had eaten him, I knew he was an Englishman. I guess that old nursery rhyme was made for an Englishman and mosquitoes:

Fe, fi, fo, fum,
I smell the blood of an Englishman.

Naturally, we were all looking out of the corners of our eyes at the woman. An Eskimo squaw in her grease paint would look good to a woodsman after a month's trip, but I know now that she was a little brown, homely woman, with nothing to charm but the fine freedom and rhythm of movement, which is the peculiar heritage of Canadian women. And her eyes! You forgot everything else when you looked into her eyes. They were big and soft. To gaze into them was like looking into the waters of Temagami. Away down twenty feet is the bottom, but just when you get your eyes fixed so that you can peer through the shimmer of the water to the wavering outlines of deep water life, you lose your balance and plunge in headlong.

It was queer that, while the two men were raw with fly bites, the lady fanned one off now and then like you might a city house fly in summer. If it was some cosmetic she used, she might have made a fortune selling it among the prospectors. She carried a sheath knife in her belt over her khaki hunting suit but, if she had a gun, it was not on view. She got down to business right away, fishing all she wanted for the meal out of the packsacks, and using our fire to cook the bacon over. We couldn't coax a smile out of her, but she followed the Englishman with her eyes everywhere. He looked hard at the Passenger when he came up, puzzled. But when he spoke he went right up to him and put out his hand, saying "Dick."

It was Oliphant. Sam was tickled to death at landing the bounty, and he talked of nothing all night but going and getting an option where he knew an assay of a thousand dollars had come from, somewhere on Temagami. Sam was a good woodsman, but he wasn't worth a Continental as a miner.

When I got tired of his blowing that night, I came down from the tent on the top of the hump which was the island, to the fire still burning at the lake edge. Oliphant and the Passenger were there and I sat back a piece in the dark.

The Passenger was talking:

"The last run we had with the North Devon was great. We found at Reynold's pasture, and he led us full cry over that brook of Meadows —Carruthers came a mucker there— over that stiff post and rails to Marslow Heath, ten minutes hard galloping, and rolled him over just outside Springhill Covert. The pace was killing and there weren't half a dozen up at the finish."

"Shut up," said Oliphant, softly, but as if he wanted to hear more. His voice had changed. Now it was the soft, slurry Oxford English, with only an occasional Americanism like a burr on a silk coat. "Man, you know it's all over long ago for me, 'long ago and far away,' just as old Kipling says in 'Mandalay.'"

"But it isn't, Phil. I've been waiting to tell you this; I've been searching this God-forsaken country for a month to find and tell you. Your

uncle, Richard Holyoake's dead, and left you his money and place."

"Talk sense man; after what he called me when we parted."

Dixon leant forward till his clean cut face was ruddy in the fire-light. When he spoke again after a pause, his voice had lost its sing-song quality and was eager, intense.

"Honest to God, it's true. And, Phil, we want you at home. The house at Iverscombe goes with your property; snug little place in the North Devon country, and Frank Beattie, your old Christchurch chum, is M. F. H. Lord, won't he be glad to see you in the field again. And there's plenty of stable room for a couple of hunters and polo ponies at Iverscombe. The daughter of Esther-wold, your old mare, is a wonder at timber; she's waiting for you. And the county's doing well at cricket; only we want a left hand fast bowler, and I'll never forget how you took those Essex wickets."

Oliphant's pipe was out. He lit it with a piece of birch bark and looked steadily across the fire to the Passenger.

"There's something more in it yet, Dick."

"There is. If you don't come and settle down on the estate, the whole business goes to your cousin, that little wap of a treasury clerk with his maiden ways. Just fancy him at Iverscombe!"

"That all?"

"No. Are you married to this girl?" and he flung his arm uphill to where her tent was.

When I looked round to follow the motion of his arm, as I couldn't help doing, I saw the little woman close behind me. I got up to take her away, for there was no use her hearing what was bound to come. But when I touched her on the shoulder, she drew a gun from somewhere like a flash. "I've heard as much as you," she said, "leave me alone."

The wind was blowing the smoke of the fire towards us, so that the two didn't hear and couldn't see us, while every word came clear to us, and they were outlined as sharply as a horse on a ridge with the sinking sun behind him.

The next words we heard were: "I must drop the little girl then?"

"Why you must, man, you aren't married to her yet, you say, and think of all you are giving up!"

"Well, I guess I'll have to, Dick. She's fond of me, don't cher know, but, after all, her people are not my people and her gods are not my gods. I'll hate to tell her about it."

"I'll look after that. Now I am going to try and get a snooze under the blankets if the mosquitoes will let me. We've a long day's paddling if we're to reach Blatchford to-morrow. Good night, old man."

Oliphant still sat by the fire and his face wasn't that of a man who had been left a fortune. Presently into the ring of light stepped the little woman and touched Oliphant timidly on the shoulder. "Go back to bed," I heard him telling her, sullenly. "We're going to Blatchford to-morrow."

I expected her to flash the gun at him like she had at me, but she took him by the lapel of the coat and looked at him with those great eyes of hers. He wouldn't look at her for a time, brooding like a sulky child over the fire, but when he did——

I don't blame him; I'd have weakened before he did if she had looked at me like that. And her voice was so soft and mournful as she pleaded.

His arm went round her waist and her head fell on his shoulder, and that's how I left them.

So, when we went to make breakfast in the morning, I wasn't so much surprised as were Sam and the Passenger to see only our canoe on the shore.

I believe they are running a store at Larder Lake now. And they are married.

THE NEW FOREST

BY EMILY P. WEAVER

A delightful spot in Hampshire, full of romance and history, intermingled with the everyday life of a quaint community

Photographs by J. G. Short, Lyndhurst

KNIGHTWOOD OAK, IN NEW FOREST

AT first sight the words "New Forest," written across a hundred square miles of the English county of Hampshire, seem to be a strange misnomer. What is there new in the whole wide stretch of wood and wold save a few somewhat aggressive brick buildings? A bewitching flavor of antiquity lingers in the quiet of its green glades, hovers over its thatched cottages and crumbling ruins, and pervades its many quaint old customs and time-honoured traditions. The truth is that the name is no misnomer, but a survival, like that of New College at Oxford.

Something more than eight hundred years ago the Forest was new, at least in part, and thereby hangs the story of a crime and a tragedy. When William the Norman had succeeded in planting his foot firmly on the neck of Saxon England, he, who "loved the high deer as if he were their father," proposed to make for himself a royal and spacious hunting-ground. In those days England was full of uncultivated heaths and forests. None were great enough for the mighty Conqueror. In Hampshire there lay ready to his hand many a thick wood and furzy moor. Amongst these were scattered flourishing homesteads, well-tilled fields, smiling villages, but William, bent on stretching wide the limits of his New Forest, laid waste for many a rood the land that owned him as king. No less than fourteen villages were levelled with the dust, and between two and three thousand people were driven from their homes, to make way for the harts and hares doomed to suffer, in their turn, for the monarch's sport. Nor was this all. So that none might venture to anticipate his hunting, William proclaimed his savage Forest Laws, ordaining that any man slaying the deer should lose his eyes. "His rich men moaned at it, and the poor men bewailed it," says the old Saxon Chronicle, "but he

BEAULIEU, NEW FOREST

was so stiff that he recked not of their hatred."

The truth of this tale of ruthless devastation has been called in question, but no less an authority than Edward Freeman, the learned historian of "The Norman Conquest," declares that the accusations against William are well founded, and recent researches in "Domesday Book" have brought to light convincing proofs of the crime.

In the Conqueror's own day, men looked to see the judgment of God fall on him, and they had not long to wait. Revolt and bereavement, plague and famine, fire and war vexed his later years. Nor did the curse touch him alone. Two of his sons and a grandson met death in the Forest, and it is told in Domesday Book that William, hoping to secure the repose of his son Richard's soul, gave back to a certain Englishman the lands of which he had been wrongfully dispossessed.

For the eternal welfare of the tyrant's other son, William Rufus, there was none to care. When he fell dead in the Forest (on the site, it is said, of one of the churches sacrilegiously destroyed to make the waste) his father had been dead for thirteen years. The deed was done, say historians, by an unknown hand, and, when his followers saw the arrow in his heart, they fled, leaving his corpse to the mercy of any chance passer-by. At last a charcoal-burner carried the king's remains to Winchester, and there, without sound of bell or murmur of prayer, they were committed to the earth. Seven years later, before time had softened the memory of the hated King's misdeeds, the great central tower of the Cathedral crashed through the roof upon his tomb, and men saw in the disaster another token of God's wrath against the Conqueror and his descendants.

A black marble tomb, said to be that of Rufus, may still be seen at Winchester, but a more interesting monument to the Red King's unsavory memory stands in one of the Forest glens. This is a stone, set up in 1745, to mark the spot where had stood an oak tree, which, according to one old tradition, had been the indirect cause of William's death. This stone is now cased with metal to protect it from the depredations of memento-hunters; but on this outer covering may be read a copy of the original inscription, setting forth how an arrow shot by Sir Walter Tyrrell glanced from the tree and fatally wounded the King.

Curiously enough the name of the only English sovereign who rivals Rufus in the hearty hatred of the English people is also associated with the Forest. To find King John's monument the traveller must take his way to the lovely village of Beaulieu, which lies in a valley at the head of a long, narrow inlet of the sea. On approaching Beaulieu from Lyndhurst, "the capital of the Forest," its picturesque low roofs, stained yellow here and there with lichen, are first seen, if the tide chances to be high, across a broad sheet of water. But the village does not lose its charm on a nearer view. People obliged to live in a hurry do not choose it for a dwelling-place, and even at midday a gentle hush broods over its quaint little street.

The name of the hamlet has been interpreted to mean "Fair Place," though, according to the guide-book, this Norman-French designation was confused with a Saxon word, "Beo-lea," or "Bee-meadow," and thus it has come to pass that in spite of its foreign-looking

spelling, Beaulieu is pronounced "Bewley."

But to return to King John. On the outskirts of the village stand an old manor-house, a little church, and a few crumbling walls and arches, all of which are relics of the once magnificent Abbey of Beaulieu, where, by-the-way, Conan Doyle lays the scene of the opening chapters of his novel, "The White Company."

This abbey was founded by King John in expiation, according to the legend, for a projected but unaccomplished crime. Having been offended by the Cistercian Order of Monks, he sent for their abbots and ordered his soldiers to trample them to death beneath the hoofs of their horses. The soldiers feared to obey, and the fathers escaped; but at night the King had an appalling vision of the Judgment Day, and beheld himself trembling beneath the scourges of the insulted churchmen. To propitiate the Cistercians and avert the wrath of God, John began to build the beautiful monastery by the sea. It was finished by his son and for three centuries it stood, a peaceful refuge for the white-robed brethren, and for the many guests who in those unquiet times "took sanctuary" with them. Then the shadow of another king fell across the scene.

This was Henry VIII , that truculent and not wholly disinterested reformer of the Church of England. At his stern fiat, Beaulieu shared the fate of many another religious house. The monks were driven from their pleasant home, and the abbot's palace was bestowed upon a secular lord, one of whose successors, fearing attack from French privateers, surrounded it with a moat and a turreted wall. The great church was torn down, and now a fine old doorway is all that remains to give a hint of its ancient glories. The chapter house, with the exception of three graceful arches, has shared the same fate; and of the cloisters, where the brethren used to walk and meditate, the arcade has gone and only the bare wall still stands. Few even of the stones remain, for the ruins were used as a quarry to supply material for the building of Hurst Castle, many miles away.

The cellars, kitchen and refectory escaped demolition, and the latter, which has a curious groined roof, is now used as the parish church. The stone pulpit, which hangs on the wall like a swallow's nest, and is reached by steps cut in the thickness of the masonry, was built for the convenience of the monk whose duty it was to read aloud from some edifying book, at meal times, to prevent his brethren seasoning their food with any spice of gossip.

Generations have gone by since the picturesque figures of the monks passed out of the life of the Forest, but the six or seven thousand people who, to-day, make up its population, represent all ranks in society. Of the poorer classes, many gain their living by work connected with the Forest, such as wood-cutting and charcoal-burning, and a number of gypsies lead a congenial life within its limits.

The dwellings in the Forest present as great a variety as their inhabitants. They range indeed from stately mansions, in the midst of well-kept grounds, to the huts of squatters, who cannot claim a foot of land outside their four walls. There used to be an unwritten rule that, if a man could put up a house and light a fire in it undisturbed the site became his

COTTAGES AT SWAN GREEN, NEW FOREST

RUFUS'S STONE, IN NEW FOREST

property, and many a hut, it is said, was thus run up in a single night. Now, however, neither poor man nor rich can acquire additional private property in the Forest.

In connection with the right of property there seems to be some mysterious virtue in a chimney. Two or three miles from Lyndhurst there stands in the open field a little brick fireplace, above which rises a chimney four or five feet high. Its use is difficult to imagine, but we were assured that for some occult reason the title to the field depended on that preposterous chimney!

The greater part of the Forest is unenclosed, but for several centuries the planting of trees has been carried on more or less systematically, and the young plantations are protected by fences. These plantations are naturally uninteresting, but the longer one lingers beneath the wonderful trees of the older woods, the greater seems their power of fascination. And there is an endless variety in their charm. In the heart of the Forest is Boldrewood, the private property of King Edward, where grow a number of magnificent pines and spruce-firs. In the same enclosure stand the King and Queen of the Oaks, two dead giants, said to be the largest trees in the Forest. They are supposed to be nine hundred years old, and even in their decay are ruggedly picturesque—the King especially so. Not far distant is Mark Ash, a mighty wood of wide-spreading beeches, but the largest living tree is the Knightwood Oak, which bids fair to flourish for many a long day. Several of its limbs are as thick as good-sized trees, and its trunk has so great a girth that five grown-up people, joining hands, can scarcely encircle it.

In places the great trees grow very close together, but little fallen timber encumbers the ground, and there is not much underbrush, unless the wealth of holly-bushes growing beneath and around the larger trees might be thus described. Both they and rhododendrons grow freely in the Forest, and their dark, glossy foliage adds much to its beauty.

The wildness of this English forest is of a milder type than that of our western bushes, but it is none the less a paradise for many happy living creatures, wholly untamed or half so. Herds of small cattle, droves of hogs, troops of rough-coated ponies, donkeys young and old, roam at will through the woods and along the roads. Nearly all the year round the

DOORWAY OF CHURCH, BEAULIEU ABBEY, NEW FOREST

"smale fowles," loved of the poet Chaucer, make melody in the woods, for, when the summer songsters depart, there are still the robins and the thrushes. But it is in springtime, of course, that the Forest throbs with its fullest life. Then little nest-builders flit in and out of every prickly holly-bush, squirrels gambol in the tops of the aged trees, and each small hollow is the centre of strange activities on the part of many a busy insect and tiny quadruped.

Now as of old the Forest is a mighty hunting-ground. Who can say indeed what tragedies go on amongst its furred and feathered inhabitants themselves, whilst man, for business or for pleasure, still plays his old part of destroyer? Entomologists, professional and amateur, hunt for specimens of moths and insects; and for years one man at least, "Brusher Mills" by name, made a livelihood by hunting for snakes, which were sent up to London to "The Zoo," to serve as food for certain cannibalistic specimens of their kind. He used a forceps to catch his wriggling prey, seizing the creatures near the head. Thus, during a period of fourteen years he captured over three thousand adders, but for the most part his game consisted of non-poisonous snakes.

Of course this utilitarian hunting is not of the kind that strikes the eye and ear, but the wealthy still pursue for sport the foxes and the few remaining descendants of William's "high deer"; and at certain seasons it is a common thing to see the scarlet-coated huntsmen, careering madly down the Forest glades, with hound and horn, as the Conqueror and his courtiers rode of yore.

RUINED CLOISTERS, BEAULIEU ABBEY

JULY NIGHT

By ARCHIE P. McKISHNIE

The western skies were all aglow,
With molten gold by angels cast;
It faded and came floating slow,
A Moon-Ship down the Sky-Sea vast.

High-prowed she sought the harbor old
And saw the far-off lights of home;
A million gems slipped from her hold,—
A wake of stars across the foam.

GENERAL BROCK'S PORTRAIT

BY LADY EDGAR

"In all my poor historical investigations it has been, and always is, one of the most primary wants to procure a bodily likeness of the personage enquired after; a good portrait, if such exists; failing that, even an indifferent, if sincere one. In short, any representation, made by a faithful human creature, of that face and figure, which he saw with his eyes, and which I can never see with mine, is now valuable to me and much better than none at all."—Carlyle.

IT was this feeling that prompted the late John Beverley Robinson, while Lieutenant-Governor of Ontario, to inaugurate that splendid collection of portraits of the Lieutenant-Governors of Upper Canada which now hangs in the dining-room of Government House, Toronto. He spared no pains to obtain genuine original family pictures from which copies could be made, and the result has been that we have faithful representations of our early rulers, who would otherwise have been but vague historical personages.

Among this collection none excites more interest than the portrait of Sir Isaac Brock; therefore it is well to place upon record its exact history, how it was obtained, and what ground there is for believing it to be a good likeness.

It was in 1881 that Lieutenant-Governor Robinson commissioned his brother, Colonel Robinson (now Major-General Robinson, C.B.) to find out from the relatives in Guernsey what sketches or portraits of the distinguished general were in existence. The correspondence that follows shows that at that time there were two likenesses of Sir Isaac in pastel and water-color, one of which had belonged to Savery Brock, the other to Irving Brock, his younger brothers.

The former had been left by Savery to his daughter Rosa, who married General Huyshe. The other had been left by Irving, who had no children, to Henry Tupper, the eldest surviving son of his sister Elizabeth, who had married John Elisha Tupper.

It was, at the time of the correspondence of 1881, in the possession of Henry Tupper's widow.

Mrs. Huyshe writes to Col. Robinson on the 2nd November, 1881, as follows:

Dear Sir,

I have done what I can to further your wishes with regard to the likeness of my uncle, by communicating with Mrs. Tupper, who came to me this afternoon to see mine, but her's is evidently the better of the two, so she will send it shortly to Mrs. Lewis, with another she has, uncolored, which I believe the family considered most like him. She begs me to say she wishes it to be returned as soon as copied, as the family value them much. It is a great pity we have not a good likeness of so distinguished an officer.

Yours truly,

ROSA HUYSHE (née) BROCK.

The uncolored likeness referred to was a bronze medallion portrait in a case.

Colonel Robinson writes to his brother, December 3, 1881, as follows:

The Brock family were very reluctant to send the portrait of Sir Isaac out of reach. The one I eventually got of him belongs to a niece, a Mrs. Henry Tupper, who was anxious about it, and very naturally, as it is

a mixture of chalk and water-color, which rubs easily. In the end I settled with Mrs. Tupper and Mrs. Lewis for it to come to London to Mrs. L., and the latter has had it copied in oils for me by a Miss Kerr-Nelson, who has, to my mind, made a most excellent portrait from it.

The size is 23 by 17. The arrangement I agreed to was that when Augusta (Mrs. Strachan) goes out she should take the picture to you; that if the Canadian Government would like it, or anyone else in Canada, they should be allowed to purchase it for ten guineas, but if the size did not suit your purpose you should return it, carriage paid.

I think myself that when you see the picture, it will be bought in Canada, both as a picture and on account of Sir Isaac Brock's connection with the country* At all events, Berthon would be able from it to make a portrait of any size.

I have also had the original, from which this copy is made, photographed, cabinet size, by Hills and Saunders, and will send you a copy. I like the oil copy though, better than the original or the photo, as the original was always, I fancy, a wishy-washy production, and I daresay has faded with age, making the face appear flat and whitish, except in one or two places where the color is bright.

The description of Sir Isaac makes him have a florid complexion rather. He must have been a handsome man.

Again Colonel Robinson writes to his brother:

With regard to your queries, I wrote to Mrs. H. Tupper, the owner of the original picture we copied (which, by the way, though it may not be a very good likeness, is, I think, a very satisfying one to have), to ask her for information as to the way in which the picture came to them and so forth. Her daughter replied for her and I enclose her reply.

Les Côtils, Jan. 18, 1882.

Dear Colonel Robinson:

My mother, Mrs. Henry Tupper, is, I regret to say, very far from well; therefore on her behalf I reply to your letter of January 14th. We are glad to hear that a good painting has been made from the likeness of Sir Isaac Brock, and that Canada and Chelsea will now possess portraits of him. I have enquired from Mrs. de Lisle (a niece of Sir Isaac's, and the only survivor of the family who was alive at the time of his death) if she has any knowledge of the circumstances under which the likeness my mother and Mrs. Huyshe possess, were painted, but she is unable to give me any information; she always remembers seeing the two portraits in the houses of her uncles, the two brothers of Sir Isaac, from one of whom my father inherited his copy, whilst the other descended to Mrs. Huyshe from her father. If you refer to the note, p. 341, in Tupper's life of Brock, you will find that it says that the agent of the officers of the 49th applied to his family for a copy, but unfortunately they possessed no good likeness of the general.

The Mrs. de Lisle quoted in this letter must have been Caroline, the daughter of General Brock's elder sister Elizabeth, and wife of Beauvoir de Lisle.

With reference to the request of the 49th Regiment, Miss Henrietta Tupper, daughter of Ferdinand Brock Tupper, writes to Colonel Robinson:

Candic Road, Jan. 25th, 1882.

Dear Sir:

My cousin, Mrs. LeCoig, brought me your letter of January 14th to read in order that I might help her to answer your questions. My cousin will have been able to explain that the reason why the 49th failed to procure a portrait of Sir Isaac was, not that there was no existing likeness, but that there was no good one. Miss Henrietta Tupper continues: She will also have told you that we never heard of a medal for Queenston. That for Detroit has been for many years in our possession, my father being the then eldest son of the general's elder sister, not one of Sir Isaac's nine brothers having left a son.

We have also the coat in which he was killed, the handkerchief with his blood, and I believe every scrap of paper relating to him, for my father was an intense hero-worshipper, and his gallant uncle was his chief hero. From my cradle I was taught every interesting particular concerning my great uncle, and Detroit and Queenston have always been household words in our home.

Miss Tupper, in another letter, enclosing the Brock pedigree, writes:

It will show you how completely the Brock family has died out and that the only male descendant of Sir Isaac's eldest sister, my grandmother, is the grandson of my uncle Henry Bingham Tupper, a very intelligent but exceedingly delicate boy.

She repeats what had been already related by Mrs. Huyshe:

The two pictures belonged respectively to my great uncles Savery and Irving.

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*This picture is now in the possession of Mrs. Forsyth Grant, the eldest daughter of Lieutenant-Governor Robinson.

PORTRAIT OF ISAAC BROCK, AT GOVERNMENT HOUSE, TORONTO

That belonging to Savery is just now in the possession of his daughter, Mrs. Huyshe. That belonging to Irving, who left no children, was bequeathed by him to my uncle Henry Tupper, and you had it lent you by his widow. You will see that Sir Isaac was a K.B., an older title than K.C.B., is it not? but that to which the latter is the present equivalent. I agree with every word you write with regard to the portrait and feel very sorry the 49th have never had one.

Miss Kerr-Nelson, the artist who copied the picture, writes to Colonel Robinson March 3rd, 1882:

In the event of Mr. Berthon not being able to execute the portrait of Sir Isaac, I think I could undertake to do it from the two photographs. I should remember the coloring without having my own returned. History omits to mention, I believe, which of his eyes had a slight cast, but perhaps it might be allowable to make him look straight in the picture. I am glad you liked the little sepia at Chelsea.

Miss H. Tupper sent Colonel Robinson a photo of Mrs. Huyshe's portrait. She writes April 15, 1882:

You see it is my aunt Mrs. H. Tupper's portrait, in profile, not full-faced. If you wish the original, I can get it for you from Mrs. Huyshe's, should she as she says, have left it in the dining-room. But I rather doubt your caring to see it, for it is, I believe, the fac-simile of Mrs. Tupper's, which came from Mr. Irving Brock and was executed probably in London,

while Mrs. Huyshe's, which belonged to her father, Savery Brock, was most likely copied from it. The third likeness, uncolored, of which we all possess a copy, is also a profile in bronze, but when I took it to the photographer with Mrs. Huyshe's to see which would be best to copy from, he chose the latter. If I find I can get it taken out of the case, I will send it to you to look at. I quite agree with you as to the desirability of having the best possible portrait, and indeed, I look on it as a sacred duty to act as my father would have wished in sparing neither trouble nor expense in the matter.

A letter from Colonel Robinson to his brother the Lieutenant-Governor gives a *résumé* of all that had taken place with regard to the portrait. He writes, 18th April, 1882:

I told you in one of my last letters that I had written to Mrs. Huyshe to enquire if there was any full-faced portrait of Sir Isaac, and if there was, if she would have it photographed, and that I heard she had gone to Malta. Her answer, which I send, enclosing the card of Sir Isaac forwarded in this, came to-day. From it it is pretty clear that we have already got the best likeness possible and that no full-faced one undoubtedly is to be obtained. In my own mind I was pretty well satisfied that the one we had received from Mrs. Tupper and had copied was the best, as the family said so, but there was no harm in getting fuller information. There are only two pictures in existence, Mrs. Tupper's, which you have had copied, and Mrs. Huyshe's, of which I send the card and which is evidently only a copy of the others.

There is also the uncolored likeness (bronze). This is also in profile. Possibly it might help to get a true expression, but beyond that I am afraid it could not be of assistance.

Although the family in Guernsey seem to have been in ignorance as to when, where, and by whom the profile sketches were made, there is a possibility, from information recently acquired, that one of them at least was made in Canada some time between the years 1806 and 1812 by Ensign Kittermaster of the 49th Regiment, an amateur artist of some merit.

Mrs. Auden, wife of Principal Auden of Upper Canada College, and grand-daughter of Ensign, later Dr. Kittermaster, of Meriden, Warwickshire, has in her possession a portfolio of her grandfather's sketches in black and white and water-color, of various scenes in Canada, dated from 1806.

Among them are profile portraits of Ensign D. Brown, Ensign D. Ellis, Ensign Garrett, Lieutenant Wightwick, all of the 49th Regiment, then stationed in Canada.

What more probable than that the youth should have taken a sketch from life of his colonel, which sketch found its way, with the other belongings of Sir Isaac, to his Guernsey home?

Mr. J. W. L. Forster, portrait painter, says his recollections of the original sketch, then in the possession of Major Savery Carey, are that it was about ten inches by eight in size; that it was evidently taken from life, although probably not by a professional artist; that the coloring, though faded, was that of a man with brown hair, a florid complexion and grey blue eyes.

Mr. Forster was allowed by the family to use, for the purpose of the portrait, the very coat worn by Brock in his last battle. It was with the utmost difficulty he found a man large enough to fill the garment, thus showing the giant proportions of our national hero. At the best it was loose for the biggest man in Guernsey.

The portrait by Berthon, in Government House, Toronto, will remain for all time the accredited one of the famous general. The facts contained in the correspondence, now printed for the first time, and in Mr. Forster's report, may well lead to the belief that the strong profile before us was indeed a veritable likeness of that true soldier and very perfect knight, General Sir Isaac Brock.

THE BEAUTY OF OLDNESS

BY AUBREY FULLERTON

IF you have ever sat—as of course you have—before an exhibition of moving pictures, and have watched one new scene after another dance awhile, slide away, and then reappear at the left as the original motion with amendments, you are in some measure acquainted with the feeling that comes over one after a lengthened stay in the West. Quick moves, changing scenes, and restless nerve-play are essential features of Western life; yet the same picture in different settings is repeated a thousand times. Newness is written across the face of all the West and thrills in every move of the industrial dance. Towns grow in a day. A railway conductor, so the story goes, posted a brakeman on the rear platform to name the new towns that sprang up as they went by. Twenty-four hours produce a dwelling and three weeks an office building; fifteen minutes would burn them up, but, oddly enough, they don't burn. By and by the shack gives place to more abiding architecture, and the town puts on its growin'-up clothes. New buildings, new streets, new railroads, new ambitions, new census estimates. It is all new, and everlastingly on the move.

The newness palls at times. And then one longs for the older and slower things. The beauty of oldness comes upon one, in relief from the garish newness, and yielding to this fascination of antiquity one buys a ticket and goes back East.

Let us suppose that, in the East, such an one should go by the river route from Montreal to Ottawa. All the way across the continent he has been fleeing from newness, with a half-crazy desire to get into the sight and company of mossback things; but all the way the pestering presence of new things has been with him. The railway car was new, the towns along the way were new, Winnipeg was new, Toronto was growing new, Montreal was assuming modernity. The man sated with newness turns with relief to the prospect of a sail up the Ottawa, into the Land of Oldness, by the good old way, through scenes that have the beauty of oldness and the charm of unnervous leisure.

Yes, this is old, almost as old as the hills, and as good as medicine. He needs not to be a visionary to see it, feel it, breathe it, taste it, and it is just according to how badly sick of newness is the man from the West how many turns he takes around the deck of the steamboat and sniffs historic consolation. Someone said the other day that the West was the gainer by having no history; but there are times when one is glad to lean back upon history and bolster up one's spirits by the consciousness that the world did not begin with him and that he is therefore not responsible for all its goings-on. Now the Ottawa river is the kind of place that helps one. It has history. One may moralize, philosophize, or versi-

fy about it, as the mood and the ability take one, but the splendid soul-satisfying fact remains that there is *something there* to get back on to, and the thoughts that come to the man who thinks, as the boat winds up the River of Oldness, are deep and comfortable thoughts. It is not merely that it is a scenic river, or that it has the charm which a clear sky and a fine day give to any water: it is the beauty of oldness that has laid hold upon one and deliciously stirred.

With what real interest does such a passenger look upon the tying-up at the wayside wharves, and what real satisfaction does he find in the contemplation of the people gathered there, the patient watchers for the boat. They seem familiar with the ways of content. Never mind if their lot is narrow and their life humdrum: they are the people of quiet waters and green pastures. The atmosphere of oldness is about them —the oldness of habit, thought, and spirit—and from outside it refreshes by its very differentness. A people unaccustomed to hurry, unreached by the fever of new things, and undriven by that madness which will not wait, these dwellers by the river taste the real antiquity of life. Things have an opportunity to get old with them and to gather that beauty of oldness which a people who live in the hurry-go-round can never cultivate.

Just to see from the steamer deck the quiet life along the River of Oldness does one good and comforts one, if one be tired of newness. And where evidences of hurry and new things obtrude—for not all the River folk are quiet-tempered—one looks the other way, refusing to see discordance.

The life of the village beyond the wharf is the life of the wharf on a large scale. The same spirit is in it and of it. Its streets, lanes, shops, dooryards, and homes show an orderliness to which the spirit of the hurry-world is utterly foreign. There is but little that suggests merely yesterday: it is all of to-day and a long time ago, and in this embodied oldness one finds, or thinks one finds, that restful permanency which in the new places is impossible. Back of the old river village is lore that monumentalizes whatever was said or done by the village folk; what they say and do to-day is not so greatly different from what they have always said and done; and the few who have been impelled to go out into larger and busier fields are now alien to its life and genius. The grace of oldness is upon it and can not be altogether shaken off, for even though they work fast and think hard they who live here can not escape the air that hangs over them. One knows that it is not Eden, nor Utopia, nor Arcadia, and one fears lest some rude modernity will suddenly spoil the charm; but this is very near the real thing. It is good to look at the villages as one goes up the River of Oldness and draw pictures of the life that passes in them. The exercise is good for the soul.

But away from the wharves and the villages, into the open river spaces, one enters sight of where the beauty of oldness really dwells. The farms upon the hill and the cottages by the river road: these are old and beautiful. A well-sweep and its mossy bucket; an ivied wall; a low and roomy gable, with its window to the river; a grove of elms that are century-old; an orchard that has blossomed and fruitened upon many generations: of such are the things that make one shudder as one thinks of the prairie shack-town.

We have not learned yet the value of the old farm-house and the attic of a thousand wonders. Heaven be praised for the rough-floored garrets where in our adolescence some of us fumbled over the collected relics of many years and revelled in the land

of attic delights. They say it is a mistake to hoard things, to keep heirlooms, and to maintain a cast-off museum on the top floor. It may, indeed, be not good housekeeping, but it is wonderfully good education for the youngsters, and we who have passed through the attic school look back with the fondest and liveliest recollections to the delights that were there knit into the groundwork of our lives. Such delights are not to be had in the places where homes and all else are new; they belong only to the places where things are old, where the beauty of oldness has come down.

Old homes, old farms, old roads and trees and meadows, old country churches and storied schools, old villages and forgotten industries: surely there is beauty in them all and a compelling sense of inner delight that makes one think, and makes one happier just to see it again after all the other. Then the beauty of oldness becomes reality.

And after he has seen it all, has lived it through once more, and has for a day or for several days renewed these peculiar joys, the man who was tired of newness yearns again for the West, the new and stirring, nervous, picture-moving West, and as soon as he may he hurries back to it.

SECLUSION

By

ISABEL ECCLESTONE MACKAY

A forest pool may lie
Close hidden in a thicket,
So still the leaves that die,
Leaf upon leaf, may lie
Unstirred by e'en a cricket.

Here may the blushing day,
In hidden sanctuary,
Hide her sweet heart away,
And sing, all sad, all gay,
The mystic songs of faëry.

Here, close and dear, may lie
The starry sisters seven—
Fresh-shining from the Sky—
Unheard to voice the sigh
They dared not breathe in Heaven!

Like to your heart, most Fair,
Is this seclusion saintly
No voice may clamor there,
Where e'en the perfumed air
Of love can stir but faintly!

If One Might Live.

If one might live ten years among the leaves,
Ten—only ten—of all a life's long day,
Who would not choose a childhood 'neath the eaves
Low-sloping to some slender foot-path way?

With the young grass about his childish feet,
And the young lambs within his ungrown arms,
And every streamlet side a pleasure seat
Within the wide day's treasure-house of charms.

To learn to speak while young birds learned to sing,
To learn to run e'en as they learned to fly;
With unworn heart against the breast of spring,
To watch the moments smile as they went by.

Enroofed with apple buds afar to roam,
Or clover-cradled on the murmurous sod,
To drowse within the blessed fields of home,
So near to earth—so very near to God.

—Ethelwyn Wetherald.

The Business Girl.

IF one may judge from the columns of Canadian newspapers, the business girl is becoming a highly important feature of the day's work. During the last score of years, the business in the lawyer's office, in insurance, loan companies and manufacturing firms has undergone no more striking change than the introduction of feminine clerks and stenographers. In the few large cities of Canada there are now hundreds of girls who are in such employment.

The effect of this influx of girl clerks has been, so it is said, to lower the prices paid to men for clerical work. However, in estimating its disastrous influence, several writers have forgotten that the opportunities afforded the modern woman have frequently lightened the home burden of father or brother. In the olden days, when work outside the household was considered a disgrace or a reproach to woman, the support of several sisters frequently fell to the lot of a self-sacrificing brother. In England, at the present day, there are many dreary households consisting of a goodly group of spinsters who would consider it a degradation to seek lucrative employment of any kind and who find in village charities or interminable needlework an outlet for their energy. No woman

of self-respect cares to feel that she is being "provided for" by a relative who considers all such provision a burden. If the modern extensive employment of women in business life has made it harder for the man to obtain positions which seem to "pay," according to masculine standards, it has also relieved the domestic stress which comes when the women of the household are left "dependent" upon brothers or other men relatives.

It is cheerfully admitted that the ideal life is that of home and that most women would prefer such a sphere. But we are not living in Utopia. This article is not intended to discuss what may, might or should be, but what is. The fact remains that hundreds of girls in Winnipeg, Toronto and Montreal are earning a livelihood as stenographers or book-keepers and that their needs have become a matter for serious consideration. The columns of the Toronto *Globe* have lately contained an interesting correspondence, "What our Business Girls Say," in the new department for women which, by the way, is edited by a writer who credits women with brains and does not conduct a "muffins and measles" page.

A letter appearing in that paper on May 30th tells of the trials and progress of "Zack," a girl who does not live in Toronto, but is thriving in another Canadian city on six dollars a week. The young correspondent insists on saying "per week," although why any Canadian girl, desirous of using good English, should write "per week" or "per year" is not easily understood. However, "Zack" writes a bright and entertaining letter and her employers are doubtless fortunate in their enterprising book-keeper. "Zack" admits that she does not save anything, and indeed it would be surprising if she managed to do more than pay for board, laundry, clothes and stamps out of six dollars a week. She is a plucky young person who deserves to attain unto ten dollars a week. She solemnly advises those who have domestic employment at twelve dollars a month to remain where they are, and expresses envy of those with such employment. But what is to prevent "Zack" or others in stuffy offices from dropping such nerve-racking work and entering kitchens? One does not need to look far for the reason.

Another correspondent, who lives in Toronto, has the old familiar tale about the city boarding-house at three dollars and a half a week. It is not conducive to refinement, says the "One Who Boards," and I entirely agree with her. There is something dreary and sordid about the average city boarding-house, to which the newspaper funny column has not yet done justice. The movement to establish either lunch rooms or boarding-houses for business women in our large cities is meeting with general support. It is not to be a charity, in the common acceptation of that much-abused term. Heaven knows that Toronto and other Canadian cities have too much unorganized and overlapping institutional work known as charities. The proposed establishment must be quite different in atmosphere and equipment from the ordinary "institution," if it is to attract the class of girls needing such an abode—girls who have slender pocket-books and refined taste, who are homesick for cleanly and dainty surroundings.

The question of payment is frequently discussed in the feminine business world. It is usually stated that a woman is not paid the sum which a man would receive for doing similar work. Many experienced women are to blame for placing too low a price on their toil, while too many incapable beginners have an exaggerated idea of the value of their services. A woman who has

any respect for her brains will not spend her strength for a mere pittance. Not long ago a prominent business man who is manager of a prosperous company was speaking in terms of highest praise of his secretary, a woman who has been in his employment for thirteen years and whose equal, for tact, despatch and thoroughness, it would be difficult to find.

"I pay her eight hundred dollars a year," said the manager with some pride, "and her work is really worth fifteen hundred."

"Then why don't you give her fifteen hundred?" I inquired ingenuously.

Several weeks afterwards, he looked positively injured, as he informed me that Miss M—— had asked for twenty dollars a week and that he was actually giving her such a magnificent salary. I was delighted to hear it, for Miss M—— would have been a goose to underestimate her own rare qualities. It is curious how certain men of mediæval tendencies seem to regard women's services, whether in the office or the home. The really efficient business girl of to-day, who knows how to spell, punctuate and compose a respectable sentence, is in a position to demand a good salary and she is unworthy of her gifts and attainments if she does not. The first step is to show one's worth, the next is to demand its practical recognition.

The business girl walks no rose-strewn path, but she, above most women, has an opportunity to test *Hamlet's* words: "There is nothing either good or bad, but thinking makes it so."

The woman who adopts an apologetic attitude towards her work and indulges in moods of self-pity is almost certain to become a dismal drudge; but she who makes her business an ambition, who tries to put some touch of brightness into the day's work, if it be a choral society, a fern in the window or a book club, usually wins a position which is worth the struggle. Dignity is in the individual, as Carlyle taught us long ago.

The young girl who comes to a large city to earn her own living is likely to find herself oppressed by loneliness and, even if her boarding-house associates are undesirable, she may come to the conclusion that their companionship is better than none. A business girl who, after five years' experience, is tasting the pleasure of promotion and more profitable employment, recently told of her first year's experience.

"No one could have been more lonely than I was that first year," she confessed. "But I was determined not to go home, for, after Dad's death, there was not more than enough for Mother and my two small sisters. At the first boarding-house in which I lived there were three or four girls who were good enough in their way, but who were slangy and vulgar—just the reverse of what my mother would have liked. Their one idea of enjoyment was to go with a 'fellow' to a 'show,' and I'm afraid they thought me a poor, dull creature because I preferred my own society. One of them offered, in all goodness of heart, to 'bring a boy around to take me to a show,' but I declined the honor, for I had seen the kind of youth who accompanied them. For months I knew hardly anyone, but I read every evening and found out for the first time what friends books can be. They were not all novels—one of them was Ruskin's 'Stones of Venice,' and it opened the gates to a new world. Then, one day, I met a nice girl from a town just sixteen miles away from home, and I knew that my 'chum' had arrived. She also was suffering in a cheap and common boarding-house and we made up our minds to change. At last, we found the dearest little woman, a widow with

one small girl who looks just like my younger sister. She dreaded 'taking boarders,' but we persuaded her to let us have the two attic rooms in her exquisitely clean house. I wish you could see how cosy we are. I have found the real friend and the congenial home, and they were both worth waiting for. There may be something better and brighter in the future, but the present is not to be despised. Do you think I was a snob not to be familiar with those other girls? Money had nothing to do with it, for they really had as little as I. But their ideas about everything were cheap and repugnant."

"You were not the least bit a snob," I answered heartily. "I think the greatest mistake one can make is to form friendly relationships with people who are utterly uncongenial. It does not matter whether their clothes are silk or cotton, but it *does* matter whether the people are of the right fibre. I believe in what Burroughs said about 'what is mine will come to me.' "

"I have that poem tucked away in my work-box," said the successful young person, "and I *know* it's true."

* * *

CAMPING OUT.

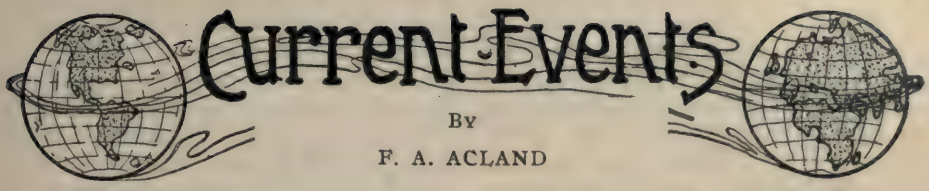
Many years ago, when I first read "Three Men in a Boat," I remember thinking a long while over the author's impatient exclamation, "What a lot of lumber we take in our journey through life!" He was urging, even then, upon an over-burdened world the sweet reasonableness of the simple life which Pastor Wagner and more spiritual teachers than Mr. Jerome K. Jerome have since preached to a feverish people.

Woman is frequently accused of causing the complexity of modern life and perhaps she is more to blame than the man for the fuss and frills which cost so much and mean so little. Certainly the average man seems to prefer a slouch suit and a gun or rod to the most fanciful pink tea which woman can devise. Yet it is man who regards the dinner-bell as sweeter music than the swan song in "Lohengrin." The papers are filled with advertisements of tonics and nerve pills, the magazines learnedly discuss "Worry: the Disease of the Age," and the doctors who are canny enough to establish rest cures are millionaires in no time, while the lady who exploits a "don't worry" religion is a benefactor to the race.

One thing is certain, we need to be out-doors for longer periods. There is nothing worse for nerves and temper than indoors, and if we had not so many frills, outdoors would be easier of access. Earl Grey has noticed that too many Canadian households keep the windows down in the winter months and are then surprised that tuberculosis has developed in the close, dark rooms. Fresh air funds are collected in order to give the poor slum children a breath of the country and the benefit of lake breezes, but too often the women in the comparatively well-to-do families reap little benefit from the glorious summer months, and are so busy "putting down" fruit that they turn into tiresome Marthas.

One can tell in September the women who have remained in town or city all summer by their pallid faces and weary bearing. A summer at a fashionable hotel may be worse than two months in the city, but I doubt it, for even the hotel where there is bridge and dancing has also verandahs, where the pine-scented air sweeps across from the lakes. The deadly monotony of the daily round is never such a strain as it is in the months when flowers, trees and dancing water are calling to us to come out and play.

Jean Graham.



By

F. A. ACLAND

THE Belgian train horror is the latest of a series of railway accidents in Europe of unprecedented magnitude, even England, where travelling had seemed comparatively safe, having added her full quota to the roll of casualties. In this latest disaster the number of dead and wounded exceeded the losses of many a pitched battle, the former being over sixty, the latter over a hundred. The train that was at fault was running at a speed of over fifty miles an hour and appears to have got on a misplaced switch. Speed appears to be the tyrant of the age. A lower rate of speed or a slowing down as the train passed through the station at which the accident occurred would have either averted it altogether or greatly lessened the extent of the casualties. Probably not a passenger on the train speeding at 60 miles an hour cared seriously whether he went at that or a lower rate, or if desiring the high rate had any other than a thoughtless or selfish whim to gratify. The lives were sacrificed to the unthinking passion for speed which dominates us all today and which so captivated the late Mr. W. E. Henley that he was moved to celebrate its virtues in song after a ride in a swift motor car. There may be a reaction presently. The automobile has been forbidden within the limits of the Bermudas, first, and of Prince Edward Island, in our own country, later. Trains, automobiles, street cars, all need taming by the legislator. Because we have these devices for speed it does not follow that we must travel always at a killing pace.

* * *

Before these pages are printed the elections in Ontario and Quebec will be over. It is always unwise to venture on election prophecies, but it is only repeating common rumor to state that most people expect the result will leave the situation practically unchanged. If, however, the unexpected should happen once more, a contingency always conceivable, Mr. Whitney will be returned with an increased majority. Political parties divide more evenly in Ontario than in Quebec, and Sir Oliver Mowat, during his long ascendancy, never approached the majority given to Premier Whitney. As to the return of Mr. Whitney to power, we know that governments are not made and unmade quickly in Canada. Once a party is established in power it is usually left there long enough to make a reputation—and to lose it; the three and a half years of Mr. Whitney's *régime* is hardly sufficient for this.

* * *

There is in Ontario no very vital question at issue, though the Government appears to have strayed here and there from the path of strict rectitude, as governments will, not to speak of Oppositions. One of the penalties of the system of federal government is the exaggeration of

minor issues, and the prominence frequently attained in politics by men of second-rate and third-rate ability. With so many governments and parliaments we can not expect all our politicians to be statesmen, but it is to be feared that many of the leaders on either side in our local legislatures lack the administrative ability and political knowledge essential to sound government. There are, it is needless to say, obvious advantages in the federal system to compensate for the evils it brings; and in a country of huge undeveloped areas frequently shut off from each other by great natural boundaries, not to speak of the race and language complication offered in the case of Quebec, no other system affords an equal degree of elasticity or encourages the development to the same extent of local ambition, energy and resources.

* * *

We are likely to hear much of the pros and cons of local government during the next few months if the Scottish home rule bill, lately introduced into the British House of Commons, is pressed. The bill seems to be the outcome of a pledge given by Mr. Winston Churchill to his Scottish constituents. Mr. Churchill could not, of course, consistently support home rule for Ireland without promising the same for Scotland, if the latter kingdom wanted it. Indeed, it is probable that if the Scottish member and the Scottish people showed any decided desire for home rule they would receive it. The Scottish people, individually and nationally, are so identified with and engulfed in, as it were, the larger British and Imperial life with which time has invested the people of Great Britain, that the objections urged against Irish home rule almost disappear in the case of Scotland. England and Scotland have long been one in this larger national life and there would be little sense of danger in establishing a Scottish legislature, were there no further problems involved. The rule works both ways, however, and if a Scottish legislature be established, then why not an Irish? Yet there is a sense of danger in establishing such a body in Ireland which is felt in Scotland not less than in England, and which will materially affect the disposition of the Scottish people to press their claims. Of course if Scotland and Ireland secured legislatures, then Wales also must have its parliament, and the jangle and strife of jealous rival nationalities would be revived all over the United Kingdom.

HON. J. P. WHITNEY, PREMIER OF ONTARIO

* * *

There is this vital difference, too, between federal government as it would work out in the United Kingdom, and as it works in Canada, Australia, the United States, and would work in South Africa if there established, that in all these latter countries there is not only vast area, accompanied by immense undeveloped resources, rendering some system of local administration a practical ne-

cessity, but in each case also the constituents of the federation are not as a rule unequal in importance or at least do not include any single member which predominates hugely over all the rest, whereas a federation in the United Kingdom would leave England the immensely preponderant member, and prevent any federation in the real meaning of the word, while it would greatly, and in the opinion of many, uselessly, multiply governments and politicians. Most of us believe Canada to be over-governed, but we have to make the best of it. We must in some way pay tribute for the vastness of our territories and for our contingent conditions, and this is the form the tribute has taken. To establish a similar system in the United Kingdom, which is free of these necessities, would be a setting back of the hands of the dial which only the gravest causes would justify. On the whole, the opinion may be safely ventured that the character of the existing system of government will not be allowed to undergo any serious modification.

* * *

The later elections caused by the reconstruction of the British Government have not been so unfavorable to the Liberal cause as were the earlier ones. The explanation lies, possibly, in the fact that the later elections have taken place in Scotland, and the northern kingdom maintains its reputation as the most radical part of the United Kingdom. Constituencies represented formerly by Mr. Morley and the late Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman were well fought by the Unionists and were well held by the Liberals. Down in Shropshire, an English midland county, the Liberals had even entertained hopes of winning a seat, but instead saw the Unionist majority increased from one hundred and fifty to nearly a thousand. No more seats have been lost, however, and the new Government is getting well settled down to work. Mr. Asquith, the new Premier, who had been Chancellor of the Exchequer for two years and over in the old Government, relieved his successor, Mr. Lloyd-George, of the duty of presenting a budget for which he could not be responsible, and made himself the annual statement of Great Britain's financial position. The statement was not, however, one of which Mr. Lloyd-George need have been in any way ashamed. There was a surplus of some $23,000,000, not a bad showing for a country maintaining the vastest of navies, and, as the Liberal papers do not forget to point out, pursuing a fiscal system which is alleged to be worn out. Perhaps the most marked —one had almost said marvellous— achievement recorded by Mr. Asquith in the realm of finance, is the reduction of the national debt by

HON. A. G. MACKAY, LEADER OF THE LIBERAL PARTY IN ONTARIO

HON. LOMER GOUIN, PREMIER OF QUEBEC

nearly $250,000,000 (fifty million pounds) in the three years ending in March, 1909; a fact the more agreeable for those of us within the Empire to remember when it is placed alongside the second fact that Germany during the same time has actually added, or will add, an equal amount to her debt.

* * *

Whether or not Mr. Lloyd-George will be able to make an equally good showing next year remains to be seen. It is somewhat of a handicap to him to be saddled with the old age pension scheme, which is now definitely adopted, but the new Chancellor is as strongly in favor of this project as his predecessor, so will not be inclined to blame the latter. The buoyancy of British finance is placed in a more gratifying light yet when compared with the United States, where a deficit of $55,000,000 has been recorded. It may be too much to expect it to bear the additional strain of old age pensions which for the first year will amount to thirty million dollars. Unionists insist the old age pension tax will grow and grow until it reaches five or six times this sum and will lead to all sorts of evils. As to this time will tell. It is an experiment in social legislation of amazing interest, and though it may bring evils in its train, we must remember that it aims at least at removing somewhat of the present giant evils of Poverty and Pauperism—the two are closely associated but do not mean precisely the same thing in England. Its effect on the elections is of course an unknown quantity, but it will be strange if it does not bring new sources of strength to the Government.

* * *

There has been a good deal of thoughtless and pointless comment on Judge Longley's remarks concerning Canada's future, made to a gathering of Canadians in New York recently, but I have not seen anywhere an attempt to reproduce exactly what the judge said, save in his own letter of protest against misrepresentation, as printed in the Montreal *Star*. Repeating there the sentences so much condemned, Judge Longley says he spoke as follows:

"What in my view is likely — almost certain — to happen is that by a process of development Canada will gradually assume the responsibilities of an independent nation. But the only difference that will follow, so far as Great Britain is concerned, is that instead of a condition of dependence, the relation will be an alliance. No one need be ashamed of England's history. She has always stood for what is best and highest in human civilization. She has been on the side of the oppressed, and never,

or rarely, on the side of the oppressor, she has contributed more than any other nation—perhaps all other nations--to destroy the infamous traffic in human flesh. She has been the patron of literature and the mother of political freedom. In the main her policy in the world stands for justice and righteousness, and, therefore, when the time comes that Canada feels it fitting and proper that she should assume national autonomy, she will not hesitate to throw the weight of her influence in support of British principles and British policy, and put behind the Empire whatever moral and physical power she can command."

* * *

Certainly there is nothing in these remarks which savors in any way of disloyalty. We should indeed be "cribbed, cabined and confined" if we were forbidden to allow our conjectures on the future to go outside of a particular groove of thought. Elaborating his argument, Judge Longley remarks: "You may think that Canada will go on forever as a colony, but surely I have an equal right to think and say that as Canada develops in strength and power the relation of 'colony' is not fitting nor worthy. I think Canada can be of greater strength and service to the Empire as an ally than as a dependency." There is very little room for criticism of such sentences, surely. Even the most pronounced Imperialists are objecting to the use of the word "colony" as applied to Canada, and Canada cannot long remain in the state of tutelage at present existing. A full autonomy, a complete national life, within the Empire, rather than without, is the ideal condition, and is that which both Canadians and British will strive to bring about, and it is only when all possibility of the attainment of this ideal disappears that the alternative suggested by Judge Longley may arise. But we are not children and should not fear to hear all sides of the question discussed.

* * *

The institution of two-cent postage between Great Britain and the United States is a natural development from the same conditions between the various English-speaking parts of the Empire, which were brought about, let it be remembered, by the initiative of Canada. The change is none the less a pleasant indication of the good relations existing between the republic and the parent country. The vicious tail-twisting that formed half the stock-in-trade of the average American politician ten years ago seems to have almost wholly disappeared. The present move will at least tend in the direction of promoting intercourse and may be welcomed as an omen of growing good will between Great Britain and the United States, while

MR. P. E. LEBLANC, LEADER OF THE CONSERVATIVE PARTY IN QUEBEC

THE LATE DR. LOUIS FRÉCHETTE

increasing intercourse and good will between these nations are powerful factors in the maintenance of a peace which is almost universal.

* * *

At a moment when, as we have seen, the finances of the United States are in anything but a buoyant condition, the Republic has undertaken to review its natural resources. The idea originated with President Roosevelt that there should be a sort of national stock-taking, the object being the curtailing of the wanton waste which is too often a feature of American commercial methods. The President called a meeting of all the State Governors and invited many distinguished representative men to attend and take part in the proceedings. The effect of the enquiry was to show that in the matter of the three greatest elements in the material life of the nation the people of the United States are pursuing a ruinous policy, and one which may leave the nation bankrupt of resources at a date not remotely distant.

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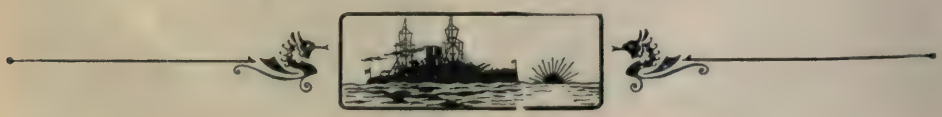
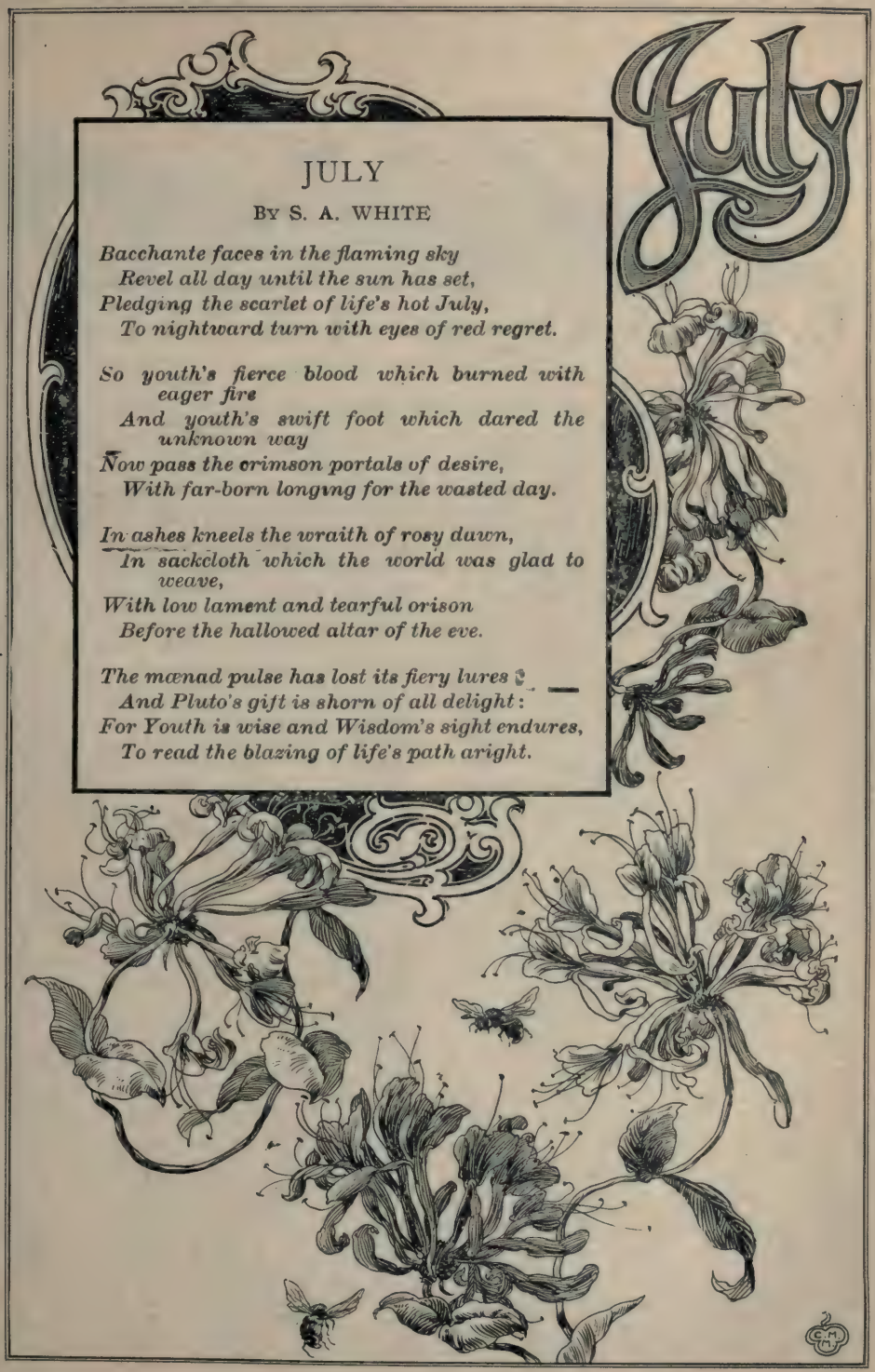
The death of Dr. Louis Fréchette removes one who was for many years the most conspicuous literary figure in Canada, and who leaves even now no rival in French Canadian poetry. Dr. Fréchette's writings were extended over more than a generation of our time and it is more than forty years since he was designated by his compatriots as "Le Laureat Canadien." In prose Dr. Fréchette wrote with almost equal facility in both English and French, and he was a frequent contributor to English magazines; but naturally his life work was done in his mother tongue. It was in French that his sympathies found their truest expression and his imagination its choicest figures. Dr. Fréchette had been the recipient of many honors from his own country, from English institutions of learning not less than from French, and in addition had the distinction of having two volumes of his poems "Les Fleurs Borealis" and "Les Oiseaux de Neige," crowned by the French academy in 1880. Every Canadian will be proud to claim Dr. Fréchette as a countryman.





JULY

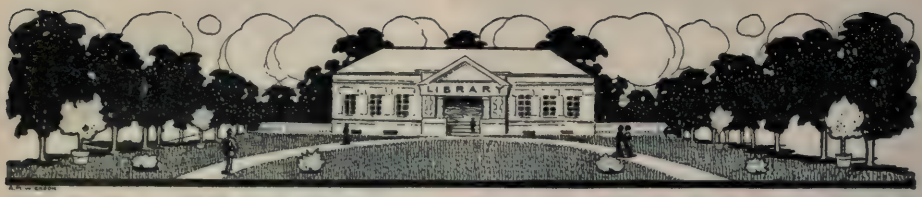
By S. A. WHITE

Bacchante faces in the flaming sky
Revel all day until the sun has set,
Pledging the scarlet of life's hot July,
To nightward turn with eyes of red regret.

So youth's fierce blood which burned with eager fire
And youth's swift foot which dared the unknown way
Now pass the crimson portals of desire,
With far-born longing for the wasted day.

In ashes kneels the wraith of rosy dawn,
In sackcloth which the world was glad to weave,
With low lament and tearful orison
Before the hallowed altar of the eve.

The mœnad pulse has lost its fiery lures
And Pluto's gift is shorn of all delight:
For Youth is wise and Wisdom's sight endures,
To read the blazing of life's path aright.



The WAY of LETTERS

ROBERT BARR has once more displayed his consummate mastery of dialogue, and he has also in his latest novel, "The Young Lord Stranleigh," produced a story that is extremely captivating and a character that is well worth making acquaintance with. Whatever may be lacking about this author's work as a whole, no other Canadian writer has yet proved to be so clever a plotter as he, and his plots are always the kind that keep the reader awake at night. This time he has taken the machinations of gold mine operators as a basis. He starts out with a meeting between a young mining engineer named Mackeller, son of a stock broker, and Lord Stranleigh. The latter is described as a typical prude, or rather one suspects that he is a prude, for he dresses in a characteristically dudish manner, and he is so provokingly nonchalant, and his moustache so fair and light of texture, that few persons can be brought to take him seriously. The young engineer imposes himself upon his Lordship, whom he finally interests to the extent of backing up his father's holdings in the stock market, where a group of operators have undertaken to "hammer the father to the wall" and force him to drop his holdings in the mine they purpose to work. Lord Stranleigh admits that he knows nothing about business, or the ways of "The City," but at the same time he develops a remarkable talent for affairs—and actually beats the financial buccaneers at their own game. Of course, he is backed up with immense resources, but it is not that so much as his own natural sagacity, a thing belied by his urbanity, that causes him to so often hold the trump cards. His coolness, apparent indifference in the face of great crises, and his unfailing cocksureness, make of him an unusual, fascinating and even amusing personality. Seemingly he always starts out to do the wrong thing, but somehow in the end it invariably turns out to be the right thing. When he seems to be accomplishing nothing, he is really doing a great deal and the very things that should be done. It must be confessed that his cleverness begins in time to lean towards a surfeit, but he is consistent and a genuinely good fellow to the end. He manages to cripple the ones who had attempted to cripple the broker whose case appealed to him, and finally the gold that he has managed to have carried from the mine in Africa to a copper mine of his own in England is available at the proper moment to save the Bank of England from an embarrassing shortage of the precious metal. Curiously enough, the story contains no heroine, and men are the

only important characters in it. There is no love story, and indeed the only women or girls mentioned are the wife and daughters of a captain of one of his Lordship's vessels, and they are merely on an occasion the object of charity. For that reason it has been suggested that Mr. Barr might to good advantage write a sequel showing this interesting character, Lord Stranleigh, in the rôle of lover. (Toronto: McLeod & Allen. Cloth, $1.25.)

* * *

Another Political Novel.

Winston Churchill, the American novelist, whose story, "Richard Carvel," came very near to real greatness, has, like many another writer, attempted with only fair success to satisfactorily mix love and politics in the making of a popular book. He calls his latest novel "Mr. Crewe's Career," taking the title from the name of one of the leading characters in the book, a character that is in many ways typical of the rather shallow but nevertheless swaggeringly important "little man" who goes about imagining he is going to do something big, for he thinks that he is the really big thing in the party, anyway. He is ambitious to become Governor of the State and seeks the nomination by standing out against corporation rule. But he is not the strong character of the story, although he is the most artistic. The hero is Austen Vane, a young lawyer who goes against the will of his father, a railway lawyer, by doing his utmost to conserve the rights of the people against the encroachments of corporate interests. In doing this he wins the love of a girl named Victoria, who is by no means an uncommon type. The love story is not strong; it is a very ordinary affair, while the introduction of politics, affording an outline of how campaigns are conducted just now, does not strike any particularly high note or reveal anything extraordinary. (Toronto: The Macmillan Company of Canada. Cloth, $1.50.)

* * *

A Modern Type.

The modern craze for obtaining money quickly is admirably illustrated in a new novel by George Randolph Chester, entitled "Get-Rich-Quick Wallingford." This story has met with much popularity, and deservedly so, because it is highly amusing, and at the same time it deals with a phase of our modern life that has reached a very serious stage. Thousands of people are so eager to make money or to at least obtain money that they resort to everything within their means in order to achieve their purpose. They care nothing for honesty, so long as they can escape the law. Wallingford is one of this class, but he possesses a spontaneous humor, a unique personality in its way, and he has the happy optimism that makes his misdeeds seem to be not so very bad, after all. He has come to the conclusion that there is a great deal of money lying about on all hands, and that it could be gathered in if only one had the nerve to go boldly up and "pry some of it off." And so he goes boldly about, "prying off" here and there wherever he sees something worth while, but in the end his case proves that honesty is, after all, the best policy. (Toronto: Henry Frowde. Cloth, $1.25.)

* * *

A Study in Feminine Rectitude.

An old country writer, Mrs. Frankau, who uses the nom de plume "Frank Danby," has attempted in a novel entitled "The Heart of a Child," to show that a young girl, inexperienced and unprotected, could go upon the stage, achieve a popular triumph and yet retain her purity. The story was suggested by an

argument as to whether or not a girl could do that. Of course a novelist could make a person of the book do anything. And so Mrs. Frankau successfully carries a young girl through all the glowing vicissitudes of the road to fortune and fame, and finally sets her down pure and untarnished. But that is no answer to the question or settlement of the controversy. As a thesis, it is important, and it opens up a channel for much speculation. Mrs. Frankau makes her choice of girl among types found in the slums of London, and from that miserable and vicious environment she gradually brings her upwards and outwards, without nevertheless subjecting her to all the temptations and degrading influences that one so placed as she was would be in all likelihood subjected. Her honor is preserved sometimes as if by a mere whim of Fate, as if it depended only on the tossing of a coin. But she comes through all right; that is the point. Perhaps the author could just as easily have caused her to fall. The thesis is interesting, but not conclusive. The story is told with the deep insight into human nature that was revealed earlier in "Pigs in Clover." (Toronto: The Copp, Clark Company. Cloth, $1.25.)

* * *

"The Prima Donna."

To write a trilogy of novels, with the principal character the same in each, and maintain their interest and effectiveness is an extremely difficult thing to do, and yet Marion Crawford seems to be doing it. The second of the series dealing with the life of Margaret Donne or "The Cordova," has appeared under the title of "The Prima Donna." It has proved to be an extremely fascinating novel, one that makes the reader yearn for the third and last in order that he might know what was the fate of this most interesting person. Besides the prima donna herself, there are three other outstanding characters—Van Torp, a member of the American nickel trust; Logotheti, a Greek financier; and Lady Maud, an aristocratic English lady. Both the Greek and the American are enamored of the great singer, and in this second novel of the three the Greek seems to be outrivalling the other. All of these characters are so well drawn that they possess many of the semblances of real flesh and blood, and therefore the interest is all the more aroused over what will become of them in the next volume. (Toronto: The Macmillan Company of Canada. Cloth, $1.50.)

* * *

To Go With a Hammock.

Something better than "The Spanish Jade" should be expected from Maurice Hewlett, and yet this story, slight as it is, contains excellent craftsmanship, and is just the kind of novel that is selected for an afternoon in a hammock. It is not long, and there is nothing wearisome about it. A young English squire, travelling through Spain about fifty years ago, chivalrously preserves a handsome girl from a band of ruffians, and is rewarded therefor by the girl's company during part of a day, the two travelling on one horse. The Englishman is quite innocent of the fact that the girl is being followed by a youth who purposes to murder her or that his own life is, as a result, in danger. But the girl protects him by stabbing her pursuer, and thereafter follows a series of incidents, all tending to show the capriciousness of the Spanish affections, the corruptness of the criminal courts of that time and the peculiar notions entertained by the grandees respecting family honor. (Toronto and London: Cassell & Company. Cloth, $1.25.)

* * *

A Narrative of Bloodshed.

Mr. S. R. Crockett has written a perfect catalogue of novels, and if

they have fallen off in quality the reader cannot be surprised at the decline. That Scottish writer's latest production, "Deep Moat Grange," is hardly equal to "The Raiders" or "The Lilac Sunbonnet," but it is a fairly enthralling yarn, none the less, for such as revel in mysteries and murders. It is the bloodthirstiest romance that has appeared this season and ought to satisfy those who crave for a novel where things happen. There is an arch-criminal who is perfectly sane, and there are two insane assistants who are superlatively horrible. Then, by way of relief, there is a trio of lunatics who refrain from murder and amuse themselves in less strenuous fashion. Of course, the sane and honest people ultimately triumph, but when the hero marries the grand-daughter of the chief murderer the reader feels somewhat nervous and apprehensive. "Deep Moat Grange" is a story to be read in the afternoon sunshine—not after sundown. (Toronto: The Copp, Clark Company, Limited. Cloth, $1.25.)

* * *

STILL ANOTHER.

This seems to be the day of the American political novel. One of the latest of this class is entitled "Matthew Porter," by Galmaliel Bradford, jun. Two men, aspirants for a governorship, fall in love with the same woman. One is a social star; the other, something of a Socialist, unused to the ways of society. Matthew Porter is the latter, but he is a man of sterling qualities, a gentleman at heart. His rival introduces him into the home of the heroine in the hope that she will induce him to give up politics. His personality is so strong that he wins, first the girl's admiration and assistance to the extent of turning the tide of popular opinion his way, and finally her love. Like in most novels with a political setting, the love story is dominated by political affairs, so that altogether the result is rather unsatisfactory. (Boston: L. C. Page & Company. Cloth, $1.50.)

* * *

A GIRL DETECTIVE.

Readers of "A Millionaire Girl," by Arthur W. Marchmont, are not likely to wonder whether its unusual occurrences do or do not represent uncolored and unexaggerated truth. It seems evident that the author's imagination has been of great value to the production of a kind of detective story that increases in interest as the pages are turned, even if the final issue seems apparent before the concluding chapters are reached. Interest for the most part centres round an estimable young woman, who deems it absolutely essential to prove the legitimacy of her birth and claim to an inheritance worth a million dollars, before she can honorably accept an offer of marriage. To dispel the uncertainty regarding her birth, she bravely faces seemingly unsurmountable barriers. Being backed by an unyielding determina-

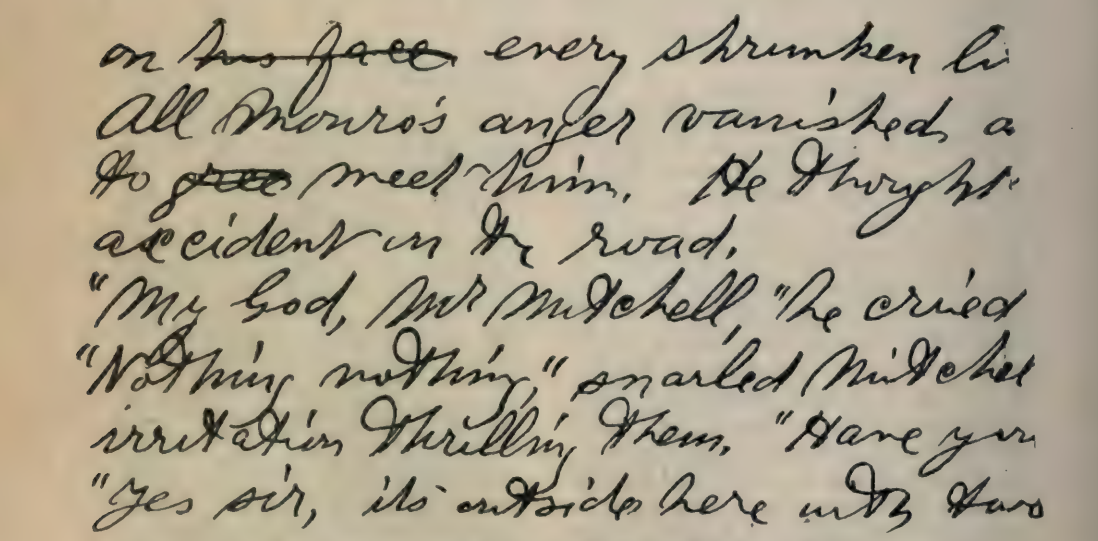
WINSTON CHURCHILL, WHOSE LATEST NOVEL, "MR. CREWE'S CAREER," IS REVIEWED IN THIS NUMBER

tion, she resorts to her own ingenuity to act the part of a detective and carry carefully laid schemes to a successful outcome. In order to obtain necessary information, she uses the disguise of a German girl to connect herself to a band of desperate characters, and then becomes employed as under-housemaid in an important home. At another time she assumes the name of Molly O'Brien, and, while engaged as an ordinary maid-servant, is capable of using a disguise and Irish brogue sufficiently well to deceive even her most intimate friends. The dangers through which she passed have furnished material for what in its way is rather a good story. (Toronto: Cassell & Company, Limited. Cloth, $1.25.)

* * *

AN ERRATIC HERO.

The novels by E. Phillips Oppenheim are usually of the harmless romance order, imitations of Weyman at a respectful distance. In "The Missioner" this writer of swashbuckling tales is not so fortunate as in some of his earlier productions. The hero is a would-be evangelist, who sets out to convert a village of fairly decent folk. He is wooed in tempestuous and hoyden fashion by the Lady of the Manor and finally flees to London to escape his tormentor. He is pursued to that city and betakes himself to Paris, where he leads a dissipated career of which he finally tires and then returns to respectability. The Lady of the Manor has her own domestic troubles, but there is the conventional wedding at the close of the last chapter. The story is not exactly savory and the manner is flat. May the next Oppenheim romance be as good as "Conspirators!" (Toronto: The Copp, Clark Company, Limited.)



Part of a page from the original draught of "The Victors," by Robert Barr, whose novel "The Young Lord Stranleigh" is reviewed in this number

THE
REAL FOUNTAIN OF YOUTH

FEAR of old age rests not so much in the burden of years as in the increasing infirmities of the flesh, and for that very reason prolongation or perpetuation of youthfulness has always been an outstanding human desire. No man wishes to feel old; few men wish to appear old. And yet, notwithstanding the long-transmitted struggle against the ravages of time, not many of us fully appreciate the provision that has been made for the continuous enjoyment of those bursts of juvenile rapture that are no more than a memory to those who have become staid and *blasé* and jaded. We are wont to placidly admit the opinion that the "Fountain of Youth" is a myth, that from age and its attendant decrepitude there is no refuge—a likely enough condition in a busy, eager, antagonistic environment. Who is wise enough and natural enough and humane enough to seek in childish shouts of glee in the streets solace from the effects of our protracted struggle for place? Not one, we are at first ready to confess; but that would not be true if we include those whose lot has been cast by good fortune away from the congested centres of population. For in the quiet, nerveless, unaffected pace that is usually set in village and farm life we find the most natural conditions and therefore the most capacity for enjoying natural blessings. In the city all things go awry. Some men work by day and others by night; some with their hands and others with their heads. There is no harmony, no common rhythm. The tide rises and falls with the accompaniment of discord and strife. The ancient warning, that the night cometh, when no man can work, is now an anachronism. In the country, on the other hand, the chief purpose of life largely affects all. The habits and customs of the people differ but slightly, and any one man's occupation is not often a jarring note in the community. The result is a common rhythm, a harmony that is at once full of solace, refreshment and vigor.

All of this bears in a very direct way on the possibility of prolonging youthfulness, not so much that the quiet of country life tends to increase longevity as that the artificialities and unnatural conditions of city life tend to deprive us of the capacity for imbibing from the young that spirit of youthfulness that is a potent charm to stay the encroachments of age. How good a thing it is to see, at the setting in of evening, a group of villagers enjoying to the utmost the simple, homely pleasures that seem to be in very truth a part of their birthright. And who of the group are the most in evidence? Surely the old and the young. It is the young who scamper and shout and contest, and it is the old who look on with enkindled eye, with hearts full of sympathy and spirits attuned to the eager rivalries of the hour. While the young enter with zest into the pleasures of a sim-

ple game, the old are carried back to a similar scene, many years ago, and they experience again the exuberance of childhood and again the activities of youth. And they are no longer old, because in the reflected transports of the moment they have forgotten the enfeeblements of age.

But there are times and seasons when this provision of nature is most happy in its application, when we are enabled to experience its subtle reflection at its height. The visit to the circus is one of these times; Christmas is another, and so likewise is the fishing season. The fishing season still being on, an experience that took place at its beginning is now fresh in memory. It had long seemed that if enjoyment had been found a generation ago in angling for chubb and minnows along the soddy banks of a meadowland stream, the same spell could be cast over the fancy of one young enough to respond to the occasion to-day. And so to the meadow they went. The lad rose to the dignity of the moment by carrying the worms in an old salmon can with as much concern as if he were carrying nuggets of gold. But that was not a new sensation. Those of us who have dug worms behind the hog pen and fished with a bent pin for a hook can, even yet, testify to the genuineness of the sensation and, even yet, rise to the importance of the salmon can. In some parts of the meadow, particularly back towards the wood and wherever there was a clump of willows, the utilitarian demands of time had not greatly marred the scenic beauty of the spot or removed those natural obstacles to the current that make choice fishing-places. The sun shone so brightly that a veteran angler would have regarded it with disfavor, but on this special occasion, when the subtleties of angling were being demonstrated, it was received with all gratitude. The meadow grass stood long and cool, the night damp still clinging close to the ground. On the slope towards the water the wild strawberry was in full bloom, and the water itself was flecked with fluffy droppings from overhanging boughs. The bob-o-link (one would almost declare it was the same that you and I had seen in similar air so long ago) piped his merry lay, and fluttered joyously as if eager to remain suspended 'twixt earth and sky. A meadow-lark, startled from the grass at their very feet, rose on quickened wing and soared gracefully across growing hay, the glint of yellow in his plumage shining like the mullein flower in the sun. Blackbirds whistled in the willows, and crows, nesting in yonder elm, cawed in softer tones than when on carrion bent. With unbridled current, the water spread out here and there, losing its course amongst the reeds and the willows, and gathering itself together again as it pressed on towards the alluring wood.

To the spirit of all these things the lad responded with eager zest, and in him it was the awakening of a new consciousness. His enthrallment found echo in the breast of the father, for whom it caused the requickening of capacities that otherwise would have lain dormant, making him feel again as he had felt when a child, making him see again as otherwise only a child can see. How the long-forgotten impatience with which the baiting of the hook was endured returned to him when the first place for casting came into view! And with what gusto the lad at his side beheld the operation! Then there was a moment of suspense, for the culmination of the experience was about to be effected. It was not a difficult cast, and yet some dexterity was required to put the bait past the intervening willow branch and place it far enough up stream to prevent its catching on the log. The lad stood motionless, like

one who is conscious of being about to witness a serious performance. And indeed it was serious, for did not the fulfilment of the promise of the occasion depend on the ability to present something more than attendant attractions?

Presently the line became taut, and the man waited an anxious moment. A few short jerks on the line prompted withdrawal, and the next moment a wriggling minnow swung out upon the grass. An exclamation of intermingled wonder and glee greeted the catch, and was followed by a shout of unaffected gladness as the lad, for the first time, saw a fish swim about in the pail that had been brought for the purpose.

As soon as the hook was rebaited and dangled overhead, ready to be recast, the lad urged with an intensely earnest countenance:

"Daddy, catch a great big one."

How well that request embodied the spirit of former occasions! How even well it voiced the desire of the man who had been gradually gaining in youthfulness! And how well also it gave expression to an outstanding human characteristic! As he danced in rapture at sight of the captive in the pail, instinctively the lad knew that there were larger fish as a possible catch, and so he yearned for the greater achievement.

"Daddy, catch a great big one."

Fame is sometimes won; glory crowns an effort, but still there is always the yearning for the greater, for the better. So it was with the child; so it is with us.

"Daddy, catch a great big one."

Again the line swished through the air, for the moment allowing no ear to the song of the bob-o-link, no hark to the nesting crows, no response even to the gurgle of the stream, but commanding attention on its placing in the very spot whence a few minutes before it had drawn out the wriggling minnow. The lad now regarded it with a concern that before had not been manifest, and with gratifying appreciation his spirits rose and sank as the line gave signs of attack or neglect. Suddenly the pole shuddered and dipped towards the water. Then it rose again, and high in air, with unskilful force, was hurled a chubb of pleasing dimensions.

The lad shouted, and the man gasped, for the chubb, splendidly outlined as it fell away from the hook, struck the water with a heavy thud. The silence that followed was broken by a repetition of the lad's wish:

"Daddy, catch a great big one."

Once more the line sang through the air, but the bait fell short of the mark. Then the pole swung back at arm's length, the line cut a long monotone in the air, and the hook dropped, well placed in the eddy of froth. But the water had scarcely been touched before the line sank rigidly and then swished up stream. There was a moment of exquisite tension, followed by a rather injudicious and perhaps unsportsmanlike jerk, but two seconds later an excellent trout lay gleaming on the grass.

Daddy had caught a great big one.

The lad's ecstacy was unbounded, and the man himself experienced the full measure of it. With what real pride the little, chubby hands grasped the pail-handles, and started off, well satisfied with the prize.

And what of the man himself? He had come out to give the lad a taste of "sport," and had unconsciously taken a deep draught from the real "Fountain of Youth."

The Editor

THE MERRY MUSE

AFTERNOON TEA

By JEAN GRAHAM

Just a little cup of tea,
Just a fleck of cream!
Just a whiff of violets,
Fleeting as a dream.

Just a little silver spoon,
Carved and filagreed;
Just a tiny macaroon,
Such as fairies *knead.*

Just a rosy sugared "kiss,"
Served from Edith's dish!
As I ate its crumbling bliss,
Edith read my wish.

Just a curtained fragrant spot
Where the roses be;
Where a blue forget-me-not
Smiles in sympathy.

Just her girlish finger-tips
Clasped in mine once more;
Just a touch of rosy lips
And the "tea" was o'er.

* * *

A SERMON

By J. EDGAR MIDDLETON

An ancient garden wall of softened red,
A little cot embow'red in columbine,
Midsummer snow-drifts sailing overhead,
A peaceful meadow where the sun doth shine,
The mellow music of the distant Hunt,
This is the Stage; entrancing,—from the front.

Unsightly walls, a little ev'rywhere,
And flimsy canvas on its flimsy frames,
A leading actor querulous with care
Calling the gasman most improper names,
Great daubs of paint, and glaring lights unkind,
This is the Stage; unpleasant,—from "behind."

How many of us make a noble show?
The world applauds in rapture and delight,
And on through life we confidently go,
Saying: "What diff'rence if we look all right?"
Here is the question we should keep in mind,
"Pray, what is your appearance from 'behind'?"

* * *

THE ADVERTISEMENT

By ARCHIE P. McKISHNIE

Ould maid Nannie Firm wuz as rich as could be,
She says t' me, "Wincey me bye,
Will youse be afther puttin' an ad in fer me,
Wid me' photograph, here in th' paper," says she;
And I says, "Shure I will that," says I.

Then be afther sayin': "A maiden av means,
Wants a partner t' love and t' hould;
An innocent darlint jist outin her teens—
And still in th' shadder of youth's ever-greens;—"
(Begobbs she was sixty years ould.)

Well her pictur' was published, beneath it this ad:
"THE EARLY BIRD CATCHES THE WORM."
"Here's the chance of a life-time for some daring lad,
A partner is wanted (and wanted right bad),
By above old, responsible Firm."

ALEXANDER ROBB,
FOUNDER OF THE ROBB ENGINEERING COMPANY, LIMITED

UNDER TWO FLAGS

BY RANDOLPH CARLYLE

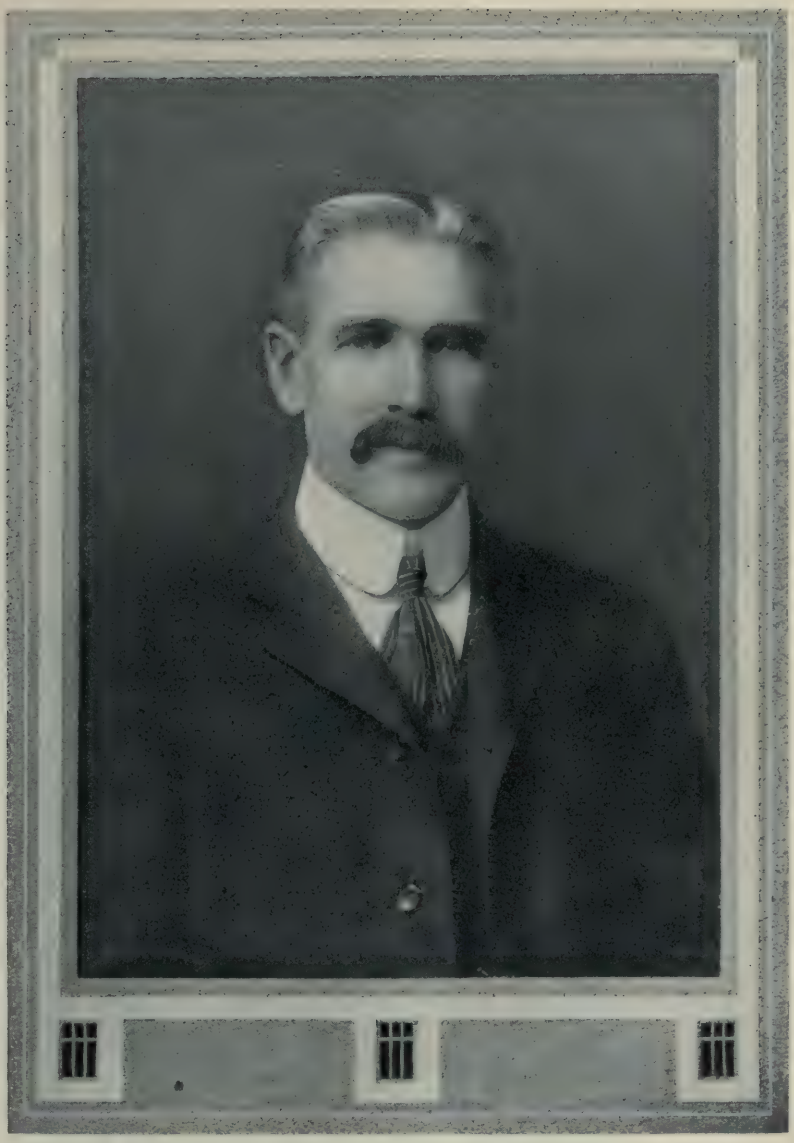
IT is natural that the people of the United States and the people of Canada, who are largely of the same blood, have the same language and similar habits of thought, should become more or less closely related in business.

So far the United States has taken the place of the elder brother, being more advanced in population and wealth, the younger Canadian brother finding it to his advantage to follow the lead and example of the older brother in industrial and other pursuits. It cannot be denied that for many years ambitious young men all over Canada, including professional men, artisans and farmers, looked across the line for the opportunity that they had failed to discover at home. As a result, the young men of this country went out and at the same time the manufactures of another country came in. That is no longer a one-sided transaction, for now we find many young men in the United States looking to Canada for their greatest opportunity and at the same time we find Canadian enterprises reaching across

ORIGINAL FOUNDRY AT AMHERST, N.S.

the international boundary and establishing themselves on the other side. An outstanding instance of this "Canadian invasion" is afforded by the Robb Engineering Company, Limited, of Amherst, Nova Scotia, a concern that has not only greatly increased its capacity in the home town, but has found it advisable to establish a similar plant in the United States. So we find at South Framingham, Mass., an institution conducted under the name of the Robb-Mumford Boiler Company. It is therefore interesting to trace the history of the Robb Engineering Company, and to discover, if possible, a reason for so unusual an expansion of business.

Sixty years ago (and this year is indeed the sixtieth anniversary of the founding of the Robb Engineering Company), fireplaces were generally used in Canadian homes for cooking and heating, and stoves were rarely seen. But that condition of affairs could not last long, a circumstance that was fully appreciated by Mr. Alexander Robb, a gentleman who had sufficient foresight to see the opportunity that the stove business offered. As a result, he was one of the very first persons to import cast iron stoves from the United States into Canada. At the time of the American Civil War the purchasing value of Canadian currency (which could be exchanged for gold at par) was enhanced considerably in the United States, but that condition did not last long after the war, and accordingly the profits to be made on importations were not so large as they had been. Coping with the situation, Mr. Robb built a foundry at Amherst, and began to manufacture stoves of his own. He also did a small amount of machine work



D. W. ROBB, PRESIDENT OF THE ROBB ENGINEERING COMPANY
AND THE ROBB-MUMFORD BOILER COMPANY

for the mines and lumber mills. But the field was limited. There was no available railway in those days (now the railway tracks run right into the works), and shipments therefore had to be made by water. As a consequence, trading was confined to ports on the Bay of Fundy, the north shore of Nova Scotia and New Brunswick, and also to Prince Edward Island. But the spirit of enterprise that has apparently always dominated the Robb Engineering Company was beginning to manifest itself, and by degrees the business was extended so as to embrace the manufacture of mill machinery, boilers and engines.

Two fires, having many of the

NOON HOUR AT THE MACHINE SHOP OF THE ROBB ENGINEERING COMPANY AT AMHERST, N.S.

INTERIOR VIEW OF THE ROBB ENGINEERING COMPANY'S MACHINE SHOP AT AMHERST, N.S.

ANOTHER INTERIOR VIEW OF THE MACHINE SHOP

semblances of a catastrophe, occurred in 1890-1, and the plant was almost entirely destroyed. But, instead of daunting or crippling the company, we find that this temporary set-back caused the business to be raised to one of national significance, for the making of engines and boilers was undertaken with greater force than ever before, owing to the increasing demand all over the Dominion, and the manufacture of stoves, which had but little more than local possibilities, was entirely dropped. Still, there is doubtless another important reason why steam became king, and stoves were abandoned. The present head of the company, Mr. D. W. Robb, President, who had long been a witness of the evolution of the business, had a natural inclination for mechanics and applied science, which in his youthful days was stimulated by visits to the small establishment of an old Yankee clock-maker, named Barrett, who had contrived several machines that demonstrated the uses of steam and electricity and it was only natural, when the opportunity came, that the attention of the company should be centred on those things that afforded the highest attainments and development in mechanical skill and perfection.

Assistance in the development of the design and production of steam engines was given by a young New Yorker, Mr. E. J. Armstrong, M.E., and in the invention and design of new types of boilers by Mr. J. A. Mumford, a Nova Scotian, who later on was transplanted to New York, so that the Robb Engineering Company may be said to be in a sense an international growth. But how did the later international development come about?

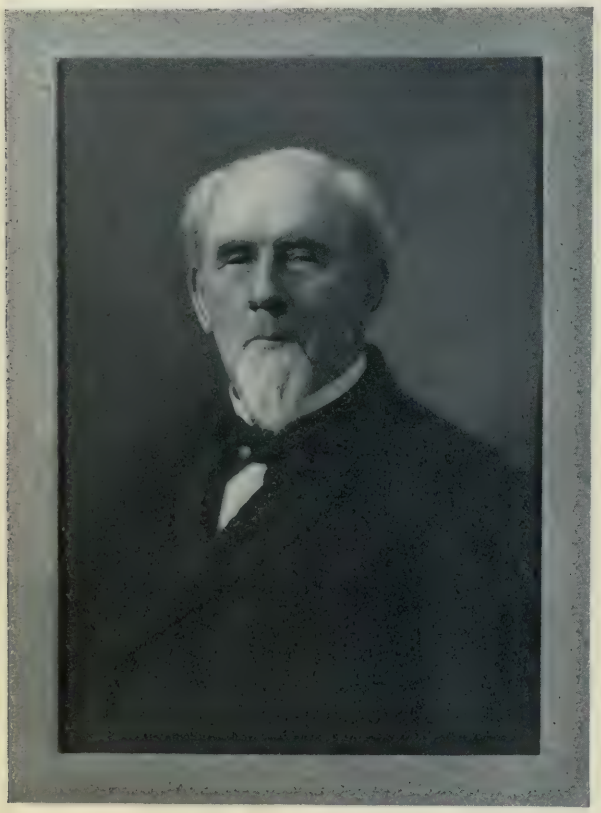
The reputation of the products of the company became so widespread

ENGINE DEPARTMENT, UPPER FLOOR OF MACHINE SHOP, WHERE THE SMALL PARTS ARE MADE

that orders began to be received from various parts of the world—from Australia, Cuba, England, Spain, South America, and other far-distant lands. Although in many instances the reputation of the Robb engines and boilers was high enough to induce the purchase of them in the United States for export to foreign countries, the opportunity to do business in the neighboring Republic, owing to the high protection tariff, was greatly hampered. In order to overcome this difficulty a purchase was made of the largest boiler shops in New England, shops that had been founded in 1860 at Cambridge, Mass., by Edward Kendall. New property at South Framingham, embracing all of ten acres, was bought, extensive buildings constructed wholly of steel and concrete and designed especially for the economical production of boilers, were built and equipped with a complete modern plant. These works were placed in charge of Mr. Frederick H. Keyes, M.E., a graduate and former instructor of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, who had acquired practical experience in the engineering line with leading firms of engineers in New England, and the business in the United States was thus established under propitious circumstances.

It takes a mechanic to understand the mechanism of a steam engine, but anyone would be very unimpressionable indeed who could go through the works at Amherst or at South Framingham and fail to appreciate the evidences on all hands of economy and thoroughness. Apart altogether from mechanical devices for saving time and labor, every one of the employees has the privilege of a special incentive to do his best in the least possible space of time. The card system in the works is used

with admirable results. By means of this system, a record is kept of every piece of work undertaken. Every piece is numbered, and every workman is likewise numbered. Both of these numbers are inserted on the card. An indicator registers the time when the workman begins and also when he stops. In that way the work is carried forward without delay, the workman is induced to do his very best, and at the office card indexes show the cost and exactly what is taking place or has taken place with respect to every piece of work that goes into the various departments. In the machine shops at Amherst a premium system has been inaugurated which may, later on, be extended to all departments of both works. If a workman has come under the maximum time allowed and the work passes the inspection he receives one-half of the difference as a premium apart from the regular wage. On first thoughts, the uninitiated are inclined to think that the work would be hurried through at the cost of good workmanship, but that seems scarcely to be at all probable, because every article turned out has to undergo a rigid inspection before it is stamped and handed out for shipment or pased into stock. If it does not pass the inspection, the workman loses the premium which he is entitled to for perfect work.



MR. EDWARD KENDALL,
FOUNDER OF THE ROBB-MUMFORD BOILER WORKS

The inspection of parts of high grade machinery is a wonderfully precise and admirable performance,

THE ROBB-MUMFORD BOILER COMPANY'S WORKS AT SOUTH FRAMINGHAM, MASS.

MR. G. W. COLE, SECRETARY-TREASURER, THE ROBB ENGINEERING COMPANY AND THE ROBB-MUMFORD BOILER COMPANY

MR. A. E. ROBB, M.E., GENERAL SUPERINTENDENT, THE ROBB ENGINEERING COMPANY

the inspectors being provided with instruments that easily and with scarcely any likelihood of error measure differences in size down to the thousandth part of an inch or less. That seems incredible, but it is absolutely necessary to have things right and true before they are regarded as fit to go into the make-up of a Robb-Armstrong engine. Besides having diameter, length, breadth, thickness, etc., of a certain size given, it is necessary in certain cases that the parts be perfectly flat or straight and, in order to ensure certainty in that respect, instruments called "surface plates" and "straight edges" are provided, which are in themselves so true that a single hair from a man's head, if placed between two of the straight edges will separate them to an extent which is quite appreciable when they are placed in front of a light. If the hair is at either end, the eye can easily detect the infinitesimal streak of light running at least three-quarters of the way along the entire surface. The point about the perfection demanded in the parts of an engine lies in the fact that if a shaft, for instance, is not true it will not run so easily because the oil does not separate the metals completely, and consequent friction will cause it to wear, but if it is true to the standards set by the Robb Engineering Company it will run easily and have no surfaces to wear and get out of order because of friction.

Instead of making a part and then fitting it into its place, and so on throughout the entire construction of a complicated machine, the practice of the Robb Engineering Company is to make the parts of each grade of engine in large quantities, all the same, and thus the time that ordinarily would be required to fit the pieces individually is saved. In

other words, if one set of parts is true, and the others are made exactly the same, all must be true, and therefore it is not difficult to fit them. Of course, that method of economizing can be followed only in establishments where large quantities are being produced all the time.

The testing of an engine is in itself a very delicate operation, one that requires a highly developed mechanical knowledge. The engine is set up just as it might happen to be in the place it is intended to go permanently, and then it is subjected to all kinds of operations within its compass. There is an equipment of pony brakes for measuring the power; diagrams are made by indicators showing the action of the steam in the cylinder; changes of speed are indicated by means of tachometers and the steam used by the engine is weighed. In this way it is possible to know exactly what any engine can do and will do before it leaves the works, and a record of its performance is filed away and kept for reference.

In the works at South Framingham it is the intention to produce boilers which are equally perfect in detail and the system of work is essentially the same as that described in connection with the work at Amherst. In fact as the lives of large numbers of men and women depend upon the safety of the steam generators in use in factories, hotels and numberless other places in which they are used to develop heat or power, it is even more important that only the best materials should be used and that every joint, seam and rivet should be perfectly constructed to withstand the strain. These works are equipped with electric, hydraulic and pneumatic machines designed to produce boilers rapidly and with the highest degree of perfection.

It is a matter of considerable pride that Mr. Keyes, general manager of

MR. F. H. KEYES, GENERAL-MANAGER FOR THE UNITED STATES

the works at South Framingham, has been chosen as one of a commission appointed by the Legislature of the State of Massachusetts to revise and formulate rules for the construction and inspection of steam boilers on scientific lines.

The ranks of employees of the Robb Companies are recruited mostly from the surrounding country, young men from the farms coming in, serving their apprenticeship and in some cases continuing in the same shops thereafter for the greater part of a life-time. The apprenticeship system practised is sufficiently rigid to exclude most of the applicants who are not likely to make good mechanics, and as a result the workmen employed by these companies have the appearance as a whole of being more than ordinarily intelligent and expert. Their conditions of work are excellent, light and air being first-class. Never in the history of the company has there been a strike, and that enviable record is no doubt due to the fact that the management

have regard for the biblical reminder that "the servant is worthy of his hire," interpreting it with enough elasticity to give the workman a share in the profits that result from diligence intelligently directed.

No attempt has been made to give a consecutive description of the works or of the various processes of manufacture, the intention being to give some idea of the system that resulted in the large business that is now enjoyed by the company and that resulted a few years ago in the invasion of the great field of the United States. Much more of interest might be written were space available to devote to the foundry, the boiler works, the power houses, the store-rooms, the blacksmith shops and the pattern shops, which form interesting features of the works both at Amherst and South Framingham. But, doubtless, enough has been said or indicated to impress the reader with the fact that the success of the Robb Engineering Company is due in large measure to the increasing reverence that is shown towards economy and truth—economy in time and labor, and in truth with respect to the high standard set by this company for the various parts and processes required in the manufacture of high-grade machinery.

BIRD'S-EYE VIEW OF THE ROBB ENGINEERING COMPANY'S PLANT AT AMHERST, N.S.

From a black and white sketch by Carl Abrens

VILLAGE OF A VANISHING RACE

THE

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INDIAN TRIBES OF LABRADOR

BY CLIFFORD H. EASTON

THE principal Indian tribes of Labrador are the Montagnais and the Nascaupee, both of which are members of the Algonquin family. The Montagnais inhabit the southern part of the peninsular, while the Nascaupees, or Barren Ground Indians, hunt over the central and northern sections, extending as far north as Ungava Bay on the east and the region surrounding Richmond Gulf, on Hudson Bay, which forms the southwestern boundary of the Eskimo hunting ground.

The two tribes are more or less closely connected by intermarriage, though entirely different in physique. The Montagnais have apparently a large admixture of white blood, having intermarried with old *coureurs du bois* and the French and English traders; the result is seen in the better physique of the tribe, the men being much more muscular than their northern relatives. The Nascaupees, as they inhabit the interior, have come little in contact with the white man, and they exhibit more of the characteristic build of the pure-blooded Indian. The northern Nascaupees are, as a rule, the tallest men in Labrador, many of them being over six feet in height, but slightly built and incapable of carrying half the loads of the more stockily built Montagnais. They still have a tradition that their people originally dwelt far to the south on the north side of a great river and were driven northward by the Iroquois.

The language embraces various dialects of Cree, or is a mixture of Cree and Ojibway; the differences in

A NORTHERN TYPE IN "HALF-AND-HALF" DRESS

SOUTHERN MONTAGNAIS, WHO AS A TYPE ARE MORE MUSCULAR THAN THEIR NORTHERN RELATIVES

dialect in the same tribe are slight, so that an Indian speaking pure Cree can make himself understood among all the Indians of the coast and interior.

The majority of the Montagnais spend the entire summer on the Gulf coast, coming out early in the spring and remaining until late fall. Brought in contact with the white trader during many years, they have lost many of their primitive traits and customs, given up, to a large extent, their nomadic life, and settled down in log houses, frequently furnished with many of the comforts of civilization. From these permanent settlements they make their annual hunt into the country during the winter, subsisting principally on supplies hauled from the coast, thus, unlike their northern kindred, they are practically independent of the movements of the deer.

Though professing Christianity, they still adhere to many old superstitions and beliefs, the conjurors or medicine men of the heathen Nascaupees, whom they secretly believe can, if they wish, work harm by the aid of the evil spirits, still maintain great influence over them . During the past winter a young man killed his father in accordance with an ancient superstition that, if the old become demented they turn cannibal. The father himself urged the deed, threatening, in a period of madness, to kill the whole family if his son did not comply with his wishes. The young fellow on his arrival at the post told the factor, with tears in his eyes, how he had made three attempts before he could summon courage to do as his father wished, and yet these same men travel hundreds of miles every year to meet their priest and are very strict in the observation of the rites and ceremonies of the church.

One branch of the Montagnais have encroached on Nascaupee territory to the north, which is supposed to be bounded by the region surrounding Hamilton Inlet on the south-east. These families seldom

NASCAUPEE BOYS DRESSED IN DEER-SKIN

visit the coast; their only communication with the traders is flying visits of the young men who tramp to Davis Inlet on the Atlantic coast to trade for tea, tobacco and ammunition. This branch, hunting in the vicinity of Lake Michikaman, are much less civilized than their southern brethren, and have but a thin veneer of Christianity, though professing the Roman Catholic religion and wearing the emblems of that faith. Their very existence depends solely on one thing, the deer, and should they miss them in their annual migration they are soon reduc ed to starvation and many die. Even when in dire need they refuse to act as guides into the interior of the country, but whether this is due to laziness or fear of having their hunting territory opened up to trappers and prospectors, I cannot say. Their demands for articles obtainable at the posts are confined to tea, tobacco, rifles, ammunition and articles of summer clothing which are procured in trade. The material for winter clothing is furnished mainly by the chase. In the curing of skins the women are very expert, reducing them to the softness and pliability of chamois. Their snow-shoes are of the finest workmanship, the weave being very close, fine and strong, while the frames are tough and well shaped.

When camping with them on the George river, our outfit was thoroughly investigated, everything from the camera to a jack-knife being passed around among men, women and children, and, down to the smallest article, all were returned. Everything in our possession came in for its share of fingering, curiosity being aroused over the merest trifle, as a safety pin, pencil, etc. My Mauser pistol aroused a storm of jabbering, the men prancing with glee like so many children as the hammer flew back after each discharge, enabling me to empty the magazine as fast as I could pull the trigger. When one realizes how invaluable a modern rifle or knife is to these people, honesty among them seems remarkable;

NASCAUPEE'S TENT BANKED WITH SNOW

but theft is unknown among the interior Indians, and provisions may be left anywhere inland with the assurance that only in case of absolute need will anything be taken.

The summer camp is usually pitched on a high barren hill close to a river, from which miles of valley, hill and lake may be seen and the movements of the deer noted. When deer are sighted, an interesting scene occurs, the whole community, including men, women, children and dogs, makes its way to the lookout and though the deer may be several miles distant, everything is hushed, the squaws quiet the papooses, the boys hold the dogs, the men talk in low-pitched voices, while the chief gives his opinion as to the chances of success, depending on the wind and distance to be covered. Should conditions prove favorable, the canoes are manned without a sound, and with quick, noiseless strokes slip away to windward under cover of the bank. Every one remaining then returns to his or her appointed task, and the work of the camp is resumed as if nothing unusual had happened; but even while talking the mens' eyes are constantly searching shore, hill and river. Not a moving object escapes their keen sight.

The stranger living among this people must be impressed in their favor, their honesty, hospitality, and good nature being sincere, while the plucky fight they continually carry on against that gaunt fiend starvation requires qualities of manhood and strength found among few tribes.

For a true appreciation of the hard and bitter fight carried on for the necessities of life, one must go farther north and see the Nascaupees of the Barren Grounds; perhaps nowhere in the world is such a war waged for mere existence as among these people. They afford an excellent opportunity to study the Indian in his primitive state, untouched by any of the influences of civilization, and guided by the same old customs and superstitions that governed their

forefathers. The word Nascaupee, in the Montagnais dialect, signifies "the ignorant ones," given on account of their lack of knowledge of the ways of civilization. They visit the post but once a year, except in case of extremity, when the younger men tramp hundreds of miles to Fort Chimo in search of relief, hauling their purchases home on long, narrow toboggans. Their speed and endurance is marvellous, and even with a heavily-laden toboggan they will cover twice as much ground in a day as a white man.

The annual visit with the white families is made in August, when the entire tribe of two hundred descend the Kvaksvak river in canoes, and remain at the post for two weeks trading their stock of furs for guns, ammunition, tea, tobacco, etc., leaving just before the company's ship arrives. As the natives generally make a point of congregating at the post at "ship time," I enquired of the factor the reason of this early departure and learned that the Indians feared a priest might be on board. Several years ago the Rev. Father Le Moine visited Fort Chimo, and meeting the Indians congregated there started in to convert them—men, women and children. All went smoothly until the subject of wives arose. The good father forbade more than one wife to each hunter. This was more than the Indians would stand, for the best hunters have two, and even three wives. The number depends upon their ability to support a large family, so ever since that time, they have carefully avoided meeting the ship. They now solemnly affirm that they do not wish a priest to visit them under any circumstances, as they experienced very bad luck with their traps during the year the missionary lived among them. The lot of the women, as among most uncivilized peoples, is hard, all the drudgery falling upon their shoulders. They are short, thick set and inclined to corpulency after the age of thirty. The men, on the contrary, are often six feet tall, slightly built, with fine, clear-cut features. It is exceedingly difficult to guess their ages, the hair seldom turning gray, and a man of

NASCAUPEES OF THE BARREN GROUNDS

MONTAGNAIS WOMEN

forty or fifty is often as agile and strong as one of twenty-five. They are keen traders, resorting to all manner of tricks to obtain over value for their furs, and though property is perfectly safe in their camps or in the country, they need to be constantly watched while trading in the stores as they seem to consider it a mark of great cleverness to steal, provided they are not caught, and, if detected, laugh heartily, not a whit

A GROUP OF MONTAGNAIS INDIANS

abashed by the exposure of their intended dishonesty.

The winter tent is made of dressed deer-skin, a circle twelve feet in diameter is cleared in the snow, about the circumference of which poles are set eight inches apart, forming a cone-shaped skeleton, over which the skins are stretched, a hole two feet in diameter being left at the top for the escape of the smoke. The sloping sides are then banked with snow half way up, to keep out the cold, and a thick bed of fresh spruce boughs is laid over the floor. The removal of a pole makes an opening for entrance which is closed by a deer-skin fastened at three corners to keep it in position. A few of the Indians now use folding sheet iron stoves furnished by the Hudson's Bay Company, thus avoiding the constant smoke which fills the interior when the open fire is used; but by far the greater number still cling to the tepee fire built on a platform of stones in the centre of the tent. In a permanent encampment, five or six families sometimes occupy one large tent about thirty feet long, divided by partitions of deer-skin. The summer tent is practically the same in construction, being made of dressed deer-skin and odds and ends of cloth or bark. Light is furnished by a lamp similar to those used by the Eskimo. It is usually made of soapstone hollowed out so as to form a shallow dish in which caribou tallow is burned. Candles are also used by some of the Indians.

The Nascaupee depends almost entirely upon the deer for clothing, very little cloth being "taken up" in trade. The principal garment for winter wear consists of a long tight fitting coat of finely dressed caribou skin with hair worn inside, and reaching half way to the knees. The outside is ornamented around the bottom, on the sleeves, and up the front with various designs in colored dyes made from fish skins and bark. These designs are often very pretty; the combination of colors is harmonious, and the patterns unique, the whole presenting an artistic appearance. The Nascaupee brave in his untutored desire to copy his white brother will often spoil this artistic effect by putting on a cheap cotton shirt of flaming color over his native dress. Long leggings of deer-skin or red cloth ornamented with embroidery and colored beads reach from the hips where they are held in position by thongs, to the moccasins, which are made with high tops and bound tightly about the leg; long mittens of dressed skin with the hair next the hand and a cap or hood of fur complete a costume which is often picturesque and certainly well adapted to the climate. The only head covering used by the young men is a cheap cambric handkerchief bound about the hair.

During our stay at Fort Chimo, I met a party of five men coming into the post, and was particularly struck with the fine appearance of one young fellow dressed completely in skins, with a hood formed by a large wolf's head, the teeth resting on his forehead, and the sharp pointed ears standing erect. The next morning I encountered the same man who, in the meantime, had evidently traded his stock of furs for European clothing as he was togged out in a cheap suit of black with a bright blue handkerchief about his neck, and though the thermometer stood at thirty below zero and his teeth were playing together like castanets, he seemed exceedingly proud of his attire and paraded around for the benefit of everyone within sight. By dint of much persuasion, I induced him to don his skin coat and stand for a picture, but his frigid attitude due to the half-hour in civilized dress rather spoiled the effect.

Modern breech-loading fire arms are now used extensively, though a few muzzle loaders are still seen.

With the repeating rifle the men, when successful in intercepting the deer, are able to kill them by scores. One old chief, being asked by the factor how many he had killed, replied that though he was a very old man, he had been lively enough when the deer were sighted, and with his two sons had secured about two hundred and fifty. In spite of repeated warnings as to the danger of extermination, the Indians slaughter many more caribou than they can possibly use, frequently spearing them in the streams, and after cutting out their tongues, let the current carry away the bodies. The deer are dressed immediately, as they soon freeze solid and remain frozen and in good state of preservation until late in May. A quantity of the fresh meat is kept by smoking. It is first cut into strips, then hung about the smoke hole of the tepee; this forms a light nourishing food to be carried on long tramps. If the hunt is a success, the Indians are assured of food and clothing for the long cold winter. Camp is now moved to the neighborhood of the slaughter and the traps set out, the meat and refuse serving as a lure to wolves, wolverines and other fur-bearing animals.

The meat of the deer killed during the summer months, is all preserved for the smoke process, five or six days' smoking curing it so that it will keep indefinitely. The shank bones are carefully saved and roasted, the cooked marrow packed in small bags or pouches made from the intestines; the fat is also fried out and the brains are used in curing skins. Thus all parts of the animal are utilized. An idea of the immense number of caribou sometimes slaughtered may be obtained from an examination of the site of some old camps, where the heaps of cracked bones from which the marrow has been extracted, are often ten feet in diameter and two or three feet high, while I have counted as many as two hundred antlers in a single pile and five or six of these piles.

In times of plenty, pemmican is manufactured in large quantities from dried meat, fat, marrow, and berries. This is formed into cakes, after which it is taken to the post and stored against a time of famine. Several years ago it was the custom to hold a great feast at Chimo on New Year's Day, the Indians hording up quantities of meat, pemmican, etc., for months and then eating and drinking themselves into a state of insensibility. This barbarism has been given up, due to a change in the route of the migration; the winter camps are now, as a rule, too far from the post for the men to make the journey.

In the winter of 1892-93, many of the Nascaupees starved to death, as the caribou hunt was a failure. The tribe was far in the interior, and were unable to reach the post where relief might have been obtained. At one point nineteen families perished in a body; at another point six families met a similar fate, while many others died as a result of the hardships and semi-starvation of the winter, leaving out of two hundred and fifty persons formerly trading at Fort Chimo, scarcely one hundred and fifty.

The men, in the winter, trap mostly martin, fox, wolves and wolverines. During the intense cold of January and February trapping is unprofitable, for the wild animals are little abroad. At this time the Indians hunt only to help out the larder with ptarmigan, grouse and rabbits. When the streams break up in the spring, beaver, otter and bear are shot or trapped.

As before observed, very little flour is "taken up" in trade by the Nascaupees; their furs are traded for such luxuries as tea, tobacco and sugar. They are thus dependent entirely upon the caribou for most of the necessities of life. Were these

animals exterminated, the Nascaupees would not long survive as their habitation, clothing and snowshoes are manufactured from the hide, the sinews furnishing thread, the intestines providing waterproof bags in which the fat and marrow are preserved, while the meat constitutes their principal food the year around.

The men make their own pipes of stone, working them down to one-tenth of an inch in thickness on the bowl, turning out a piece of work which looks as if it were machine made. The women do beautiful embroidery; the colors are well blended, and the work equals that done in more civilized communities. I have a pair of moccasins made of smoked skin, with white tongues, on which are worked a design in colored silks equalling any Persian embroidery I have seen.

The men have great endurance and in times of stress, unlike their neighbors the Eskimo, will tramp for miles in search of game, never giving up until forced by weakness to yield in the unequal fight. They are able to withstand great cold, and after walking from thirty to forty miles a day in snowshoes in the coldest weather, will scrape a hole in the snow, build a fire in one end, throw down several armfuls of brush in the other end, and sleep peacefully throughout the long night, rising occasionally to replenish the fire.

The dead are buried in graves enclosed by palings of rough stakes. The custom still prevails of placing the weapons and personal belongings of the deceased upon the graves for use in the future world.

I expected to find in the Nascaupees an utterly degraded and savage race, but was agreeably surprised to find them at once honest, hospitable and kind. Though they are probably the most primitive of the Indians left on the North American continent, a person brought into contact with them cannot help being favorably impressed by many good qualities.

TOO LATE

By JAMES P. HAVERSON

I heard a tumult; 'twas the glad acclaim
With which Success had come to hail my name.
Down all the years which I in darkness spent
"Come forth!", it called, "Come forth to fame!"

What boots this clamor of the lauding throng?
Where lies the music of their hailing song?
One voice that whispered comes again no more—
Methinks that they have waited overlong.

THE BOY BABY

BY N. DE BERTRAND LUGRIN

"MY mother is very ill," said Ruth Lindley to Martha Jane Middle, the washerwoman's daughter, "Chummins is sitting with her, while the trained nurse has a nap. That's why I'm allowed out here."

They were in the back yard of the Lindley house. It was a pretty yard, what there was of it, all soft green grass and ivy covered fences.

"My! she's sick a long time." Martha Jane looked Ruth up and down with admiring eyes. It was very seldom the children had a chance to talk together, as Chummins had very strict opinions in regard to Ruth's associates, and friendship with the washerwoman's daughter was strictly forbidden.

"She had two doctors this morning," Ruth said, watching the effect of her words upon the other little girl, "and I am not allowed to even whisper when I pass her door."

"Ain't you afraid she'll die?"

Ruth looked troubled. "I don't know," she said vaguely.

"We had a little baby once, and it died." Martha Jane spoke reminiscently, even triumphantly.

"I don't see where your mother gets so many babies." Ruth's voice was distinctly reproachful. "Now we can't even find one, and my poor mother is so ill."

"Do you really think it would make her well, if you could?" Martha Jane spoke in the tone of one reopening an old discussion.

"I know it would," emphatically, "supposing it was a boy. Only this morning I heard Chummins and Jane talking about it, Chummins said 'It will most break the missus' heart if she doesn't have a boy.' "

"And there's all them little beautiful clothes my mother done up," Martha Jane said sympathetically. "It took her the most of a week."

"But then Chummins says your mother's very lazy."

"She ain't lazy (indignantly). She's got so many children, that's what's the matter. Three babies and all with bottles. Now you made me forget what I was going to say."

"It doesn't matter anyway (indifferently). "I can't see, Martha Jane (severely), when you've got three babies and all with bottles, that you can't spare my mother one. Do you 'tend to sell me one or not?" Ruth was evidently bringing up an old subject.

"I don't know (doubtfully). Joseph Chamberlain's awful bad with colic. Mother thought he'd die last night. Besides, he's got hives. You might have him."

"Well, I don't want to buy a sick baby," Ruth said impatiently. "You know I'd rather have the littlest one. I told you so last week.

"But he's gettin' so cunnin'." The thought of her infant brother's attractiveness brought an almost tearful smile to Martha Jane's face.

"You said that your mother did

not seem to love him a bit, and that your father called him 'another mouth to feed.' "

"Yes, but I like him. He almost smiled yesterday."

"I don't see how he could 'almost smile.' "

"That's because you've never had a baby."

"Well, it's pretty hard for me," Ruth said sadly. "Of course I never knew till I heard Chummins talking about it, that mother always wanted a boy instead of me. There's the money of my uncle's and he won't give it to a little girl. Besides Chummins says its much more genteel to have a boy for the oldest."

"Well, you'll always be the oldest in your family."

"How do you know I will?"

"Why anybody'd know that."

Ruth looked annoyed for a moment; then, slipping close to Martha Jane, she whispered confidentially: "Did I ever tell you what my mother said to me the first day she was ill in bed?"

"Yes, you told me twice," Martha Jane broke in, but Ruth was continuing without heeding the answer.

"She asked me if I would like a little brother, and I said 'would it make her better if she could get one,' and she said 'yes.' "

"But she laughed when you said you'd try and buy one."

"I know she did." Ruth looked vexed. "Mother always laughs when I say I'm going to do anything important. She forgets I'm going on eight."

"Well, I don't know how old I am," said Martha Jane, "but I'm much older than that."

"Are you going to sell me your baby or not?" Ruth asked hurriedly. "The first thing I know Chummins will be out here to fetch me in and scold me for talking with you."

Martha Jane assumed a business-like air. "How'll you trade?"

"How much do you want?"

"Trade, I said. Will you give me that sky-blue silk petticoat of your mother's, besides the other things?"

"I suppose I must." Ruth looked distressed. "It's not presactly mine, but I'll esplain to mother. She won't mind when she sees the baby."

"When will you give me the skirt?" Martha Jane's affection for her small brother was suddenly lost sight of in the wonderful anticipation of possessing a real rustling, shiny, silk petticoat to "play lady" in.

"I've got it in a bundle upstairs, with the other things."

"Have you got the gold beads and the ribbon and the purse with the money?"

"Oh, yes (impatiently). What a greedy girl you are, Martha Jane. Has your mother a nice clean hamper to put the baby in? I don't suppose she has, though. Chummins says your house is the very most untidy she was ever in."

"No, we haven't a hamper," Martha Jane said, cheerfully unimpressed by Chummins' opinions. "You'll have to buy one, I guess."

"Well, all the money I have is in the purse." Ruth looked dubiously at the other little girl. "We must use that, I suppose. I am sorry, I hoped you could get a new hat and some new boots with all those pennies."

"Never mind," said Martha Jane heroically, seeing a vision of herself in a chiffon hat, and shining patent leather shoes fading rapidly away; "never mind, I have the beads and the ribbon and the skirt."

"You shall have my new hat with the feather," Ruth exclaimed in a rush of tenderness for such unselfishness. "I'll change with you when we get down the street. Wait for me while I put it on, I'll meet you at the front gate, because Chummins will come down the back stairs for me now."

A little later the children were

walking down the long, quiet, residential street towards the shopping district.

"I've grown kind of fond of the baby," Martha Jane said breathlessly. They were walking fast, and it kept both her hands busy pulling up her left stocking, from which a broken garter dangled, and holding on the large chiffon hat with the feather. Besides under her right arm she was carrying a very loose and untidy parcel containing the silk skirt and other things. Ruth was bareheaded and Martha Jane's old straw hat was lying some yards beyond the Lindley house in a neighbor's hedge.

"You see," went on Martha Jane, "I have to mind baby most of the time, an' he's sort of a sweet little feller."

"But you've got three," said Ruth almost equally breathless. "You mustn't be so greedy, Martha Jane."

"You'll let me come an' nurse him sometimes won't you?" Martha Jane was trying to hop, holding her leg and her stocking up at the same time.

"I'll see," said Ruth vaguely. They had reached the shops now, and her attention was fixed on the window displays, looking about for a hamper, the size and style required. They turned six corners and went a long way down seemingly endless streets before they did see a basket on the counter inside a small dingy-looking shop, about the door of which hung a number of very shabby coats and faded dresses. Upon close inspection the basket proved to be a large willow one, with a close fitting cover, full of a number of holes, evidently punched purposely. A large frill of muslin and lace hung around the edge of the basket, and there was a very high and strong handle. There was no one in the shop, so Ruth and Martha Jane examined the hamper thoroughly. It proved to be very heavy when Ruth lifted it, and the children could not find where the cover fastened down. However, they decided it was just exactly what they needed, and after emptying the contents of the purse on the counter the children, carrying the basket between them, left the shop.

They travelled the length of the street, and then turned down a very narrow cross-street, where the tenements almost shut out the daylight, and where a naughty little boy threw a potato at Martha Jane, hitting the beautiful chiffon hat and leaving a nasty smudge on the feather. It was very close and hot there also, and when Ruth slipped and fell on a piece of banana-skin, and was laughed at by a group of children playing on a doorstep, she told Martha Jane that she was not going that way even if it was the way home.

So they turned another corner, where the street was still narrower, but the houses were nearly all empty and where there were several vacant lots down in deep hollows, with paper and broken baskets strewn all about.

"I never was in this place before," said Ruth, who was getting very tired. "And I think this basket's the very most heavy thing I ever saw."

To her surprise she was answered by a sob on Martha Jane's part, whose stocking was by now hanging dismally over her boot, and whose large hat was tilted almost down to her freckled nose.

"What's the matter with you?" Ruth asked in surprised indignation. Her little face was burnt with the sun and her arms aching from the burden of the large hamper. "Don't you suppose I'm tired too?" she asked wrathfully. "I'm not crying, I'm thinking about how happy mother's going to be."

"I ain't crying 'cos I'm tired," Martha Jane's sobs broke out in earnest. The basket was lowered and set down by a common impulse

on the children's part. "I'm crying be—be—cause I—I don't want—to—sell—the— the baby."

Ruth rubbed her hot cheeks with her moist little hands, leaving her face very grimy. "Haven't you got enough brothers and sisters Martha Jane," she asked reprovingly. "Here I haven't a single one, and I am not buying yours for myself. Do you want my mother to get well or don't you?"

"Y—y—yes."

"Well, then, you know she can't if I don't get her a baby." Ruth glared over the hamper at the other little girl. "If I had three babies, don't you s'pose I'd give you one of them, 'specially if your mother was so sick she had to have two doctors?"

"I—I— don't care," sobbed Martha Jane, utterly broken down.

"I've given you my beads and my purse and the ribbon and the skirt and the hat. What else do you want?"

"I don't want nothin'," and she began to cry.

"Don't make such a noise, Martha Jane, do you want my mother to die?"

"I don't care— if— if she does die." Martha Jane's grief had made her quite desperate.

In wide-eyed incredulity Ruth continued to gaze at the other child, who met her eyes defiantly, the tears running down her dirty little face.

"Ain't you ashamed," said Ruth at length in a low and intense little voice. "What do you s'pose will happen to you if you talk like that?"

"I don't care!" answered Martha Jane, still in weeping defiance.

"And we've bought the hamper and walked so many miles." Ruth's voice trembled. Then in a fresh burst of indignation: "Here's my mother with all those beautiful baby clothes going to waste. I'll never speak to you again, never. You go straight home this instant."

"I don't know the way home." Martha Jane sniffled and moved her eyes uneasily from Ruth's.

"What— what did you say?"

"I don't know the way home from here." The other's voice was steadier now.

"Stop wiping your eyes with my hat-strings." Ruth's chin was working threateningly. Her scorn for Martha Jane and her bitter disappointment in regard to the baby dividing her between anger and tears. "Why did you bring me all this long way, if it isn't right?" she questioned.

"Be—because I didn't want to—to take you where you could—could get the baby. He's such a—a cunnin' little feller." Martha Jane again burst into loud sobs.

"When did you begin to go the wrong way?" Ruth asked, almost aghast at such deception.

"Just after we left that shop."

"Then we're lost, are we?"

"Y—yes— oh, yes."

Ruth's hot face grew a little pale. They were lost, and being lost meant, according to stories, to be cold and hungry and thirsty and sleeping out-of-doors all night. Suddenly a strange sound came to them, seemingly out of the ground under their feet. It was an infant's cry, high and shrill. Martha Jane's sobs ceased as if by magic. Ruth stared down at the sidewalk in amazement. Again the sound, louder this time.

"It's in the basket," Martha Jane squealed, and knelt beside the hamper. Ruth crouched beside her, and with eager little fingers they felt about until they found the fastening, which proved to be a very simple affair. They threw the cover back, and saw, lying upon a white pillow, a very small baby about three or four weeks old, with a red puckered face and little fat hands that clawed the air rebelliously. There were besides in the basket a small package of tea, a roll of linen and a baby

bottle half-full of milk. Martha Jane, having had plenty of experience, knew immediately what to do with the bottle, and the infant's cries ceased. As for Ruth, surprise and delight made her face shine. For a moment she could not speak. When she did her voice choked with gladness.

"We won't need your baby now," she said.

"No," returned Martha Jane, thrusting back a good many thoughts that came surging into her head.

"Of course, the baby was put in the store to sell." Ruth nodded her head emphatically at Martha Jane.

"Of course," returned the other child, relief at not having to sell her own brother, drowning all her misgivings.

So we'll just take this little thing home," declared Ruth, closing the cover over the now satisfied infant. "It's a very red baby, but perhaps it'll fade—but. Oh Martha, maybe it isn't a boy?"

"Yes, it is." Martha Jane spoke hastily, "I can tell by its ears. Boy babies always have ears like that."

"I didn't see its ears," Ruth said, perfectly satisfied with Martha's explanation, however. "Now let's turn around and see if we can find our way home. I think I'll change arms, Martha Jane."

Once more picking up their burden, the two children began to retrace their steps. The shadows were getting long, and a wind had come up. It was not nearly so warm.

"I don't remember passing this place," said Ruth, after a long half hour's walk. "Do you think we are going right now?"

"I'm not sure." Martha Jane spoke very dubiously. "I think we'd better go back and 'round that other corner. I don't know this street very well."

At the corner Ruth fell, nearly upsetting the precious basket, and soiling all the front of her white dress. Presently a clock in some tower near them struck, and the children paused while Ruth counted slowly.

"It's five o'clock," she said, "that is my tea time."

"I wish we had some of those pennies," Martha Jane spoke protestingly. "We needn't have given all the money for this basket."

"Oh, but there's the baby too, you see," Ruth explained. "Fifty pennies and a nickel wasn't very much for both."

"Well, if we'd a' kept one of 'em, we could 'a bought two doughnuts."

"I don't like them," said Ruth impatiently.

"Not like doughnuts?"

"No, I don't," Ruth spoke crossly. She was very tired.

Presently to their consternation the baby began to cry again. The streets were rather crowded, and the electric lights were twinkling out, though it was not yet dark. They took the basket into the doorway of a large and very brilliantly lighted jewelry shop, and proceeded to open it, the baby shouting lustily.

"He's had all his milk, and he wants more," Martha Jane said in a motherly voice. "Poor little sing, never mind babekins."

The infant screamed with renewed strength. Martha Jane patted it with a small but firm hand.

"Dere now, poor 'ittle lamb," she crooned; "he was, yes he was, and he was."

"Come, come, what does this mean?" A tall, dignified and very wrathful gentleman, in grey trousers and black frock coat and a white waistcoat, came out of the shop. He evidently belonged there, as he had no hat on. "What do you mean bringing that screaming child in here?" he sputtered.

"It was the nearest place," and Ruth looked at him in surprise. "Do you keep milk?"

"What! No, certainly not. Take that baby away from here instantly." He spoke in a very low and angry voice. Some beautiful ladies in lacy dresses and feather boas were coming towards the door. He gave the basket a push with his foot. The baby was making a really marvellous noise for such a small child. In desperation Martha Jane stuck the rubber end of the bottle into its mouth. For a brief second there was silence, then renewed screaming and wild kicking on the part of the baby.

By this time a small crowd had gathered about the doorway, and the beautiful ladies had paused and were looking on, much interested. The wrathful gentleman's face was very red. He said something about calling the patrol, but just then a very big man in nice blue clothes with shiny buttons came through the little throng of people and up to the children.

"What's all this?" he questioned, looking from them to the wrathful gentleman. "Baby got a fit?"

Martha Jane, at sight of the policeman, had shrunk back against the windows of the store, seeming to try to make herself as small as possible. Ruth answered speaking as confidentially as the baby's screaming would allow.

"The baby is just hungry," she said. Can't you get us some milk?" She looked around at the circle of faces about the door with an expression of intense disgust upon her own small countenance.

Suddenly, and before the policeman could reply, a slim, dark, little woman, with very bright black eyes, much swollen from recent crying, pushed through the crowd and up to the doorway. Stooping over the baby, she began to laugh and sob at once; then picking it up in her arms, she turned fiercely upon the children.

"You stole my baby. You stole my baby," she screamed, while the little one stopped crying at once. "Oh, you wicked, wicked girls. "You'll go to jail for this. My husband's on the police force and—"

"There now!" the big blue man interrupted. Then he turned to Ruth. "Where did you get this baby?" he asked.

"I bought it," she replied shortly.

"Bought it nothing," the black-eyed woman almost shrieked. "I'm a respectable person and my husband's on the police force. I left my baby on the counter in Trauenthal's shop, while I went to have a cup of tea. When I came back she was gone. I've been crazy mad ever since, an' her my only child, my little Gwondolina. My husband's on the police force and—"

"You said that before," interrupted Ruth angrily, "and you are telling a story. I did buy your baby. I paid all my pennies for it and a nickel, and I wouldn't have buyed it at all only Martha Jane said she knew it was a boy by its ears."

At this there was a great deal of laughter from the crowd, and the wrathful gentleman told the policeman that he was not going to have his doorway blocked up, and his business stopped any longer.

"Who sold you the baby?" asked the policeman, looking down at Ruth, very kindly, and with a little twinkle in his eyes.

"Nobody presacly," Ruth replied honestly. "You see, there was no one in the shop, so we just took the basket and came away. I didn't know there was any baby inside, because the basket was shutted up."

"Oh. you just wanted to buy the basket then?" the policeman asked; "You didn't really want the baby."

"Yes, I wanted it," Ruth nodded, and her chin quivered a little. "I wanted it for my mother, but I thought it was a boy."

"What's this I'd like to know," cried the baby's mother suddenly,

snatching at the parcel under Martha Jane's arm and speaking in shrill sarcasm; "Somethin' more they've been buying most likely.'

The policeman opened the very untidy bundle, and took out the beads, the purse, and the ribbon; then he shook out the folds of the shining silk skirt and turned very gravely upon the children. The black-eyed woman was standing very stiff and triumphant with her head thrown back and her lips pursed up. "I can tell 'em, when I sees 'em," she said proudly to the onlookers. "My husband's on the police force. He's down in the North District."

"I'm afraid you children will have to come with me," the policeman said, the twinkle quite gone from his eyes. "Where did you get these things?"

"They are mine," Ruth spoke hotly. "I was giving them to Martha Jane. She was going to sell me her littlest baby brother. Her mother's got three and they all take bottles."

Again there was a burst of laughter from the crowd, and Ruth, whose heart had warmed towards the policeman at first, now felt that he too misunderstood and distrusted her. She looked about helplessly, yet defiantly; then her eyes fell upon Martha Jane crouching in the corner by the window.

"Let us go," she said, holding out her hand to the other little girl, but the instant Martha Jane came forward the mother of the baby pounced upon her, and seized her by the arm.

"Look at the hat this child's got on!" she cried shrilly. "That feather's worth twenty dollars. Where did she get it?"

"It's my hat," Ruth said exasperated. "You stupid silly woman. It's my very own hat what I gave Martha Jane."

"Hear her,' jeered the woman. "First she steals my baby, and then she calls me names. I know her. She's the same child that stole a bag o' buns off Leary's cake shop counter."

Speechless with amazement and anger, Ruth stared at the woman. The policeman bent down and attempted to take a hand of each of the children. To his surprise and to the wrathful gentleman's horror and consternation, Martha Jane threw two thin but wiry arms about the latter's immaculate gray legs and clung tenaciously, screaming wildly that she wouldn't go to jail, she hadn't tried to steal the baby, and she didn't want the beads or the ribbon or the hat or the skirt. Very firmly the big, blue man unclasped her fingers, and once more put out his hand to Ruth. She stepped back from him.

"Don't you dare to touch me," she said, in a low and angry voice, "and don't you dare to try and take Martha Jane Middle to jail. You're a very bad man, and so is that woman. I'm Ruth Livingstone Lindley, and my father's a judge."

Her little chin was working, and the tears were not far from her eyes. She was very hot and dirty and hungry, and sick with disappointment. Her heart was thumping from excitement and indignation.

"Her father's a judge," said the woman with the baby, turning again to the crowd and speaking with intense sarcasm. "She steals babies and her father's a judge. My husband knows all the judges. He's on the police—."

"Oh, do be quiet," the big, blue man said crossly; then to Ruth; "So your name is Lindley, Ruth Lindley?"

Ruth nodded. She could not speak without crying, and she would not cry before all of those people and that dreadful woman.

The policeman drew a note-book from his pocket and turned over the leaves rapidly. Then he looked Ruth critically up and down, nodding vig-

orously. He smiled suddenly as though well pleased with himself, and then blew his whistle sharply.

"It's all right," he said, turning to the crowd, "Move on now. Here take your baby and the basket, Madam. Next time, don't go leaving it on the counter in an empty shop."

Just then another policeman appeared, and the first policeman whispered to him for a few minutes, evidently sending him upon some errand, for he went away almost immediately.

"Where do you live?" asked the first policeman of Martha Jane, as the woman with the baby disappeared and the crowd began to disperse.

Martha Jane explained tremblingly that she lived in Todd's Alley, off Pembroke avenue, but she didn't know how to get there.

"Well, we'll soon fix that," said the policeman. "Hold on a minute," he ran out to the curb and hailed a passing car. "Now, then" he called, "come here little girl. The conductor will tell you where to get off," and he lifted Martha Jane up the steps. The last glimpse Ruth had of her little friend was a very thin pair of legs, with both of the stockings down over the boots.

"Do you know that your father has been searching all over the city for you?" asked the policeman, returning to Ruth. "I'm going to take you home now just as soon as I can get a cab, and you can explain all about everything to me on the way."

In the carriage, she began to feel happier, under the influence of some small jokes that the policeman made, and some very strong peppermints that he gave her out of a striped bag. Gradually she told him all of her trouble, and he promised to look around for a little orphan boy baby the very next day.

"Because it's so sad," said Ruth, as well as she could with three large peppermints in her mouth. "There's my mother with all those little clothes, waiting so patiently, and no baby never coming."

'It is sad," the policeman agreed; "but I don't doubt but she'll pull round as right as a trivet."

"Oh, yes," said Ruth, having no idea at all what the policeman meant, but liking the cheery way in which he said it. Then she leaned forward suddenly and began to pound violently on the cab window.

"There's my father," she screamed. At the policeman's signal, the cab was stopped and presently a very white-faced man was hurrying from the sidewalk and over to the cab. A minute later and he was inside with Ruth in his arms. The policeman got up and went out, lingering on the steps and looking in.

"Well, I guess I'm not needed any longer," he said. "I found her about twenty minutes back. I told Mullins to go to the station and telephone you as soon as I was sure. I didn't recognize her at first from the description."

"I have not been home for the last two hours." Ruth's father's voice was unsteady; "I was down with a couple of men in the Saville district and was just going back."

"Well, she's all O. K. now," the policeman laughed. She's pretty independent all right, but she don't want to get lost again, I guess."

Ruth's father, still holding his little girl close with one arm, took something out of his pocket and handed it to the policeman, who smiled in a very delightful manner, and said, "Many thanks, Judge," over and over again.

The cab had gone a very little way, and the policeman was still looking after it, and saying to himself, "Many thanks, Judge," when he saw a little head thrust out of the window, and Ruth called back to him:

"Oh, please, Mr. Policeman, never mind about that orphan. There's a real, little boy baby of our own at home."

THE CONVERSION OF DR. TRACY

BY H. A. CODY

A FLUTTER of excitement passed through Silverdale when the new doctor, Thomas Tracy, arrived to occupy the field left vacant by the death of the old practitioner. That the newcomer was a handsome man and a brilliant graduate of McGill, had something to do with the ripple among the fair sex, it cannot for a moment be denied. But the cause of the agitation lay deeper than this.

Silverdale, with all its sins of commission and omission, was a religious town, if churches are any proof, and three goodly edifices lifted their graceful spires high into the air, like great fingers pointing the way to higher things. Here every Sunday, in sunshine and in rain, the faithful gathered—the three churches vying with one another for supremacy in attendance and general activity. If a member happened to be absent from the accustomed place for two Sundays in succession, one or more of the visiting committee would be sure to call to learn the reason why. When strangers visited the pretty town, as they often did during the summer months, competition grew exceptionally keen.

"The good Lord meant us to be fishers," remarked Mrs. Boyce, on one occasion, "and I reckon the devil doesn't lose any chance, and why should we?"

The question was, Which church would the doctor attend? When several Sundays passed and he did not appear at any of the three there was much wondering and head-shaking. The climax was reached when a whole month glided by and still he remained away.

Water Street Church was the first to make a move, and one of its staunchest pillars, Richard Farrington, was duly chosen to interview the doctor and extend a special invitation. This important movement soon reached Straight Street and High Street Churches, and at once representatives were chosen in the persons of Wesley Fraser and Thomas Sanderson to present their respective claims.

And that week the three called upon the doctor in his cozy office. On Monday it was Mr. Farrington. He lost no time in stating the purpose of his visit; gave a description of Water Street Church, its history, its doctrines, and ended by saying:

"Yes, sir, Water Street is a believer's church, purely Scriptural. We receive members when they come to years of understanding, according to the baptism of our Saviour in Jordan. I think you would like our church, sir."

The doctor received his visitor most cordially, but remained silent while the address was being delivered.

"Mr. Farrington," he replied, when the other had finished, "it is very good of you to take this trouble. I am afraid I am rather a heathen. But," and here a twinkle shone in his eye, "it will take me some time

to think this over. Would you mind calling again on Saturday night—say about eight o'clock?"

"Certainly, I shall be pleased to do so," returned Mr. Farrington, and he hustled away, feeling much pleased with himself, and quite sure of an easy victory.

On Wednesday Mr. Wesley Fraser, of Straight Street Church, called "Faith, sir," he explained, "is the essence of our religion. Ritual, like High Street Church, we cannot endure. We follow the good old path of Scripture, and set much store by that noble man of God John Wesley. We should like very much to see you join us in our devotions."

Again the doctor gave the same excuse as to his Monday visitor, requesting him to call at eight o'clock on Saturday night, and Mr. Fraser, too, went away with a light heart and bright visions.

Last of all came Mr. Sanderson, of High Street Church. He had much to say. His church was the oldest, her bishops were the direct successors of the Apostles, her service was the finest, in which all could join. "High Street Church," he went on, "has a glorious record. Loyalists who came to this country in 1783 built it, and the descendants of Loyalists have always maintained it. Its members have always been among the leading families in the community, and the clergymen men of strong intellect and broad culture. I am sure, sir, that a man of your ability would feel more at home in such a church than in any other."

To him, also, the doctor listened patiently, and asked him to come again on Saturday night at eight o'clock.

"I think I have won the young doctor," confided Mr. Sanderson to his wife on his return home. "He is a pleasing, intelligent man, and I feel he was fully impressed by my arguments. By the way, would it not be well to invite him to dinner some night when we have the opportunity and he is at leisure?"

"I have been thinking of the very thing," replied Mrs. Sanderson. "Bella thinks him very nice, and I am sure both would enjoy themselves much."

Saturday night at length arrived, cold and dreary. But nothing daunted, Mr. Farrington left his cozy fireside, and with his great coat buttoned to the chin, breasted the driving storm to the doctor's office. The latter was at home and received him kindly.

"I have some medicine to put up which must be done at once," he said after they had chatted for a few minutes. "Will you excuse me for a short time? I shall not be long. And, by the way, would you mind tending the door for me should anyone call?"

"Why, certainly," responded the other. "Go by all means. I will look over the evening paper," and Mr. Farrington nestled comfortably in a large easy chair.

The doctor had been absent only a few minutes when the sound of the bell started Mr. Farrington from his comfortable position. On opening the door he was much surprised to see standing there none other than Wesley Fraser, of Straight Street Church.

"C—Come in," he stammered. "The doctor is mixing some medicine, but will be back shortly. Take a seat."

"I wonder what Farrington is doing here," thought Fraser, as he took the proffered chair.

"What can Fraser want?" was Farrington's cogitation.

Scarcely had he settled himself when again the bell sounded forth. This time he was dumb with amazement when he beheld Thomas Sanderson's face looming up out of the darkness.

The position was very awkward in which these three worthy men were placed, and they shuffled uneasily

in their chairs. Had they met in the street or on the train they would at once have entered into a hearty discussion of political or business questions. But in this case it was very different. Farrington rustled his paper in a restless manner; Sanderson maintained a stolid expression, and made a careful survey of the doctor's office, while Fraser coughed several times, and at length broke the silence, which was becoming painful.

"Cold night," he blurted out.

"Very cold," replied Farrington.

After this piece of important news had been delivered silence again settled upon the little party.

"Pretty dark," once more volunteered Fraser.

"Should say it is," again agreed Farrington.

What the outcome of this animated conversation would have been is hard to tell had not the doctor suddenly appeared on the scene.

"Good evening, gentlemen," he said to the newcomers. I am sorry to have kept you waiting so long, but that medicine was very important."

"Not long at all," replied Farrington. "It is most comfortable here."

"Yes, quite pleasant," assented Fraser.

"Certainly," chimed in Sanderson.

"Now, gentlemen," continued the doctor, "I have a proposition to make. Though the night is cold, would you mind taking a walk with me down town. It is absolutely necessary that I should go at once, and I should consider it a great favor if you would accompany me; we will not be long."

"Why, with pleasure," the three answered as one, each wondering what the doctor had in his mind.

Together they made their way along various streets in almost dead silence till after a walk of about fifteen minutes a little cottage was reached standing back from the street. The door was opened by a woman with a care-worn face.

"Good evening, doctor," she said. "Come in. I'm so glad you have come. Nellie seems worse to-night, so I sent for you again." Then she paused, as her glance fell upon the three men with him.

"Only friends," explained the doctor. "I think you know them, Mrs. Peterson."

"Certainly," she replied, shaking hands with them. "This is an unusual pleasure. I am sure Nellie will be delighted to see you."

She led the way into a small sitting-room, where a bright open fire was throwing out its ruddy glow. Though everything in the room was of the plainest, yet it did not seem so. The common carpet, furniture, and pictures were so carefully and artistically arranged as to give the place a neat, cozy appearance. The chief attraction, however, was a young woman lying on a small cot. Her face, thin and white, was encircled by a wealth of dark brown hair. It was a face full of much sweetness and patience, which brightened perceptibly as the visitors entered.

She was well known to the three men who accompanied the doctor, having as a child played with their own children, and attended the same school. They knew, too, of the great struggle Mrs. Peterson had made to keep the little home together after the death of her husband. They admired Nellie much when she went to the city to train to be a nurse at the big hospital, and later became the sole support of her mother. Then came the long illness, brought on by over-work, when she was forced to return home. All these they knew, but there were other things they did not know.

"Not feeling so well to-night, Miss Peterson," said the doctor kindly.

"No," she replied with a faint smile. "I am much weaker to-day,

but will be all right soon. I have a good, patient nurse, you see."

"Not the best, I'm afraid," said her mother with a sigh.

"Don't say that, mother dear. You know you are just the best nurse one ever had. You read to me hour by hour, and that makes the time pass more quickly. And those books you let us have, doctor, are the best medicine you could give, and not as hard to take as that bottled stuff."

Thus the talk flowed on quietly and cheerfully, till the doctor arose. "I think we must be going now," he said to his companions. "I don't want to keep you too long."

"Not long at all, I assure you," replied Farrington.

"No," assented Fraser and Sanderson. "Very pleasant indeed."

"Come again soon," said Nellie, as she bade them good-bye. "We don't see many visitors—and it is good to see old friends."

Little was said as the four wended their way back to the doctor's office. "Will you come in, gentlemen, for a few minutes?" he said, "I have something important to tell you."

"You wonder what this all means," he began, when they were once more in the cozy room. "Well I will tell you. I have taken you to that house to-night for a purpose. I need hardly remind you of the history of the family, as you know it perhaps better than I do. But there are several things you do not know. One is, those two people, the mother especially, are starving."

"What?" cried Fraser.

"Starving?" exclaimed Farrington.

"Good heavens!" ejaculated Sanderson.

"Yes," continued the doctor. "They have no money. Too proud are they to ask for assistance, and I found out only lately that they will not run in debt at the stores, when they have no immediate prospect of paying. You see, the daughter supported the mother, and when that source of income failed there was nothing left."

"But how have they managed to live so long without running in debt?" interrupted Fraser.

"Oh, I suppose they had a little saved, and the mother has done some sewing since. Any way, altogether it is not enough, and if assistance does not come soon something serious will happen in this town of three churches. There is only one remedy that I can see to save her life—but I suppose that is impossible."

"What is it?" they asked eagerly.

"To send her to a warmer climate," came the deliberate response. "That is the only chance. The climate here is too damp. She is dying daily."

As the three men passed from the doctor's office that night one thought took possession of them, though they did not speak of it, however, to one another, and said goodnight, and separated at the corner of the first street. Fraser walked a short distance till he felt sure the others were out of sight and hearing. Then he retraced his steps, and soon stood at the door of the office. Much was the doctor surprised to find him standing there.

"Doctor," Fraser began when once more in the room. "I have come back on purpose to tell you something. I have been thinking over your words as I walked along, and have decided to——"

Here the bell rang, and great was Fraser's consternation to see Farrington walk in. The latter paused in the middle of the room in amazement.

'Well, I'll be blowed!" he ejaculated. "You here, too?" Why, I thought you were home by this time."

"That's where I thought you were," retorted Fraser.

And again the bell rang. This time it was Sanderson, much flushed. He

simply stared when he saw the two men in the room with the doctor. There was an awkward silence for a time, which was at length relieved by Sanderson.

"S-s-ay, doctor, my head aches," he stammered. "I think you had better give me some medicine."

So funny did he look and sound as he uttered these words, that Farrington began to laugh, which was soon taken up by Fraser and the doctor. Sanderson, instead of becoming angry, joined in too when he saw how ridiculous the whole affair was.

"Well I declare," burst forth Fraser. "We are three old fools. Here we've been dodging one another, and I feel sure we've come back on the same errand. I have come to give the doctor some money to help Mrs. Peterson and her daughter."

"So did I," replied Sanderson.

"And I too," assented Farrington. "And I say, let's three chip in and make it worth while, and—"

"Unite, I mean the three churches," broke in Sanderson, "and send that poor girl away for her health."

"But will the churches agree to such an expenditure?" asked the doctor.

"Some may kick," replied Fraser, "but I guess we know how to arrange such matters, don't we?" and he gave a knowing wink to the others.

One year later Fraser, Sanderson and Farrington met again in the doctor's office. There was a look of expectancy upon their faces, as they had been invited there on special business.

"Gentlemen," the doctor began, I need not review the work of the past year in reference to Mrs. Peterson and her daughter. You understand the little scheme I wove to save the latter's life."

"And most fortunate you did," interrupted Fraser. "That trip she took did wonders for her, and she has come back the picture of health."

"But," continued the doctor, "I should never have asked that money from you had I been able to pay it myself. I was struggling then, and had College bills to pay. Now I am in a different position, and here, gentlemen, I wish to give you back the money you advanced for Miss Peterson's sake."

The three men started. "Doctor!" they cried, "we can't take it."

"And why should you pay it back more than any one else?" inquired Sanderson.

"Gentlemen," and the doctor's voice was very low, "as Miss Peterson's betrothed husband."

"Good heavens!" cried Fraser, springing from his seat and wringing the doctor's hand. "This *is* a surprise."

"And now," the latter proceeded when the congratulations were over, "I have something else to say which I am sure will please you well. You remember the week you came to convert me. You little realized how I despised you and your doctrines, and religion in general. I was an unbeliever in such things. But as I watched how earnestly you undertook this work of relief, and did it all so harmoniously, I began to realize that there is something in what you believe after all. In short, gentlemen, you have brought me back to the faith of my childhood."

"And, doctor," answered Fraser, with tears in his honest eyes, "you have converted us too."

"Yes," assented Sanderson, "we never had so much earnestness in our church before.

"And never such harmony among the three," said Farrington. "We have learned a great lesson, doctor, how we may hold different views, and yet work together for the benefit of all."

ENCOURAGING NATIVE HANDICRAFTS

BY KATHERINE REID

OF all the attempts that have been made by the women of Canada in forming clubs, it can be truthfully said that few have been blessed with as great a measure of success as has the Woman's Art Association. Just here a question might be raised as to the meaning of that word "success." It cannot be judged by numbers, nor by finances nor even by popularity. Accomplishment is surely the proof. And yet how can one properly estimate what the Woman's Art Association has accomplished? Its work is largely along abstract lines, and the culture it is disseminating throughout the land is shown by a growing love and appreciation of the beautiful expressed in any form, no matter how simple. If the object but possess qualities that are the exponent of a true and well-regulated mind it should and must claim our homage, and the homage we pay to truth and beauty is a powerful influence that rebounds upon ourselves, broadening, purifying and deepening the very source of our natural and spiritual being.

Realizing how broad the field of art is, that it extends from the most primitive effort of the savage to the most masterful production of the cultured genius, that it permeates every phase and condition of life and touches the most commonplace with a poetic sweetness, the Association has scattered its influence throughout the Dominion from the Atlantic to the Pacific, inspiring all women to express the best devices of their minds through the work of their hands and in the improvement of their surroundings. Thus, side by side, are exhibited in the fine new galleries of the Association at 594 Jarvis street, the high-grade homespuns, rugs, linens, portieres, cushions and *couvertures* — hand-made products of the French-Canadians, along with the varied and beautiful hand embroideries of the Persian, Russian and Galician immigrants. The dainty, filmy laces that have been wrought into exquisite designs of Limerick, Duchess, Maltese, Honiton, Carrick-Macross and Cluny by the deft fingers of English and Irish women who still continue that fascinating industry in this land of their adoption. These articles are surrounded by the bead, bark and quill work of the American Indians. Some Indian baskets are there too, and they are excellent in quality, design and coloring. In the middle of the room hangs one of indefinite age, a burden-basket, that has probably held the papoose, strapped to the squaw's back as she threaded the mazes of the primeval forest or floated lightly in her birch bark canoe. The art instinct of that aboriginal race is shown here by the decoration. The design surrounds the basket on all four sides, but on that which is next to the squaw's back it is lifted to the top instead of being halfway down, as the top is the only part of that side which is exposed to view. The basket is woven from the root-fibres of the tree, is a perfect example of its kind, and is valued at about one hundred dollars.

MAIN ROOM, THE WOMAN'S ART ASSOCIATION HEADQUARTERS AT TORONTO

The pursuance of those industries is encouraged by the Association making of its galleries a headquarters for the sale of their commodities, and it receives all kinds of woman's work that possesses artistic merit and good quality.

The Society is virtually the materialization of the spirit of a few women who in 1886 formed themselves into a little coterie of associated artists for the purpose of creating a focalizing centre for the artistic ability of the women of Canada and of making it an incentive for the development of that ability which otherwise might be allowed to lie dormant or to be wasted in desultory or misdirected effort, while the need of its magic touch was glaringly apparent in almost every branch of woman's work. Classes were formed for instruction in design, drawing, painting, wood-carving and artistic embroidery; and nature was taken as a basis of all study.

From this coterie evolved the Woman's Art Club, which was founded in 1890 by Mrs. Dignam, a lady of first-rate executive ability and artistic appreciation. The Club took as its motto that of the old Plantin Printers of Antwerp, "Labore et Constantia," and admitted not only active but honorary members. It was incorporated for the purpose of creating a general interest in art, for the encouragement of woman's work, the mutual improvement of its members and the holding of art conversations and exhibitions for the display and sale of the work. Three exhibitions were to be held annually the exhibits to embrace the original work of women in painting, sculpture, design and illustrative work, all of

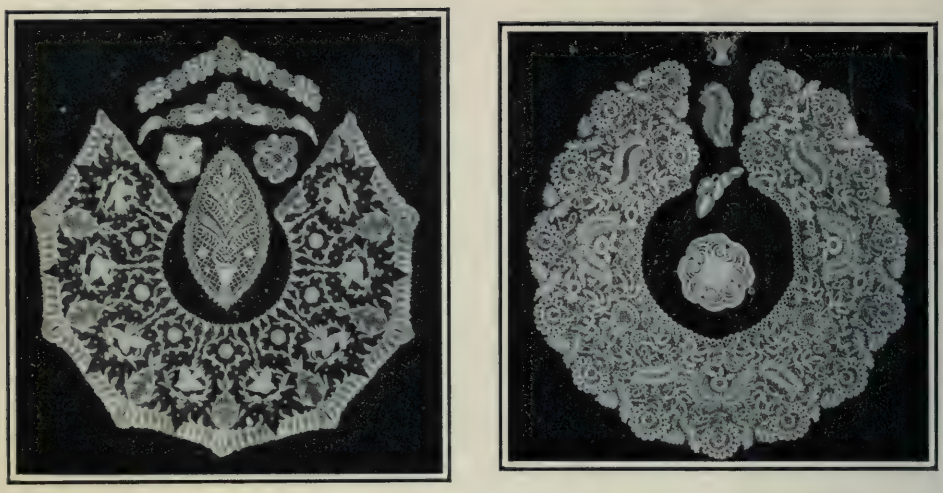
UPPER GALLERY, THE WOMAN'S ART ASSOCIATION HEADQUARTERS AT TORONTO

which was, of course, to be acceptable to the club hanging committee.

As the Society grew the exhibitions became larger and more varied. Loan exhibitions were held, ilustrative of some subject or period of art, the most notable of which was a large collection of portraits in 1899, for the purpose of interesting Canadians in portraiture, which is so great a means of preserving to a nation the memory of its great men. The entire collection of the Tassie and Andras medallions were also exhibited, and these were followed by the recently discovered Egyptian portraits.

A large exhibit of those handicrafts at which women work was held in 1900, and rare old laces, embroideries, metal work, book-binding, wood-carving, pottery and leather work were displayed, which illustrated different periods of those arts in different countries, and also showed the relative standing of Canadian women in the same handicrafts. And for the first time in the history of Canada, catalogues, illustrated with pen and ink sketches of some of the most important pieces, were placed in the hands of the visitors who thronged the galleries. These catalogues were the forerunners of beautiful photogravure catalogues that have been published for the last six years in connection with the exhibition of foreign pictures.

There are also exhibitions of home industries, which include weaving, spinning, lace-making and embroidery, and of handicrafts which include pottery, book-binding, wood-carving, tooled-leather, basketry, stained glass, repoussé work and enamelling; and of the works of



HAND-MADE LACE, A HANDICRAFT ENCOURAGED BY THE WOMAN'S ART ASSOCIATION

members of the Association to which the honorary members in England, Holland and the United States are invited to contribute.

A number of clubs have been formed within the Association. During the last six years valuable organized study on the art of the Italian, German and Flemish Renaissance has been carried on by the Art Study Club, and the hours devoted to this work fairly glow with interest as the "definite, dogmatical, legendary or symbolical" meaning of the work of the famous masters of the Renaissance is unfolded. We might say "thousands" of photographs have been carefully collected in different parts of Europe for illustrating this work. Talks are also given in the gallery during the exhibition of foreign pictures on the treatment of the subjects represented and a course of lectures on art is given throughout the year in each Province, often in connection with schools and colleges.

The members of the Life Study and Sketching Club spend many a happy and profitable hour in the woods or by the water, on the heights overlooking the lake and city, or ensconced in some of the picturesque nooks along the well-wooded ravines, and there close to the heart of nature they study her moods and principles.

And there are the "potters" who, with skilful hands, fashion common clay into exquisite forms, and then again transform it with rich coloring. Likewise the lace-makers, the book-binders and basket-makers, all are engaged in a work profitable and beautiful, and one that gives promise of a bright future for Canada in the handicraft art.

The greatest achievement, and one that marks an epoch in ceramic art in Canada, was the decoration by representative Canadian artists of an entire dinner service of Doulton china with four dozen views of memorable historical Canadian scenes, twenty-four varieties each of Canadian fruits, ferns and flowers, and twenty-four varieties each of Canadian song birds, fish and game. It was a stupendous work, well executed, and was purchased by the Senate and House of Commons at Ottawa and presented to Lady Aberdeen, on her departure from Canada. It now holds a conspicuous place in Haddo Hall, Aberdeenshire, Scotland, where it is arranged with peculiar care and pointed out to all visitors.

The Woman's Art Association is

PLATES FROM A SET OF DISHES DECORATED BY CANADIAN ARTISTS AND PRESENTED TO LADY ABERDEEN

pre-eminently a national club, and branches have been formed throughout Canada at Moncton, St. John, Fredericton, Charlottetown, Kingston, Peterborough, Hamilton, St. Thomas, Portage la Prairie, Winnipeg, Fernie, and others at Brandon and Vancouver are in a state of formation; and all pursue the same policy as the head Association.

But besides being an important educational factor in the world of art, the Association is a thoroughly active "up-to-date" up-town women's club. The galleries are open every day at ten o'clock and the members have the privilege of resorting thither and within its artistic precincts of renewing exhausted nerve, energy and gathering inspiration for the better performance of the delightful duties of home life.

The silent language of the place speaks loudly to them of the noble and patient effort of the French-Canadian woman whose restless shuttles weave into the warp of those beautiful homespuns the woof of life's energies; of the women in the far West whose needle work proclaims a talent that, fostered with care, might have wrought tapestries that would have been a glory to their country; of the persistent labor lavished upon exquisite laces that have so often been worked out in poverty to adorn the robes of royalty. But in the midst of these philosophizings other personalities appear upon the scene. Mind comes into contact with mind, ideas are exchanged, new lines of thought awakened and new emotions roused.

The exhibitions are opened with a private view which is an important society event and is attended by many of the leading educational and socially influential people of Toronto. The new galleries were formally opened in October, 1907, by his honor the Lieutenant-Governor and Lady Clark, and a very creditable display of home industries and handicrafts was arranged. The exhibition of Dutch pictures which followed was greatly appreciated, and at present the rooms are adorned with a very fine collection of Italian industries as developed by the Society "L'Industrie Feminile Italiane" under the patronage of the King, Queen and Royal Family of Italy.

Music has always had a much appreciated part to play in the social life of the club. During the winter season twilight musicales are fre-

quently held, and delightful little programmes rendered, many leading musicians of Toronto contributing.

When the Woman's Institute of London, England, was formed this Society was the first national Association to federate with it, as it was also the first Canadian Society to take an interest in the formation of the International Art Club.

The Woman's Art Association aims at being a stimulus and a help to all lovers of art and to all serious art students, and also at giving intelligent and practical encouragement to the ambition of the women of Canada who are employed in the production of home industries and of those beautiful handicrafts which have been a valuable heritage to so many nations. It has undertaken a great work, and one which even now must be telling upon the national life of our country, but to what extent its influence will spread only the years to come will reveal.

AN OKANAGAN LULLABY

By J. W. S. LOGIE

Shkelin qwayoomaw heehootlum in',[1]
Rest thee Baby on thy couch of skin,
The night wind whispers by;
Red in the west has sunk to rest
The Great Chief's fiery eye;
And now so bright, His warriors light
Their camp fires in the sky.

Shkelin qwayoomaw heehootlum in',
Rest thee precious ere the night breaks in,
The twilight to devour;
When on the shore fierce shquah[2] shall roar,
To break thy sleeping hour
He and his mate, with eyes of hate,
Shall in the thicket glower.

Shkelin qwayoomaw heehootlum in',
High 'mong the rocks with fiendish din,
Injeetsin[3] bays the moon.
Have thou no fear, but rest thee here
Lulled by thy mother's croon?
With grouse and deer, 'mid shouts of cheer,
Will come the hunters soon.

Shkelin qwayoomaw heehootlum in'.
Rest thee Baby on thy couch of skin;
The moon gleams on the lake;
The loon's sad cry doth swell and die;
The night birds are awake.
But thou must sleep in slumber deep,
Till morning fair shall break.
Shkelin qwayoomaw heehootlum in'.

[1] *Shkelin qwayoomaw heehootlum in'* means, literally, sleep, little baby-girl mine. [2] Mountain lion. [3] Wolf.

BEATI MUNDO CORDE

By ALBERT E. S. SMYTHE

When you look in the grey morning depths of the eyes of a girl who is pure,
And the little hot flame of desire is uplifted and kindled to light,
You are near to the Beauty Eternal, the Kingdom of Dreams that endure,
The peace not of this world, the power and the might.

When the Spirit of God had descended and entered a body of dust,
The frame of mortality failed and was rent into fragments of clay,
Of death and of breath they were mingled, of life and of dust and of lust,
In pity God fondled them, waiting their day.

In fairness and freedom God reared them and nourished them, quick with His word,
With His tenderness touched, and His kindness, His mercy, His joy and His awe,
In the hearts of them all, starry-dark, living fire of omnipotence stirred,
Its humanity love, its divinity law.

Immortal the spark is, the shining confined and subdued in a robe
Of the mortal, corruptible, visionless, fading and fear-bearing foam—
The foam spray in space of the time-waves of ages that beat on the globe
With diamonded crests from the infinite dome.

The gleam of the foam and the dark of the fire is the fashion of birth;
Ye are Gods in the making or foam of the sea in your death as ye choose;
Your eyes may be blind or awake to the marvellous path of the earth,
Ye may journey with God-steps, or fiend-wise, refuse.

Then foam to its fashion, but you with the spirit of fire in your heart,
To the grey morning depths of the eyes of a saint lift your gaze, wise of will,
And the splendor of God shall enfold you and mould you, desire shall depart,
The Beauty Eternal shall dwell with you still!

Pencil Sketch by the late Wyatt Eaton

TO LORD STRATHCONA

(On first viewing the Royal Victoria Hospital at Montreal.)

By CHARLOTTE EATON

Noble in bearing, courteous and kind,
And richly gifted with an inner grace
That animates the features of your face,
Where life's unerring record well is lined,
A fitting temple for a mighty mind;
First of an old indomitable race,
Whose sons have reached the earth's remotest place;
Scots, though at home where e'er blows heaven's wind.
These spacious halls we thoughtfully behold,
Whose massive portals wear your honored name,
A worthy monument to one whose days
Make glad by gracious deeds unweighed by gold.
So grateful hearts shall ever speak your praise,
While these strong towers reflect the sun's bright flame.

ELIZABETH'S LOVER

A NOVELETTE BY ALICE AND CLAUDE ASKEW

CHAPTER I.

"WHOM are you staring at so intently, Sir Jasper? Oh, that pretty girl over there. Yes; Betty Vernon is quite delightful, isn't she? Such a picturesque creature."

Mrs. Molyneux shut up her fan with a click as she spoke. She was a smart, dark-haired woman of forty, and, never having been pretty, she could afford to admire nice looks in other women; for it was her smartness, her unflagging high spirits, her good temper, that made her so deservedly popular, not the beauty she never possessed.

A childless woman herself, she was honestly fond of young people, and was giving a dance that night for a favorite niece, just a mere sandwich and claret-cup boy-and-girl affair. She had apologized to Sir Jasper Gascoigne for this dance, that was of the schoolroom, and to which no older folk had been bidden, realizing that when he had accepted the casual invitation of his old friend, Ralph Molyneux, to run down to Kent for a few days and stay at Glenthorpe, the guest had never imagined he would be let in for a mad-cap frolic.

The great Sir Jasper had just returned to England after an absence of fifteen years. He was the marvellous engineer whose railway on the very edge of the Indian frontier, had been the subject of so much political controversy, till the man succeeded in carrying out plans that had at first been deemed impossible, overcoming all opposition, conquering by sheer force of will. And now his great railway was completed, Sir Jasper had returned to his native land to take a well-earned holiday, and to be feted and fussed over, to both of which proceedings he objected intensely.

He was a grave, stern-looking man, and he seemed much older than his age, for he was barely forty-three. He had presented a somewhat incongruous figure in the ballroom, filled to overflowing with quite young people, youths from Sandhurst and the Universities, and girls in their teens —some of them with their hair down their back, till the sudden entrance of a girl dressed in simple white, and wearing a pink rose in her hair, made him start and flush. For this girl dimly recalled another girl to him, someone who belonged to the past; and his look of eager scrutiny had attracted his hostess's attention and led her to question him on the subject.

"Betty Vernon. So that's her name, is it—Betty Vernon?"

Sir Jasper spoke in low, almost meditative tones, then he turned abruptly to Mrs. Molyneux.

"I wish you would introduce me to Miss Vernon," he said. "I wonder if she would condescend to bestow a dance on an old fossil like myself. Curiously enough, she recalls another Betty to me—a Betty I knew years ago."

"And was the other Betty's name Vernon?" Mrs. Molyneux asked eagerly, scenting a romance.

Sir Jasper shook his head.

"No," he answered; "oh, no."

Then he followed Mrs. Molyneux across the crowded ballroom, and a second later he was bowing in front of Miss Betty Vernon, and requesting the favor of the next walt.

Betty flushed with sheer delight. What did it matter that Sir Jasper Gascoigne was nearly thirty years her senior, and that his dark hair was thickly streaked with grey, his forehead wrinkled with long, anxious lines? For Betty was well aware that Sir Jasper was a great man—a very great man indeed. She had read accounts of him more than once lately, and had seen his photograph in the illustrated papers only last week. Besides, Mrs. Molyneux had announced, with some consternation, to the county at large, that it would be dreadful to have such a distinguished servant staying at Glenthorpe for the Easter "boy-and-girl" dance she was giving—that Sir Jasper would be bored to tears. But he did not look bored —quite the contrary, in fact—as he bowed before the girl of seventeen, who had not even been presented, and then took Betty's programme in his hand, and secured as many dances as she had left.

And Betty? Well, Betty felt an odd sense of triumph and elation, and realized that she was a little girl no longer—a little girl who had just put her hair up—but a grown woman standing on the threshold of her kingdom.

"You will regret all the dances I have annexed after we have had one waltz together, when you have found out how badly I dance."

Gascoigne smiled at the pretty flushed child with the delicious roseleaf coloring and the fine shining golden hair, as he handed her back her programme. Betty's eyes were so blue, and she was dressed in a soft white satin frock, an old lace fichu falling about her young shoulders, a pink rose carelessly tucked into the loose waves of her hair; and altogether she looked just like a beautiful Romney.

"Don't you dance well? Never mind. I expect we shall get along all right."

She smiled at him, quite aware that she was patronizing a distinguished and very clever man, but convinced that the tall engineer with the dark eyes and thin, clever face would not mind her patronizing him. For little Betty had suddenly grown very wise. She understood the value of certain dimples in her soft, warm cheeks, the merits of her shining hair, the charm of her picturesque personality, and she knew that what her cousin, Jack Hastings, had told her was quite true—that she was beautiful and would win men's hearts even as she had won Jack's heart. Only Jack didn't seem to count for very much this evening, for Jack was only just twenty-two, still at Oxford. He wasn't a man who had made a great name for himself, he was just a boy.

As the strains of "The Merry Widow" floated out, Sir Jasper put his arm lightly round Betty's waist, and a second later had whirled her away into a world of sound and movement, of quick mazy turns. And Betty thought she had never met with such an excellent partner in all her short life, a man who understood what real dancing was; and she laughed aloud in Sir Jasper Gascoigne's face—the bright exultant laugh of English girlhood.

"Oh, Sir Jasper, and you said you couldn't dance. What a story, what a big fib."

The childish speech did not grate on Gascoigne's ears, but this was because Betty's cheeks had flushed such a delicious pink; besides, the pretty eyes upturned to his were as blue as big river forget-me-nots.

"I was afraid I'd got out of training. I'm glad I haven't!"

He paused a second, then added, as

he waltzed Betty into a shady little nook which his sharp eyes had espied —it was shut off by a screen, behind which two chairs were placed:

"Do you know, it's rather a strange coincidence, but the last time I valsed in England my partner's name was Betty, and she had the same soft, fine hair that you have and the same blue eyes."

"Just fancy," Betty smiled, and sank down on the big wicker chair, and then commenced to fan herself. She was not particularly interested in what Sir Jasper had just said; she did not want to hear about all the other girls he had danced with, she desired all his attention and all his thoughts.

"Tell me about India and your big railway," She spoke with a pretty imperiousness.

The tall man smiled at her. What a baby she was, what a dear little dimpled baby; not the wise little girl that the other Betty had been, the Betty who had said good-bye to him so long ago, and whom he had dreamed about for years and then made up his mind to forget. Oh, it was strange suddenly coming across her double to-night, and in the person of pretty little Betty Vernon, who thought that India—vast, mysterious India—could be made the subject of a ball-room conversation.

"We won't talk about India." He leaned forward in his chair. "And as to my railway, as you call it, I have forgotten all about the railway. I have come home to take a holiday. Talk to me about yourself, won't you, about your life? Tell me where you live. Are you a maid of Kent." He smiled a very pleasant and oddly fascinating smile.

"No, I don't belong to Kent," she answered; "I was brought here to-night by father's cousin, Mrs. Hastings—the Hastings of The Abbey, you know. We've come over quite a big party, filling two motors and an omnibus." Betty laughed, and plucked a little feather from her fan with her small rosy-tipped fingers.

"My home is in Northumberland," she continued. "We live at a place called Heron's Crag—such a cold house in the winter time, a big rambling grey house with a ghost. Do you believe in ghosts?"

She spoke in quick, broken sentences, hardly giving herself time to get the words out, skimming lightly from subject to subject, yet Sir Jasper found her light chatter wholly delightful. But that was because she was so like the other Betty, whose engagement to another man—an engagement discovered by chance owing to an announcement copied into an Indian newspaper and read by Sir Jasper—who was not Sir Jasper then—up amidst the lonely silence of Indian hills, and which had soured the engineer for a time and made him speak and think harshly of the love of women.

'Yes, I believe in ghosts, in a sort of way," he said, in slow reply to Betty's question. "So you are staying with the Hastings. Well,that's rather lucky for me, for I believe my kind hostess is taking me to lunch there to-morrow. There are the ruins of the old Abbey to see."

"Oh, yes," interrupted Betty, shrugging her shoulders; "I hate those wretched old ruins. I never can see what interest people can take in the tumbledown old stones, and I get so tired of hearing them discussed. But it will be nice to see you to-morrow,' she added graciously, "quite nice."

"Do you really mean that, I wonder?" Sir Jasper asked. He looked at her under bent brows. "Does it matter a brass farthing to you if I turn up to-morrow? I wonder, I wonder."

Betty lowered her eyes, and she had never lowered them before for any man, nor blushed as she blushed now.

"I've just said I should be glad to

see you," she answered in low tones, "and I never tell stories, never."

Sir Jasper caught his breath. He had found the Betty he had lost, and the years had not changed her. There was no silver amidst the gold of her hair, no dimming of her bright color; and Sir Jasper suddenly felt that he was tired of a lonely life, weary of fame and success and the fortune that had come too late, unless——

He leaned forward, and looked earnestly at his little partner.

"Will you be nice to me when I come over to-morrow?" he asked. "Will you talk to me? Will you show me the ruins?"

She trembled, then a sense of triumph and elation came over the child, for she knew what had happened. She realized that it had been given to her, a little girl of seventeen, to capture the heart of Sir Jasper Gascoigne, on the strength of a likeness perhaps, but still that didn't matter.

She thought of her cousin Jack for one doubtful, faltering second—Jack, whose childish sweetheart she had been for years. But then Jack was just Jack, not a distinguished man whom his country delighted to honor; and Betty, glancing at Sir Jasper, did not realize that he was old enough to be her father, for she was dazzled by all she had heard about him, and she felt flattered and delighted by his notice.

"I'll be as nice to you to-morrow as I know how," she said. Then she glanced up—her eyes were dangerously sweet—but for the first time Sir Jasper noticed that they were not quite so clear as the first Betty's eyes, nor as tender.

Waltz music was struck again—dreamy, insidious waltz music—and Betty stirred in her chair and consulted her programme.

"I am engaged for this dance," she said, "to one of the men staying at The Abbey—such a nice man, Captain Carton."

Sir Jasper made no answer, but rose slowly from his seat, and pulled the screen in front of the alcove, his mouth tightening.

Betty watched him, half fascinated and a little annoyed.

"I ought to go back to the ballroom." She rose as she spoke, color flushing her cheeks; then she sat down again.

"Tell me about India," she whispered. "I asked you before. Tell me about the spices and palm trees, and the golden tinkle of temple bells, the flashing feet of dancing girls. Oh, I should think the East must be frightfully fascinating."

She certainly was not very clever—Sir Jasper realized that fact as he looked at Betty and listened to her schoolgirl chatter—but oh, how young she was, how adorably fair. And he could teach her wisdom by-and-by, of course he could."

He dropped back into his seat by her side.

"I will talk to you about anything you like," he answered, "just as long as you care to listen. But why can't we speak about you, just about you?"

Betty plucked another little feather from her fan, and blushed adorably. And when she blushed it was as if the first Betty had come back, and for ever, and had merged herself into the dainty girlish personality of Betty the second.

Sir Jasper drew his chair a little closer. The waltz music rose louder, the dancers' feet were plain to hear; but the high Japanese screen shut out the world, but it fenced Sir Jasper and his partner from interruption and so fulfilled its purpose.

CHAPTER II.

Sir Jasper proposed to Betty at the end of a week, a week during which he haunted The Abbey and made his attentions to her so very obvious that everyone knew that the most distinguished engineer of his day was go-

ing to ask a school-girl to marry him. Sir Jasper was simply infatuated by Betty's soft, fine hair and big blue eyes, her slim youthful figure and her childish naivete.

"He can't be in love with Betty because of her brains," so Mrs. Hastings observed to her husband. She was a little sore on her son Jack's account, for she knew that her boy still up at Oxford had given his heart to Betty long ago, and though she considered the young people far too young to think of getting engaged even—still, she had always told herself that Betty would make a nice little daughter-in-law in the future. And now it appeared that Miss Betty was going to do nothing of the sort, but had brushed her old playmate cheerfully from her mind, and was quite ready to marry a man years her senior, and take up the *rôle* of a very great lady.

Betty felt quite prepared to become a leading London hostess—that is, if Sir Jasper decided to rest on his laurels and settle down at home; for she was feeling extremely pleased with herself, and firmly convinced that her youthful prettiness would carry her anywhere.

Her people were delighted with the brilliant match she was making, and did not seem to object to the disparity in point of years; and it had been arranged that Sir Jasper should escort his *fiancé* back to Northumberland and be introduced to his future relations—among them a father-in-law who was not so much older than himself, and who mentioned in one of his letters to Sir Jasper that he fancied they must have met years ago, but was not quite sure.

"When you and Daddy were boys together, I suppose," Betty had laughed, "long before I appeared upon the scene."

She was fond of accentuating the difference between Sir Jasper's age and her own, for it pleased her vanity to feel that a grave and distinguished man so much her senior was at her feet. And as for Sir Jasper, he never attempted to interfere with Betty in anything she said or did, though sometimes her remarks grated a little; but then she was so pretty—far too pretty to be scolded

Mrs. Molyneux was delighted with the turn of events. A matchmaker at heart, it pleased her to think that Sir Jasper Gascoigne had met his fate at her dance. It would make the boy-and-girl hop remembered for a great many years, she told herself; and she was extremely enthusiastic over the engagement, and insisted on asking Betty over constantly to spend the day at Glenthorpe.

They were halcyon hours for the lovers, though now and again Sir Jasper would find himself wondering how Betty would take the responsibilities of her new position. She would have to be a great lady after her marriage, both in manner and ways. She must cease to chatter and laugh like an irresponsible schoolgirl; she must become the dignified London hostess, for he had decided to settle down for a time and enjoy a brief spell of well-earned repose, before he accepted another great Government contract.

He tried to instil this into Betty's head sometimes, but she would only smile.

"What an old bother you are, Jasper," she would exclaim. "I'll be as stiff and dignified as you like after we are married, but I needn't begin at once."

Then she would make a little kittenish face at him, drop a curtsey, and he would tell himself what a child she was, and yet he would soon be expecting woman's work of her and woman's tact.

She told him a good deal of her home life, of the big house in Northumberland, of the wild woods stretching at the back, and the miles of moorland in front. And she was frankly communicative on the sub-

ject of her relations, telling Sir Jasper how her mother was very pretty, but a great invalid, who hardly ever cared to stir from home; and that her father, a fine handsome man, hated to be bothered about anything, and loathed etiquette and smart society ways.

Then there were Betty's three brothers to be described, all of them lively rollicking schoolboys; and an aunt, Mr. Vernon's youngest sister, who had lived at Heron's Crag ever since the death of her parents—Betty's grandparents. This aunt was a dear and a darling, according to Betty, and was called Elizabeth.

"I'm named after her," Betty explained, "and some people think I'm absurdly like her. But I don't know. Elizabeth—I always call her Elizabeth—she likes it—never looked as if she could have been as lively as I am. She's frightfully sad at times. She doesn't say she is; but I can tell it from her eyes, and I think it's all because of some horrid man who is abroad and who won't come home."

"A man abroad?" Sir Jasper observed. "Is your aunt engaged to be married, then? One of those hopeless long engagements which take the heart out of men and women?"

"No, she's not exactly engaged," Betty answered, "but years ago, when Elizabeth was about as young as I am, she went to stay at a big country house in Wales and met a young man who fell in love with her. She cared for him, but nothing came of it. He had no money, poor dear, and he was too proud to bind Elizabeth down to a long and hopeless engagement, so, though he told her he loved her, he tried his best to make Elizabeth understand that she was free to marry anyone else whilst he was trying to make a fortune abroad. He's been away for years—years, and Elizabeth won't tell me his name even; but she says he will soon come home. I hope she is right. I should have got tired of waiting."

Betty gave her shoulders the least possible shrug. She was sitting in Mrs. Molyneux's boudoir, having come over to spend the day; and April sunshine, glinting in through the windows, flickered over her dress and lit up her hair. Sir Jasper was far too intent on staring at his future wife to pay much attention to what Betty was saying. He had a hazy impression of being told that he must never mention or refer to Elizabeth's love affair in any way for no one knew anything about it, Elizabeth having only taken Betty into her confidence on the subject, for her mother — Betty's grandmother — would have been simply furious if if she had known the romantic reason that prevented Elizabeth accepting the suitors who had courted her so assiduously in the past, and whom she had refused one by one.

Jasper heaved a sigh for Elizabeth. She must be made of rare faithful stuff, he reflected, remembering Betty the First, who had failed him, whilst he toiled and sweated for her sake and faced death amongst the loneliness of Indian hills.

"Why are you sighing?" Betty the Second asked sharply, glancing up inquisitively.

"I don't know," Sir Jasper answered, then he looked at her and thought what a child she was, and said, half to himself, half to Betty, "You are quite sure that the disparity in years betwen us makes no difference, that you wouldn't rather have married a younger man, Betty —a boy more your own age?"

"Of course not," Betty answered simply, "or I should have married Cousin Jack.'

She glanced down at the big flashing hoop of brilliants that Jasper had given her, her brand new engagement ring.

"Cousin Jack?" exclaimed Jasper. "Do you mean the Hastings' son and heir, the boy up at Oxford?"

"Yes," she answered confidenti-

ally. "He's frightfully fond of me—he always has been—but I don't like boys."

She tossed her fair head as she said the last words, and then bent over her ring again: she was as pleased as a child with her new toy.

A hard lump gathered in Jasper's throat. He suddenly felt that he had no business to make love to Betty, to dazzle her with his rank and position, and to win her simple schoolgirl heart.

He was a man of the world, an exceptionally clever man, and his had been an easy victory, yet he felt that he had done wrong, that he should have left this soft baby creature, who was ignorant of all the deep mysteries of human life, to fall in love with a nice boy.

"Betty — he looked at her strangely—"do you know what love really means? Do you understand that in marrying me you will be leaving father and mother, your friends and your home, and though we may stay in England for a time I must take you to India later on?"

She laughed merrily.

"Why, it will be frightfully nice going to India," she answered, "and being made a fuss over, for you are such a great man out there, are you not, Jasper? Oh, you needn't be afraid that I shan't have a jolly time."

He looked at her gravely, searchingly, and this time his fears were for himself.

CHAPTER III.

Sir Jasper felt a little nervous when he arrived at Heron's Crag, anxious to get over his meeting with Betty's father and mother. But as he he shook hands with Mr. Vernon he realized that he had seen his future father-in-law somewhere before, and he glanced up in puzzled fashion.

"Now where—where," he muttered, "my dear fellow, where did I see you last?"

Vernon reflected. He was a big, careless-looking north country squire, a regular Nimrod of the fields, who, it was obvious, would hate to live in a town.

"Why, we met in Wales years ago," he exclaimed, with his big, hearty laugh. "You and I were younger then by a great many years, and my surname wasn't Vernon in those days, it was Howard. I had to adopt the name of Vernon because my godfather took it into his head to leave me Heron's Crag on that condition. By the way, you were sweet on my sister Elizabeth in those days—Betty Howard, you know. Odd that you should be engaged to her niece now, to my little Betty."

Sir Jasper's jaw fell for a second, and he turned pale. It was well for him that he was standing in shadow in a dark hall.

"Oh, yes," he murmured, after a brief pause, recovering his self-possession. "Of course, I remember now. Yes; we met in Wales, you and I—and—and—and Miss Howard."

He caught his breath as he said the last words; it was so strange to think that Betty the Second had led him straight back to Betty the First.

So he would see Betty the First again, but she would be married and with a family of five children. Stay, what was this? Betty had told him her aunt was unmarried, and had lived at Heron's Crag ever since her mother's death seven years ago.

What did it all mean? He felt oddly, hopelessly confused, as startled—nay, more startled, than when the sudden death of two distant cousins in a boating accident a year ago made him a wealthy baronet. Not that he wanted the money, for a grateful country had already made him rich beyond his dreams, and he had been offered and refused a knighthood. But the shock he had when he heard of his inheritance was nothing to what he felt now.

For Sir Jasper realized that there

had been a terrible muddle somewhere, and he wondered if he had made a mistake in burying himself in his railway work, when he thought he had lost Betty, and losing touch with England.

He tried to remember all that Betty had told him about her aunt Elizabeth's love story—the story he had paid so little heed to at the time; and he floundered and stammered as he stood in the dark hall, and looked so uncomfortable and upset that his future mother-in-law, pretty Mrs. Vernon, wondered why a distinguished man who was supposed to be so clever should evince such extreme nervousness. But it was because he was so much in love, she supposed. Though it was really absurd to think of her little Betty married to this tall man with the black hair streaked with grey, who looked old enough to be her father.

Betty appeared extremely happy, though, and remarkably at her ease and pleased with herself. But an older woman and more experienced woman would not have treated such a man as Sir Jasper Gascoigne as Betty did, giving him her orders as if he were a small schoolboy, making a ruthless exhibition of her power.

Elizabeth came in late. long after tea had been served. She had been out visiting a sick friend. Such was her plea as she sailed gracefully down the hall, tall and fair in a white frock, and almost as white herself.

She was a little taller than her niece and thinner; but the likeness between the two was absurd, for all that Betty was a girl and Elizabeth well over thirty. They both possessed the same clear, lovely complexion, light blue eyes, and soft gleaming hair. Elizabeth had lost the dimples she used to have, and her eyes looked tired and sad; but she was beautiful, or so Jasper thought, far more beautiful than Betty. For there was something in her face which held him spellbound—a great sweetness, a great sorrow, and this was not a child's face; it was a woman's countenance. And he was a man, not a boy.

They looked at each other long and intently, then Elizabeth held out her hand. She was perfect mistress of the situation, it seemed.

"So we meet again, and after so many years, Sir Jasper." Her voice was very sweet, but a little faint. "And you are to marry dear Betty," she continued, "I—I hope you will both be happy."

She turned to her niece as she spoke, and put her arms very tenderly about the girl, and as the two Bettys kissed each other, Sir Jasper, watching, felt that Fate had been playing a sorry trick on him, and he cursed softly under his breath—cursed by strange, foreign gods.

For it was Elizabeth his whole heart went out to; it was Elizabeth he had been in love with all the time. He had merely fallen in love with Betty on the strength of the likeness she bore to his old love, the girl he had thought he had lost. But he had promised himself to the child all the same; she had his ring on her finger, she was to be his wife in a month's time.

He drank a cup of tea feverishly, drained the cup, and he noticed how Elizabeth leaned back in the big oak chair in which she was sitting, and rested her head against a red velvet cushion. What a pale face it was. Then he looked at Betty, who was devouring hot cakes with gusto, throwing odds and ends of biscuits to the dogs, and as he contrasted Betty with Elizabeth the contrast grew ridiculous. And then quite suddenly Betty threw a bit of sugar at him, and laughed and clapped her hands because it hit his face.

"You shouldn't be so silly, Betty." Pretty, delicate Mrs. Vernon, leaning back in her big armchair, addressed her daughter somewhat reprovingly.

But Betty did not take much notice of the maternal correction. She sprang to her feet instead, and stood up, the very picture of girlish vitality and childish *insouciance*.

"Hurry, Jasper, and finish your tea," she exclaimed; "I want to have a game of croquet. I'm tired of sitting still. Let's make up a four. Daddy, you'll play, and Elizabeth. I'll tell you what"—she turned and glanced at her *fiance*—"you are such an awful muff at croquet Jasper, that you'd better be Elizabeth's partner, and I'll play with Dad—for Elizabeth's frightfully, fearfully good."

Sir Jasper and Elizabeth looked at each other, and a delicate wave of color mounted from Elizabeth's throat to her forehead and made her pale cheeks flush, but her self-composure was perfect.

"I shall be very pleased to play with Sir Jasper, Betty," she answered; but her voice trembled just a little, and Jasper gazing at her anxiously and scrutinizingly, noticed that she put her teacup down untasted.

"Well, if you've finished your tea, Elizabeth, we'll be off to the croquet lawn." Betty waltzed gaily down the hall, dragging with her the handsome father who was always ready for a frolic with this daughter of his, this spoilt adorable Betty.

Sir Jasper and Elizabeth followed them sedately down the wide, dark hall, and out on to the lawn shaded by great trees, the turf as smooth and rich as velvet.

But it was not till they had reached the lawn that Sir Jasper spoke to his companion. Betty and her father were at the far end, having an animated and friendly quarrel over a mallet which they both wanted to play with, quite out of earshot.

"Elizabeth," Jasper began, and there was a note in his voice which told how terribly he was moved.

"What does this all mean?" he whispered. "I—I thought you were married. I read an announcement of your engagement in the papers years ago—twelve years ago, to be accurate—and at a time when I was working and slaving hard, and all in the hopes of being able to marry you myself one day, when I had made my fortune."

"It was a mistake," Elizabeth answered; "that announcement was a lie." Her voice was very faint, and her lips twitched painfully. "It was inserted in the papers by a relative of the man whom—whom I didn't want to marry. It was done with the idea of hastening things on, I suppose, of forcing me to accept him. But, of course, that was not what happened, and another announcement was put in the paper a few days later, by my people this time, contradicting the false statement."

She hesitated. "Why did you never write to me?" she asked. "If you had written to me you would have known from my letters that I was not thinking of marrying anyone but you. But you never wrote to me after leaving England; you never answered the only letter I wrote you; and I was too proud to write again."

"I did not write, because I told you I should not," he answered, "before I left England. Don't you remember that I said you were to look upon yourself as absolutely free, though I added, at the same time, as perhaps you recollect, that I should be thinking of you all the time I was abroad, and working for all I was worth, so that I might come home one day with a fortune, hoping to find you still unmarried; for I told you that I loved you."

She nodded her smooth, golden head.

"Yes," she answered quietly; "you told me that you loved me, and I admitted that I returned your love, Jasper; and I said I would wait for you, wait twenty years, wait your return patiently, as I have."

She said the last words with a touch of ineffable dignity.

He winced. "I didn't know," he muttered. "I—I thought you were married. Anyone would have thought the same in my place, Elizabeth, after reading that announcement. And oh, what suffering I went through. I can feel the pain yet of those awful days when I was trying to get myself accustomed to the idea that you would shortly be married to another man, a rich man with a title and all the rest of it. And all the time you were true to me, and waiting."

They halted by simultaneous consent by the side of a tall cedar tree, and looked into each other's pale, troubled faces. Elizabeth was the first to speak.

"I see everything, Jasper. I quite understand now how things happened. Perhaps I made a mistake in not writing to you again, and breaking the long silence. But I have followed your career so faithfully. I knew where you were. Why, I have watched every step of your life's journey. I have rejoiced in your long, steady climb up the hill, triumphed with you as you surmounted difficulty after difficulty, telling myself all the time that you would one day—come back for me."

"And now?" he interrupted savagely. "What about things as they are now? What about the cursed muddle I have made of things? For you realize how it was I fell in love with Betty. It was because she recalled you—*you*."

"It doesn't matter," Elizabeth answered gently. "I expect things are better as they are, much better, for the years have not stood still with me, Jasper; whilst I have been dreaming and waiting, my youth has slipped from me. But Betty is just what I was years ago, the girl you loved."

"Is she?" he answered, in harsh tones. "I doubt it, Elizabeth. For I realized that there has only been one Betty for me, and that her name is Elizabeth. Oh, my dear," he looked at her with fierce hunger, "what did you feel when you heard that I had got myself engaged to Betty—when, of course, you believed, as you have every right to believe, that I was coming home to *you*, to lay my laurels at *your* feet?"

"I was unhappy." She still spoke in a restrained gentle voice, but her pale hands clenched nervously together, and all the blood had left her face. "I had just written to you, realizing you had returned to England, a letter which I intended to send to your club in London, asking you if you still wanted to see me. Rather bold, wasn't it? But I was so afraid that, owing to my brother's change of name, you might find it difficult at first to trace out my whereabouts. I never doubted you, you see, Jasper."

She hesitated; then added, tears dimming her eyes for one brief second: "Wasn't it a strange coincidence—on the very day I was writing this letter Betty's note arrived announcing her engagement. It was rather a shock; but, as I said before, it's all right now, Jasper, and I shall be quite happy—as long as Betty makes you happy.'

"Betty?" he laughed. " Do you think I am going to marry Betty now that I have found you? Why Elizabeth——"

She turned on him fiercely, finely. "Hush!" she cried; "don't say things like that, Jasper. You must not break Betty's heart even if you have broken mine. The child must be saved."

He looked at Elizabeth's face, illuminated as it was by strong feeling, and it was the face of an angel. And he could have fallen on his knees and kissed the hem of her gown; he could have worshipped her where she stood.

"You understand, Jasper." Her voice was clear and imperative.

"Betty is never to know that a mistake has been made; her happiness must be preserved at all costs."

"Yes," he muttered huskily; "yes, I suppose you are right. I suppose we must put the child first, the child before the woman and the man."

He was interrupted as he spoke by the sudden flight of Betty skimming like a swallow across the lawn.

"Oh, you two, you two," she laughed. "Are we going to play croquet, or are we going to talk? You're not to flirt with Jasper, Elizabeth. I won't have it. Do you hear me? Why, how funny, how funny." She threw her head back and burst into delicious peals of clear laughter. "I never realized till now," she exclaimed, "that Jasper will be your nephew when we are married. Oh, won't it be funny, Jasper? You'll have to call Elizabeth, 'Aunt Elizabeth.' "

Elizabeth winced just as if she had been stabbed, then with a sharp exclamation of pain she covered her face with her hands.

Sir Jasper turned frowningly on Betty. "Don't be so absurd," he said, and there was a note of sharp, autocratic command in his voice which Betty had never heard before, but one which the men who worked under him knew well enough.

"Of course, I shall call your aunt Elizabeth, and she—she will call me Jasper. Don't you realize that you are both girls together, you two."

Betty gurgled with laughter. "I never thought of Elizabeth as a girl," she exclaimed. "Why, she's years—years older than I, Jasper. Aren't you, Elizabeth?"

Elizabeth let her hands fall from her face, and smiled a pale, wonderful smile. Then she put a hand on Betty's shoulder and as she did so a ray of sunshine caught her hair and framed it about her face like the halo of a saint.

"Yes, dear Betty," she said gently; "I am older than you by a good many years. And now we'll go and play croquet. We'll do anything that you like, dear—anything that will make you happy."

"Oh, I'm happy enough," answered Betty. She darted a sidelong look at her *fiance* as she spoke, and for the first time a shadow broke over her childish face. "I don't like Jasper to look cross," she exclaimed, "and he looks horribly cross now."

She dug the toe of her small shoe meditatively into the turf.

"I like people always to be in good spirits," she continued. "I can't bear gloom and depression. I'm always bright and cheerful myself."

"That's because you are so young, Betty," Sir Jasper observed quietly "because you don't know what trouble means — and — and heartbreak."

"And, please God, Betty shall never know it," Elizabeth interrupted fervently; then she put her niece's hand into Jasper's.

"There, walk on together," she said, " and I'll follow behind. Walk on together."

CHAPTER IV.

The date of Betty's wedding was fixed for the end of August, and the bride-elect had decided that she would go to Switzerland for her honeymoon. But it was only to be a short one.

"For I don't think a long honeymoon would be at all exciting," Betty had declared one day, with the freedom that distinguished her. "We never seem to have much to say to each other, Jasper, when we are alone together, do we? I'm not a scrap interested in engineering, and I can't talk clever talk, and you don't care a bit about listening to stories about horses and dogs, and what dresses I'm going to buy, and all that. Why, I don't believe you even know yet what sort of wedding dress I'm going to wear—whether

it's to be silk, chiffon or satin, Directoire in style of Princess?"

She had held up a little rose-tipped finger at her *fiancé* as she spoke. She was sitting with Sir Jasper in a curious little summerhouse planted down in a wild, deserted part of the grounds at Heron's Crag, called "The Wilderness"—a summerhouse which had been made over to the affianced couple, and to which they paid solemn visits, as in duty bound, though it is doubtful if either of the two enjoyed their *tete-a-tetes* there, the long unbroken *tete-a-tetes* forded by summer mornings.

For it was quite true what Betty had said—that they had no tastes in common. And they both appreciated this fact, for Betty understood, just as well as Sir Jasper did, that she could not talk to her future husband as she talked to the rest of the world. She realized that her light chatter bored him, just as the grave discussion into which he sometimes tried to draw her made her head ache.

She wondered sometimes what it would be like when they were married, when she couldn't rush off and play cricket with her brothers after long hours spent with her *fiance*, or go for a wild cross-country ride with her father.

Of course, it would be very fine to be Lady Jasper Gascoigne, the wife of one of the cleverest engineers in the world, and an immensely rich man to boot. Yes; it would be great fun—so Betty told herself—to own a big house in London and a big place in the country, and she would hunt a good deal during the winter—Jasper must give her some nice hunters. She would wear beautiful frocks and have lovely jewels and furs, and all her friends must come and stay with her and have a nice time. And when Sir Jasper had to go abroad again to construct some more wonderful railways—if he went to outlandish parts where she didn't want to accompany him, dreadful places where people have to live in tents—well, she must get Elizabeth to come and stay with her, and that would be quite nice; just herself to please and Elizabeth.

Oh, yes; these visions of the future were intoxicating enough. Still, there was just one thing that did not please Betty, and that was that she felt—she knew—she was not in love with her future husband. But she was fond of him, and doubtless love would come.

"Betty." Sir Jasper looked at the girl very earnestly as they sat in the summerhouse discussing the honeymoon and future plans. "Do you ever feel that I am rather old for you, that my years may make a difference between us in the future? For you are only a child, you know, after all—a dear, delightful child."

"I shall grow up," Betty answered. "Of course, I'm quite young now," she went on cheerily, "and people will think who meet us on our honeymoon, that you're going about with your daughter. But I shall grow into a woman one day, Jasper, and be as staid and dignified as Elizabeth, perhaps. By the way"—she twisted her engagement ring round the slender third finger of her left hand—"I'm rather worried about Elizabeth. She's looked so ill ever since we got engaged, so white and tired."

"Has she?" Sir Jasper exclaimed. He bit his lips as he spoke, and certain lines about his mouth tightened.

"Why, yes; she is as pale as possible," Betty continued. "Do you know what I think is the matter?" She leant a little forward in her seat, and began drawing lines on the floor of the summerhouse with her sunshade. "I believe that my getting engaged, and all the fuss about the trousseau and talk about the wedding and everything else has made poor Elizabeth feel how far off her own wedding is. For, somehow, I

don't believe that her wedding-day will ever come, Jasper. I think the man in India has forgotten her and has ceased to care."

"Oh, no, he has not forgotten her, Betty." Jasper spoke in low faraway tones.

Betty glanced at him sharply. "How do you know?" she asked. "How can you tell?"

Jasper flushed. He had nearly betrayed himself by an indiscreet slip of the tongue.

"How do I know?" he answered, with assumed carelessness. "Why because it would be impossible for anyone who has once been in love with your aunt to forget her, I should imagine. She is one of the noblest, sweetest women God ever made—a true Saint Elizabeth."

Betty pouted. "I wonder you didn't fall in love with her yourself years ago," she remarked, "when first you met her father; for I was a little girl in short frocks at the time—a mere toddlekins."

Jasper rose abruptly to his feet. He had had enough of the summerhouse for one day, and enough of Betty.

"I think your remarks are in bad taste, dear," he answered somewhat sternly; and Betty made a face at him behind his back. And it came across her very acutely that if she had been sitting in the summerhouse with the boyish lover of her schoolgirl days, for instance, with her cousin Jack Hastings, that she would have spent a far happier hour than the one that had just passed.

She and Jack would have chaffed each other pleasantly, for instance, and Jack would have smoked cigarettes, and Betty would have nibbled at big chocolates. And they would have talked the light, chattering talk of golden youth. And by-and-by they would have slipped their hands in each others' and kissed, and Betty somehow felt very glad that Jack was coming to stay at Heron's Crag for a few days, and that she would see her old sweetheart once again before she became Lady Jasper Gascoigne.

Jack arrived a week later, to find the coast clear, as far as Sir Jasper was concerned; for the great engineer had gone to town to see his lawyers with regard to the marriage settlements that were being drawn up.

He was expected back at Heron's Crag in three days' time; but just for three days Betty told herself she would take holiday, and would not try to be grown up and dignified. She would enjoy herself in tom-boy fashion with Jack, who seemed so awfully cut-up because of her engagement and very down on his luck.

He was a good-looking boy, was Jack—young Oxford at its best. Tall and fair, with clear blue eyes and a well-knit, muscular figure. And Jack would be rich one day, for he would come into a fine old property when his father died. He would never be a distinguished man like Sir Jasper Gascoigne, for he was not particularly gifted with brains, but then he had golden invincible youth on his side.

He had just three days to win Betty back from Sir Jasper—three clear days—and the boy fought hard. He did not consider that he was acting a dishonorable part in trying to alienate the affections of an engaged girl who was so soon to be a bride; for, he told himself, and with some truth, Betty had been his little sweetheart long before Sir Jasper had set eyes on her, and had glamored her heart away. It was glamor, so Jack told himself—pure glamor that made Betty turn to the engineer. She was dazzled by the other man's cleverness, his great position, his world-wide reputation; but she didn't love him. Yes, Jack was convinced of that, she didn't love him.

He taxed Betty with it, took her boldly into a certain sheltered rose garden that was one of the special

beauties of Heron's Crag, a garden approached by a shady yew walk. With the trees throwing their dark shadows over Betty, and the drowsy perfume of the roses rising like wine to her nostrils, the girl, who was hardly more than a child, stood up to be questioned by her boy playmate of other days; but to-day his questions were sharp and keen.

"You don't love Sir Jasper—you know you don't, Betty. He is old enough to be your father. You haven't a thought, an idea, in common. You can't look me in the face and say that you have. You can't—you can't."

Betty hung her head. "It won't matter when we're married," she answered. "Sir Jasper will go his way, and I will go mine. And, anyway, he will give me a lovely time, and everything in the world that I want."

"Everything?" interrupted Jack. "What about the one thing needful—love? Oh, Betty, break off this engagement before it is too late. Come back to me. Let's be young and happy together. Wait a year or two, and then marry me, Betty—me."

She hesitated and her lips trembled. How handsome Jack looked in his cool, grey flannels. She contrasted him with tall, clever Sir Jasper, whose hair was turning grey, and whose face was seamed and lined, and the contrast was all in Jack's favor.

But Betty came of a fine, loyal stock; she had given her word to Sir Jasper and she felt she ought to keep it. She said as much to Jack; then of a sudden she burst into a very April storm of tears, and Betty, who hardly ever had a headache, suddenly felt what headache and heartache mean; and then in her sorrow, in her fright, her dismay, she thought of that dear, lovely Elizabeth, whom she had always sought out in her childish troubles, and who had consoled her for broken dolls, torn frocks, scratched fingers, and who must comfort her now.

"Jack,"—she looked up frankly at her cousin, "I believe I made a mistake in getting engaged to Jasper; but I'm not going to treat him badly and break my word. I'm not that sort of a girl. It—it wouldn't be cricket, Jack; it wouldn't be cricket."

She turned away as she spoke, a poor little sniffling, sobbing Betty, and ran up the long yew path as fast as her young feet could carry her to seek Elizabeth and consolations.

She found her aunt in her bedroom, and Elizabeth's bedroom had a curious cool and gentle atmosphere of its own. And Betty always felt that many prayers had been prayed in this room, that it was a chamber of dreams, a quiet sanctuary, the temple of hopes that had blossomed and died.

She entered the room without knocking, dashing in, too full of her own troubles to think that she might be disturbing Elizabeth. But she started a little when she caught sight of her young aunt, the aunt who was weeping by the side of her bed, her arms stretched out over the counterpane, her whole body shaken and convulsed with sobs.

For Elizabeth had just gone through a moment of fierce temptation, of stress and turmoil, as the post that morning had brought her a letter from Sir Jasper, in which he urged and besought her to let him break off his engagement with Betty, and admit his love for Elizabeth; and it had been a very hard struggle before she could pen the letter she had just written in answer—a letter in which she again reiterated her wish—nay, her command, that Sir Jasper should be true to Betty and himself.

And now Betty herself came in—such a flushed, tearful Betty. And what was the girl saying? What eager words was she pouring out? What strange confession trembled on her lips?

Elizabeth, pale and shaken, hastily seized in Betty's young arms, her own aching bosom converted into a pillow for Betty's golden head, had some little difficulty in understanding things at first; but at last she realized the truth. And then it seemed as if the whole world swayed and shook, and the morning stars shouted together, and Paradise was nearer earth than Elizabeth had ever dreamed.

"I don't love Jasper. I don't love him a scrap," so Betty protested, with hot tears; "and yet I suppose I shall have to marry him, Elizabeth, even though I care for Jack the most, and Jack loves me. Oh, if only Jasper could have taken a fancy to you, Elizabeth; met you instead of meeting me; and you had liked him better than the man in India."

Elizabeth smiled.

"Betty, shall I tell you a secret?" she whispered. "Shall I tell you that I— that Jasper——"

She paused, a lovely blush lighting up her face.

"He is the man from India, you see," she whispered, "and you—when he saw you at the dance—well, we are very much alike, you know, Betty, for all that I am so much older, and you looked just as I used to look in the past; and he thought I had married someone else, and so—and so—"

Elizabeth spoke in short broken sentences, then she was suddenly interrupted in her small incoherent explanation by Betty.

"Oh, Elizabeth—you darling, dear, adorable Elizabeth," the girl cried. "To think that things are coming right for both of us, for all of us. I never was so happy in all my life, and just when I was feeling so miserable."

"You can't be happier than I am, Betty," Elizabeth answered softly, "not even if you tried."

* * *

There was a wedding at Heron's Crag in August: it was Elizabeth's wedding, though, not Betty's. But as Elizabeth and Sir Jasper drove away, Jack Hastings, standing on the steps of the old house, foremost amongst the gay crowd of wedding guests throwing rice after the bride and bridegroom, suddenly turned and pinched the arm of the first bridesmaid, pinched Betty's arm — Betty radiant in blue silk and smiles and flutters.

"Your turn next, Betty," he whispered, "our turn."

She nodded her head and laughed youth's gay, exultant laugh; then her eyes softened and the light came into them, or rather a reflection of the light that made her aunt Elizabeth's eyes shining lamps of love. And she smiled as Elizabeth smiled, for Betty was growing up.

AUGUST TWILIGHT

By ARCHIE P. McKISHNIE

Now restful Night bends to caress her earth-loves everywhere,
A big moon rises in the East to sail the sky-sea broad;
And drowsy earth breathes sleepily an old, old-fashioned prayer,
As Day finds anchorage behind the Harbor Lights of God.

AUGUST

By S. A. WHITE

The fisher sails, the fisher sails, above the sapphire seas,
Come homeward with the homeward tide and August in the breeze;
The straining net has drawn to-day a harvest from afar,
But oh! a richer harvest waits within the harbor bar.

The ebb-tide flows, the ebb-tide flows, full from the pulsing deep;
Flotson and jetson of the world kind heaven's law will keep;
So in his heart the sailor joys; like white sea-birds a-wheel
Home with the August wind he swings, home on his slanting keel.

The fisher songs, the fisher songs, ring over dyke and sands,
Mingling with reapers' melodies on distant meadow lands;
But softer notes waft out to him beyond the gray sea-wall—
The vesper chime, the house-wife's chant, the merry children's call.

The fireside, the fireside and ships of flame a-sail,
The golden curls about his knees, the ears that drink his tale,
A hand that clasps his own brown hand, a love in silence told,
A heart that's safe within a heart—this is the fisher's gold!

A POACHER OF RENOWN

BY E. HICKSON

MANY salmon anglers in the United States and Canada, who fished the Nepisiguit river in the seventies and eighties, will remember a local angler named Maloney. Patrick was an Irishman, as his name denotes, and a born sportsman. His specialty was, however, fly fishing, and although I have fished with some of the most skilful anglers who have visited Canadian waters, never yet saw one who could teach Pat a point. He tied his own flies, and like many fly tiers, he had certain combinations by which he swore. Be that as it may, I have seen him time and again get a salmon out of a pool which had been whipped by an angler who tried every fly in a well stocked book before Pat took hold and made good. It was said among the old poachers in the neighborhood that Pat was also an adept with the spear, and it is a fact that spearing salmon by flambeaux from a canoe is also an art to be acquired by long practice, but after spearing became illegal, Pat contented himself with rod fishing, and made no bones about it that he would catch a salmon for his own use whenever he got the chance. Several times the rich owners of the river, in order to placate him, for everyone admired his skill with the rod, gave him a permit for a day's fishing, and I remember on one such occasion that he held on to his paper until a day that suited him arrived and then went up the river and made the record score of killing twenty salmon on his own rod. He used to laugh at that and say it was not much of a feat either.

There are many beautiful rivers in Eastern Canada, but surely the Nepisiguit is the gem of them all. Roosevelt, long ago in his "Game Fish of the North," called it "the glorious Nepisiguit." Taking its rise in the lovely string of lakes that lie at the feet of "The Sagamook," Mount Bernardin, Mount Carleton and half a dozen other forest clad peaks which cap the dome like rise of land in the northwest corner of New Brunswick, it rushes over its hundred miles of length to the waters of the Baie des Chaleurs. In old times it formed part of the "old trail of the Mic-macs" between the bay and the waters of the St. John, for the short portage from the upper lake of the series to Lake Nictor, which feeds the northern tributary of the Tobique, is hardly a mile long, and over this well worn pathway thousands of canoes have been carried. Of late years the trip by canoe either up the Nepisiguit and down the Tobique, or vice versa, has become a favorite one with sportsmen. The lakes abound with trout, and the Nepisiguit between the lakes and the Grand Falls, twenty miles from the mouth of the river, is one of the finest trout streams in America. Salmon ascend as far as the Grand Falls, but, as explained later, they cannot get above that point. Besides this, the river for almost its whole length flows through a magnificent hunting territory, and hundreds of moose, caribou and deer,

"FLAT ROCK POOL," PABINEAU FALLS, NEPISIGUIT RIVER, A NOTED SPOT FOR SALMON

as well as many black bear, are killed there every season. Some of the finest trophies in the way of moose heads have come from the headwaters of the Nepisiguit. The scenery all along the river is sublime, and the Grand Falls of the Nepisiguit is one of the finest sights of its kind to be seen anywhere. Flowing rapidly between high banks, the river at this point suddenly converges to a third of its natural width and plunges down a mighty granite walled gorge. A great boulder, uplifting its head on the very top of the fall splits the rapidly rushing current, and the water drops in two roaring torrents seventy feet to a platform-like expansion, from which again whirling in mad confusion it rolls sheer over the edge into the black shadows of the gorge below. From the top of the fall to the bottom of the gorge has been estimated as one hundred and thirty feet, and travellers who have seen the world pronounce it unique in waterfalls. It is truly a wonderful sight. Below the falls the salmon pools begin, and from here for twenty miles to tidehead, almost every yard of the river affords magnificent salmon fishing. Of course this stream is owned or controlled, as far as the salmon fishing is concerned, by two or three clubs of wealthy anglers, whose money, spent in protecting it, is well repaid by the sport in the glorious summer weather. There are three or four fine club houses, one at the Grand Falls, one at the Middle Landing, one at the Pabineau Falls, and another at the lower division, or "Rough Waters"; the latter having been recently constructed by a gentleman of Toronto and his friends. It is the most artistic of them all.

The Nepisiguit is now one of the best salmon rivers in Canada, but it was not always so, only great care and good management prevented the killing out of the fish by the

Indians and other poachers, for the waters and pools are so arranged by nature as to be easily swept by nets, or cleaned out by spearing parties. Perhaps the nicest set of pools on the whole river is at the Pabineau Falls, which is not really a fall, but consists of a series of steps from ten to twenty feet high, extending for nearly a quarter of a mile, and at the top and bottom of these steps the salmon rest on their way up river.

What reminded me of Patrick presently was the fact that a few days ago I met an old chum of his and, talking over former times on the grand old river, he told me a story about our friend which is too good to keep. I will give it to my readers in this man's own language:

"You remember," he said, "when I used to keep the livery stable and little hotel near the railway station at Bathurst. Well, very often Pat and I went off fishing together that summer, sometimes to the Tetagouche (a smaller river than the Nepisiguit, which empties into the bay near it), and when there was a good chance to fool the guardians we sometimes stole off up the Nepisiguit and nabbed a few fish before they found what we were up to. At that time Pat worked in the freight department of the railway station, and it was very difficult to get away during week days, so although it was against all the laws of Church and Government to fish on Sunday, we did it sometimes. One Saturday night Pat came in to my place and called me aside; 'I'm going fishing to-morrow morning, Sam, and want you to come along,' he said, and after some talk we decided to attempt the difficult task of sneaking a fish out of the 'Big River,' as the natives call the Nepisiguit. I had a very smart little gray mare, which had been broken to the saddle, and before a light buggy she was a dandy to run away from anything in a hurry, so at about four o'clock on Sunday morning Pat called me and we were soon off. It was just breaking day when we arrived below the Pabineau Falls, eight miles from town, and we stopped the mare at the foot of a little hill, where there was a chance to hide her in the bushes, and while Pat put his rod together, after fastening the mare, I took a look around to see if I could spot the guardians. From a short distance above, a little pathway led down to the Falls, and locating this I crept along until I came within sight of the clearing which has been made on the northern side of the river. You know the Lodge is on the southern side, and we were aware that no one was occupying it just then, but on the northern side there used to be a little shanty called 'Kinnear's Camp.' It was really a roof on posts, and when it had been occupied by the gentleman who built it he covered the sides with canvas. Now, however, it was open, and as I stole along to the edge of the high bank of the river, just above the 'Flat Rock' pool, I glanced casually at the camp, and my heart jumped into my mouth, for there asleep in the little house were two men. Creeping up closer I had no difficulty in recognizing them as the two guardians, and I can tell you it did not take me long to creep back, out by the pathway and along the road to where Pat was standing. He was just snipping a fly to his casting line, which he had already soaked in a little tin contrivance he carried for that purpose. For a moment Pat looked disconcerted, then I saw his jaws set and he said 'Shooks! Those fellows have been up all night watching the Indians, I don't believe they would hear us if we walked over them.' And in spite of my remonstrances, he threw his rod over his shoulder and, watching that his line did not catch the bushes, began to creep along the path out of which I had just come. When we got near the

GAFFING A SALMON IN THE NEPISIGUIT RIVER

river, I carrying the gaff and a bag, Pat placed me behind a big pine tree, whence I could see the men. I was not ten feet away from them really, but the roar of the falls drowns all noise there, and he crawled on hands and knees down a little slope until he reached the rocks below, and straightening up, with a glance at me, he deliberately walked out on the flat rock, loosened out his line and commenced fishing in the 'Flat Rock' pool, the choicest spot in the whole river. If one of the guardians had waked and got up on his elbow, he could not have missed seeing Pat, for the little camp commands a full view of the pool. Now there is in that pool what is called by anglers a 'tender spot,' that is, the salmon lie with their noses to a certain long rock, and it is necessary to cast diagonally up stream to cover it. I saw Pat wet his line in one or two trial casts, and then as light as a thistle down his fly dropped ten or fifteen feet above the 'tender spot.' As you well know, no one could do it better. The first cast brought nothing and Pat shifted his feet ever so little, and the long line swept back again, this time with a foot or more added. Slowly then as the current caught it the line circled and I could see Pat's neck stretch out, like one of those long dogs that chase the rabbits, and as it passed over the rock, I saw him straighten up and the rod came up. The roar of the falls killed the sound of the reel, but I knew just how it felt, as Pat stood back with the butt of his rod against his thigh, and waved his hand to me as much as to say 'I've got him.' Man! It was pretty to see him handle that fish. I knew he would take no chances, and every nerve in my body was strained, watching the sport with one eye and keeping the other on the men asleep in the shanty, a few feet from me. Ah! There goes the fish ten feet

out of the water away up at the head of the pool, and I felt like shouting. The gaff, on which I was leaning, trembled, and I almost slipped over the edge of the cliff in my eagerness, but Pat went on as calm as if he was saying his prayers in church. Again and again that salmon went into the air, his silvery sides shaking the spray from them, and each time I could see Pat was gaining, and gradually getting the fish into the position needed. Presently after as pretty a twenty minutes' sport as I ever saw, Pat began to reel the fish into a little cove at the head of the pool, and at the same minute he waved his hand for me to come down and gaff it. Taking one last look at the sleeping men, I let myself over the edge of the rocky cliff and in another five minutes the salmon was lying on the rock. I put it into the bag, and by the time I got back Pat was commencing to cast again. It was no use, I could not get him away from there.

He wanted a fish each for us, and he told me to go back and watch the men. I crept up again and took my old stand. I had only got well settled, when glancing down, I was just in time to see him hook another fish, and the same skill and knowledge was again seen. After awhile, however, I noticed that he was having trouble, the fish did not show the same life as the first one, and several times I saw Pat run up the pool, reeling in quickly, and then his rod was set back and all his strength was needed to keep the salmon in the pool. I made up my mind it was either a very large fish, or that he was hooked foul. Again and again Pat fought the fish back from the very edge of the lower pitch, and the last time it had rolled over just above the pitch, and showed the side of a very large salmon, I could see that now in the gaining light; besides, as it ran up the pool this time, Pat turned around and made a sign to me with his left arm over his shoulder to signify that he had a big one. It is a ticklish thing to let a salmon out of this pool in high water. If the fish is fresh he will have a great lead and very likely break away in the heavy current below. Besides there is quite a trick about the pool, as you remember, you must stand in a certain place, if the fish does go over, and steer it clear of a large sunken rock, which would otherwise catch your casting line.

This salmon was determined to go, and as he made the last rush down the pool, Pat waved his arm to me to go round and meet him below the pool. This meant leaving my watching place, but there was no help for it, and I crawled past the sleeping men again, got into the bushes, and making a circuit, came out away down river and began to work back to where I should find Pat. I was delighted to see that he still had the fish, and that it was pretty well played out. I soon gaffed it, a twenty pounder, I judged, went up to the 'Flat Rock' and got the bag, and with quite a load started for the buggy. I had a very hard time getting Pat to leave that pool. He knew it was simply alive with fish, and hated to go. Very reluctantly he came along, but just as we neared the buggy he grabbed my arm and said quickly, 'Didn't you see a canoe, hauled up just above the falls?' I said I thought I had. 'Hold on,' he said, leaning his rod against a tree he was off like a flash down the path I had first used. In ten minutes he was back, his face aglow. 'Come on,' he said, 'we'll fool them again; let us go up to 'The Pettibox.' 'But,' I said, ''they'll hear the horse on the rock road here, as we pass the falls; we cannot get past without their hearing.' He said it was all right, all we had to do was to get away around the upper turn of the road, above the falls, before they could see us. 'The darn fools will think

POLING A CANOE IN A NEW BRUNSWICK SALMON STREAM

we are going to the Middle Landing and they will not walk, not they, they'll take their canoe and come up after us. Come along.' Nothing I could say would persuade him otherwise. He had a most profound contempt for the intelligence of the guardians, so to make a long story short, he got into the buggy, the fish being well stowed away behind, and as I held the mare's head, he sloped his rod carefully, to keep it from catching in the bushes in the narrow road, and then I jumped in, struck the little mare a sharp clip with the reins and we were off on the canter, a gallop even. As we passed out of sight around the turn of the road, above the falls, which every one who has fished the old river will remember, I thought I heard a shout. 'There they are,' Pat said, 'let her go, Sam.' And go we did, the mare gallantly cantering along for a mile or so over the good road, until we struck the softer earth and knew we were approaching 'the Long Meadows.' The pools called 'The Pettibox' and 'Long Hole' are about two miles above the Pabineau Falls, and are generally fished from a canoe, being very difficult to approach from the shore; indeed, it requires very skilful wading to reach the head of the pools, where the fish lie. As soon as the mare stopped at the little path, which leads from the main road down to the river at this point, Pat was out of the buggy, and off like a fox through the bushes. He was in his element now. The true poacher of Pat's guage delights in fooling a guardian of the river, and Pat wouldn't have missed this opportunity for twice the value of the fish we had. I fixed up the mare, well hidden in the bushes, and gave her some hay to keep her quiet, and as soon as possible, made for the river. Everyone who has been there, remembers how the long point runs out below the pools, and what a job it

is to get to them. Well the first thing I saw was Pat, or rather his head, for truly he was right up to his neck in water, and as I struck the gravelly shore, he whistled, and I saw him turn and commence to wade ashore. His rod was over his shoulder, and unlike the falls, one can hear everything for half a mile away from here, the reel was screeching like a squirrel. I could see he had hold of a big fish, and had his hands, and feet too, full of work. Several times he had to stop on his way to the point of rock, fight the fish awhile, and then when he had gained a little, come on, stumbling, again. Once or twice the fish got ahead of him, and he had to go back a piece, but he gradually gained the shore, and once on dry land, with the water streaming from his clothes, that fish got no more headway. Savagely Pat gave it the 'butt,' swinging it in sideways to the long point where I waited with the gaff in my hands, but again and again it went away. At last, however, he told me to wade out a short distance and try to get it, and this I did, and gaffed a fine twenty pounder.

" 'Now,' Pat said, 'we'll hear the poles striking on the hard bottom of the river before those fellows get around that point down there. You lie down with your ears to the rock, I'm going to try another one.' It was no use talking, he was halfway out to the pool before I got ten words out, and if you'll believe me he had another fish hooked in ten minutes. The same tactics were pursued and just as I leaned down to gaff the salmon, Pat called out 'Here they come, hurry up,' and we 'grabbed' the bag and ran for the shore and bushes. From that vantage point I saw, just rounding the point, the long canoe, the two men leaning to their poles and sending her along through the water for all they were worth. By the time they got inside the point where I had gaffed the fish we were driving slowly away. The road was soft there and the buggy made very little noise. Once clear of the 'Meadows,' Pat called to the mare and told me to hustle, he said we might get another one at the falls before the men got back. Sure enough. You remember the 'Backwater' pool, right at the head of the falls? Well, you can drive almost right down to it. This I did, Pat jumped out, and from there you can see a good distance up the river, he glanced up, saw no signs of the guardians, and he actually took a twelve pound salmon out of that pool in about ten or fifteen minutes. We started for home then, and as we neared the settlement, 'Black's Settlement' they call it, I got out, turned up the hood of the buggy, in case any of the people should be curious and report us, and drove fast past the houses. We turned off at the 'Middle River' crossing, and got home through the back road, quite early."

CHAMPLAIN HEARS THE CALL

By J. D. LOGAN

I.

Long have we, Minstrels, sung vainglorious lays
Of warfare and destructive deeds, and long
Our themes have been of what we are and what
We shall be when our argosies have passed
To every mart, and come, like laden bees
Returning home, with wealth from orient lands.

Enlarge we now our theme and sing of him
Who first made pregnant the waiting womb of fate,
Begetting where his ancient city stands
The lusty Child which patient Time hath made
Parental of a people yet to be
The world's predestined ministers of Peace.

II

Lo! at the cruel cadence of the year
When all the land was carpeted with snows,
A star shot flaming across the northern skies
Portentous of a passing soul that had
No soilure from the murky crew of men
Who wrought with him. Avid of gain were they,
And thus they lived their futile years and died!
But he, when his life's dayspring dawned within,
Heard on the inward ear, in solemn tune,
The august choir of myriad streams and plains
And woods and winds—the whole, wide, mighty land,
And aborigines all chorusing
A single song: "Come unto us," they sang;
"Long have we been unknown, and are unseen,
Save by the wild beasts searching for their prey
And by those far-off immemorial eyes
That flock the heavens and shepherd us at night,—
Come, Sire, and build a new Hesperia here,—
A city in the West, cast as a seed
On consecrated soil. So shalt thou raise
A patriot people, and spread from sea to sea
The holy power of Christian empery!"

III

He came whose heart was stauncher than the walls
Of his famed city which he built. And there
He wrought his inextinguishable deeds,
Whose soul was whiter than the Christmas snows
That shrouded all the land at his demise.
So heard Champlain the call and wrought and passed:
His city is God's acre for his bones;
A happy people, his vast monument!

THE BREAKING OF SIMEON

BY BRADFORD K. DANIELS

"WHAT are y'u puttin' a post in the middle of my right of way for?"

Hannah Sprowl, who with sleeves rolled above the elbows of her brown corded arms, was busy tamping down the earth about a post with the end of a blunt stake, turned sharply and surveyed Simeon Dow with a pair of quizzical gray eyes that looked out defiantly from her lean, sunburnt face.

"Right of way? Nobody's got any right of way across my land; there's nothing about it in the deed."

"Huh! don't suppose there is," rejoined her neighbor, his two substantial thumbs sticking straight out, and his bludgeon-like chin aquiver with suppressed wrath. "But I've sledded wood across here for twenty-two year comin' January, and I give you fair warnin' not to put any obstructions in the road." And Simeon, his thumbs more prominent than ever, his elbows well out from his sides, turned and stubbed angrily across the pasture through dew-drenched patches of sweet fern towards his cow yard.

Hannah watched his receding figure with a growing grimness about the corners of her thin mouth. For a moment she saw him as he looked twenty years before, when he had walked across the same pasture in a towering rage after she had indignantly dismissed him within a week of their marriage day. "Humph! I've let him tear down my snake fence and cross my pasture just as he pleased for goodness knows how long, and this is all the thanks I get for it. I always knew he was a hog!"

Three months later Hannah entered the structure which served as school-house, temperance hall and meeting-house with an air of victory that upon almost any other occasion would have been considered sacrilegious by the unusually large congregation assembled that Sabbath morning. But to-day she met only with suppressed smiles of approval. For she had beaten Simeon Dow in the law suit in which he had attempted to establish a right of way across her pasture, and the whole neighborhood, over which Simeon had lorded it for so long, was jubilant over his defeat. She sat down in an atmosphere surcharged with unspoken congratulations and waited for the supreme triumph of her life — the moment when the vanquished Simeon would enter the meeting-house. At length a familiar and gruff "Whoa!" reached her through the open window, and presently Simeon, his coat buttoned tight across the big dome of his chest, his massive face with its fringe of gray beard set like a granite mask, entered, and without a glance to right or left stubbed up the aisle and took his seat.

People nudged each other, small boys whispered and craned their necks.

"He was too stubborn to listen to his lawyer, and up an' told the truth about sleddin' nothin' but fence poles over the road one winter. If he'd 'a'

stuck to it that he sledded firewood every winter for twenty-one year, he'd 'a' won."

"Or if he'd 'a' pulled with his lawyer and said that his own pasture was too steep for a sled road, Hannah couldn't 'a' stopped him from goin' round; but he stuck to it as stubborn as a mule that he could sled wood down the face of Porcupine Peak and not leave his own land. Lord! it's that rocky a sheep couldn't git its nose to the ground unless you sharpened it, and steeper 'an the roof of a barn."

Hannah heard complacently these and other snatches of conversation that went on about her till the minister announced the Doxology; then she listened for Simeon's deep bass voice. Would he lead the singing as usual, and sing as loud and dictatorially as ever, or would he manifest a little becoming meekness? Yes, he was booming away like Morgan's Falls, drowning all the voices within a dozen seats of him.

Throughout the sermon — a rather pointed discourse upon the text, "Pride goeth before destruction, and an haughty spirit before a fall"— Hannah watched Simeon for some evidence of repentance and humility; but he manifested none. He sat there like a block of stone, looking neither to right or left. Then, as his verbal chastisement drew to a close, she leaned eagerly forward in the hush of expectancy that had fallen upon the audience. Would he take up the collection as usual? Yes, he was reaching for his Derby hat.

Simeon, with a dignity more ponderous and solemn than ever, his very clothes bristling with defiance, his face giving no hint of the crucifixion to which the ordeal must have subjected him, began to take up the collection. In the eyes of the congregation his colossal pride was still unbroken, and the small boys, giving expression to the unspoken hostility in the air, dropped buttons, beans, and even bits of tobacco into the hat. Ignoring these insults, Simeon moved slowly down the west aisle while the minister's daughter rattled off a voluntary on the wheezy little organ, and Hannah, with copper poised, awaited with beating heart the moment when the hat would be thrust in front of her. Nearer and nearer came the heavy tread; she could hear his deep breathing within a few feet of her now——.

Hannah started, stared incredulously for a moment at Simeon's broad back, and then, as she realized that he had deliberately passed her by, smiled drily. Simeon had reached the front row of seats, when Hannah rose, walked half the length of the aisle, and dropped her contribution into the Derby hat with a jingle that could be heard to the farthest corner of the room. The audience snickered, the minister coughed and moved the ponderous Bible, and Simeon, looking blacker than the proverbial thundercloud, dumped the contents of his hat unceremoniously upon the platform and stubbed wrathfully down the aisle and out the door, Hannah, in a high voice, sending after him the parting shot, "The wicked flee when no man pursueth."

When the congregation came down the road past Simeon's farm, they were shocked to see him in his working clothes with pick and crowbar over his shoulder, making his way across the pasture towards the mountain. Thoroughly mystified, Hannah watched him from her back window as she spread her cold Sunday dinner, and as he began to pry among the granite boulders at the foot of the mountain the truth dawned upon her. He was going to make a sled road over Porcupine Peak that would be wholly on his own property. "Land sakes! he'll kill his oxen, and like as not himself, the first time he comes down there; an' then I'll be guilty of murder."

It was a trying ordeal; but Han-

nah at last conquered her pride, and winding her calico apron about her head, went across the pasture to meet Simeon as he returned from his work. "You can sled across my pasture for twenty-five cents a year, if you'll only stop that piece of nonsense," planting herself squarely in Simeon's path.

"Huh?" For a moment Simeon glared at her as though he were unable to comprehend the magnitude of her audacity; and then, with his two thumbs sticking out like spikes, he brushed past her without a word and stubbed wrathfully away towards his house.

"Well, break your neck, then! 'Twon't be any fault of mine," at length exploded Hannah, as Simeon's flaring elbows disappeared round the corner of the woodshed. And with her lean pointed chin tilted high in the air, she returned to her house.

Day after day, early and late, through sunshine and rain, without any regard for the Sabbath, Simeon wrestled with stumps and granite boulders, slowly and with infinite difficulty constructing a sled road up the steep mountain's face. Parson Langley called one evening to remonstrate with the erring brother; but Simeon, with an explosive "huh!" shut the door in the good man's face. Then the monthly conference took up the matter, and warned Simeon by letter that unless he ceased to desecrate the Sabbath his name would be removed from the church roll. Sunday morning, however, Simeon repaired to the side of the mountain as usual, and Tuesday's mail brought him the bull of excommunication, the deepest censure of which the neighborhood was capable.

Hannah, watching from her front window, saw Simeon take the letter from the little wooden mail box that he placed beside the road twice a week, and when he had read it tear it up and toss it into the ditch; and when Lon Simpson, the busybody of the neighborhood, found the mutilated document everybody was scandalized. Such sacrilege had not been known since Joe Turner, when showers threatened, hauled hay all one Sunday morning in plain sight of the meeting-house. Indeed, Deacon Moss went so far as to say that Simeon had committed the unpardonable sin.

A few days later, Simeon was driving past the school house at recess time, when one of the boys called out "Right of way!" The other boys, seeing the black look which Simeon gave their companion, took up the cry, and before a week Simeon, as he drove along the road, was greeted from behind every bush and outbuilding with cries of "Right of way!" After the first fatal mistake he systematically ignored his tormentors; but the white heat of his anger showed through the mask of indifference, and when at last the boys—and many that were not boys—discovered that upon calling "Whoa!" his black mare would stop short in the road and nearly throw him over the dashboard, Hannah, who from a habit formed in girlhood always looked out at Simeon as he drove past, noticed that he no longer travelled by day.

As the weeks passed, Simeon slaved harder and harder at the road. He milked his cows in the morning by lantern-light, and setting out with a lunch worked till darkness obliged him to desist. Upon Susan, his deaf old housekeeper, rested the care of his stock throughout the day, and when at last in disgust she packed up her things and went away, he was left to get his own meals. His apples froze on the trees, his potatoes in the ground; and his stock, lowing all day at the pasture bars, at length broke through the fence and gnawed his turnips down to the roots. His farm, which had always been a model of neatness and thrift, finally presented the most slovenly appearance of all in the neighborhood.

Always on the mountain throughout the day, shut up in his house at

night, Simeon had so completely effaced himself from his neighbors' lives that there was really no further opportunity of baiting him. As the zest for the sport died out, the inevitable reaction set in, and soon the people were scheming for some way to make amends for the harsh treatment which they had dealt out to him. The women were for invading his house in a body and cooking enough pies and doughnuts to last the poor man the winter; the farmers wanted to pick his frosted apples and dig the few potatoes that the stock had not trodden out and destroyed. But when it came to the test, no one had the courage to face Simeon.

After the bitter humiliation to which she had subjected Simeon at the meeting house, Hannah had taken no further part in the baiting of the stubborn old bachelor, watching the progress of his absurd enterprise with a growing irritability and scorn. The first thing in the morning, the last thing at night, and many times during the day as she went back and forth between the house and barn tending her stock, she would look across the alder swamp to the diminished figure of Simeon on the face of Porcupine Peak and sniff contemptuously. It was scandalous for any person in his senses to carry on so and make such a fool of himself. Why, he and his road were becoming the laughing-stock of the whole country, when he'd always been reckoned the most level-headed man in the Valley.

Gradually Simeon's movements acquired an interest for Hannah that was little short of fascination. When the afternoon sun set the mountain's gray face aglow, she would look halfway up the side for the bent figure that gradually had become a part of the landscape; and when the late rains obscured the view she would speculate as to whether he was working on through it all, or at home cooking his own meals. During the short November days she would look out of her bedroom window before the stars were gone for the smoke from Simeon's chimney, which brought to her pictures of him making his own potato hash and boiling his own coffee; then she would watch him pass with lighted lantern across the dooryard to the barn, and later set out through the gray dawn for the mountain. There was a stoop to the massive shoulders and a heaviness to the tread that Hannah had never noticed before; and one morning at sight of it a sudden pang of pity made her blow her nose furiously and rattle the covers of the old wood stove till they jingled, as she rubbed on the blacking before the iron became too hot to take a polish.

All that day Hannah debated an idea that had come to her while blacking the stove. It was foolish, absurd, maintained the practical, hard-hearted woman that had objected so strenuously to a right of way across her land. If Simeon Dow wanted to be as contrary as a pig and slave himself to death, rather than pay her twenty-five cents a year, he could. But another Hannah, the black-haired, straight-featured, handsome girl that Simeon used to take about to bean socials and singing-school, counselled her quite otherwise, and in the end the acid old maid, with an apologetic shrug of her thin shoulders, listened to the younger woman.

That night, before the moon was fairly clear of Porcupine Peak, Hannah slipped out of her back door, and skirting the alder swamp, climbed the side of the mountain to the place where Simeon had quit work upon his sled road at dark. His tools rested against a rock maple stump near by, and Hannah, after looking cautiously about her, took up the pick and began to level a cradle-hill. A rabbit that had been caught in a snare in an adjoining patch of second-growth birches gave her a momentary thrill of terror, as she mistook its cries of anguish for those of a child; but grad-

ually she became absorbed in her work, prying out stones, filling in hollows and chopping away roots with a dexterity born of a lifetime of outdoor toil.

Hannah looked up with a start. The first gray pallor of daylight was spreading up behind Porcupine Peak. Glancing round, she saw through the attenuated darkness the blurred form of Simeon already halfway up the mountain side. Her first impulse was to drop everything and run; it seemed to her that she would rather die than have Simeon catch her there. Then she placed his tools carefully back where she had found them and beat a dignified retreat to her own property.

Once secure behind sheltering firs, Hannah's curiosity got the better of her, and she waited to see the effect of her night's work upon Simeon. He came up the road with thumbs sticking out and muttering to himself—a habit he had acquired since the loss of his law suit. He was taking off his coat when he first noticed the strip of newly made road and at sight of it stopped short, the coat partly stripped from his right shoulder, and for a time stared without moving a muscle. Then his eyes rested upon Hannah's tracks in the soft earth (she saw him bend over to examine them), and with a "hugh!" that made her jump, jerked off his coat and began to replace every stone and stump that she had removed.

Ten days later there came a heavy fall of snow, and Hannah watched with unutterable scorn Simeon's preparations for the woods. He could haul his firewood over Porcupine Peak till the crack of doom for aught she cared. She wouldn't offer to help him again—no, not if his life depended on it! She saw him set out with his old-fashioned long sled and big red oxen yoked by the neck (all the other farmers of the neighborhood used bobsleds and the more convenient "Dutch yoke"), and at the sight she gave the thread of her sewing such a jerk that she snapped her needle.

That noon Hannah was draining the potatoes at the sink, when she looked out of the window and saw one of Simeon's oxen running towards the barn with a part of the yoke dangling from its neck. In an instant her vow of the morning was forgotten—blotted out with the years that lay between her and her girlhood. Springing to the back door, she saw a dark object that remained still against the white background half way up the mountain's side. Without turning back for shawl or mittens, she plunged into the snow and hurried across the pasture, floundering to her waist in hidden quagmires in the alder swamp, and leaving behind her a blackened trail as she passed. Rabbits in their new winter coats of gray bounded away at the unusual commotion; partridges whirred up from their blanket of snow with a sudden thunder of wings from under her feet; but she was conscious of nothing except the dark spot that showed between the leafless alder branches.

Panting, bedraggled, now staggering up the steep slope a few rods, now creeping forward on hands and knees, Hannah at last came near enough to the dark object to recognize Simeon's off ox lying upon its back between two cradle-hills, its four shod feet sticking straight into the air, and behind it an overturned sled load of wood. The broken bridle-chain on one of the upturned runners, the long gouges in the snow where the bracing but helpless oxen had slid on all fours, the rock maple tree into which they had crashed, all burned themselves into her brain during the few moments that elapsed before she reached the sled and saw the skirt of Simeon's gray homespun coat projecting from under the crushing weight of logs. Snatching the axe from its straps on the sled-rail, she slashed in two the beech sapling twisted into the binding chain, and then began to tug des-

perately at the heavy twelve-foot logs of yellow birch with which the sled was loaded.

"Huh! what a' y'u doin' with my wood?"

Hannah sprang round dumfounded. There stood Simeon in the middle of the road!

"Sim!" For a moment she stared at him incredulously, as though confronting a ghost; then suddenly she sank down upon the end of a log and, covering her face with her hands, burst into sobs.

Simeon stood and regarded her oddly for a moment, the muscles of his massive face working.

"Hannah, don't cry like that!"

But the dry, racking sobs continued to shake the thin frame.

"Don't, Hannah. Please don't, and I'll — I'll pay you the twenty-five cents a year."

"It isn't that, Sim. Oh, what if you'd been killed! I'd never have forgiven myself—no, never!"

"Hannah!—you don't mean you still care——"

"Yes I do!" tartly between sobs.

And Simeon Dow, putting down the cant-hook for which he had returned to the woods and left his team standing at the top of Porcupine Peak, sat down beside Hannah and did that which he had not done before for "twenty withered years."

THE AFTERMATH

By CLARE GIFFIN

Let us have done awhile with love and hate,
For night is here,
The discord of our passions now must wait,
Since stars appear.
Forget that I have doubted and forget
My hate; as I
Forget that while my eyes with tears were wet,
You passed me by.
Remember not the love that went before,
Too deep for speech,
The passion and the happiness of yore,
Beyond our reach.
There is no need to think of that to-night,
Since we both know,
How utterly it faded from our sight
Three years ago.
Yet let us spend in peace our twilight hour
Together here,
Where every withered leaf and faded flower,
To both is dear;
Let us not speak, but stand hand clasped in hand,
Eyes dim with tears:
Exiles beholding the enchanted land
Of other years,
Seeing the garden of our lost delight,
Now waste and sad,
Where once, among the apple blossoms white,
Young love was glad.

PERSONALITY AND THE ACTRESS

A PLEA FOR A BETTER STANDARD OF EXPRESSION

BY HECTOR CHARLESWORTH

A FEW months ago the writer was sitting in a Toronto theatre watching a very admirable performance of a modern English drama, when a certain character was announced, and a very handsome, stately and graceful lady entered. There was not a ripple of applause to greet her; she remained on the stage about ten minutes, did what she had to do in good form and retired from the scene, evoking only the murmur of approbation that a well-acted "bit" usually wins. Perhaps only a few persons took the trouble to look at their programmes to find out her name. Yet less than twenty years ago this woman was one of the most popular stars on the continent of North America, accustomed to volumes of hand clapping at her exits and her entrances, one of the earliest of stars to adopt the modern canons of stage production, an accomplished woman who had played excellently, though not perfectly, many roles both classic and modern. It was, in fact, Miss Marie Wainwright, who during the period between 1877 and 1897 was one of the most fascinating personalities of the American theatre. The thought struck me that it might be good discipline if half of the young feminine talent of our present day stage could have been present to see and reflect on what popularity, taken of itself, amounts to, and the vogue, so skilfully created by the managers of the present day, comes to at last. It is true that Miss Wainwright was a mature woman when she went on the stage and did not have that youthful training which gives plasticity to the acting of some actresses of to-day, but the fact that she is so easily forgotten is but another proof of what sages and philosophers have been reiterating for ages.

In thinking over the array of feminine stars at present receiving considerable rewards and much attention from New York paragraphers and the photographers of popular magazines, I was struck with the paucity of talent of a quality likely to have even so enduring a fame as that of Marie Wainwright. And yet the manufacture of stars goes merrily on. It cannot be said that if any girl has the requisite magnetism and natural vocation she does not get an opportunity. The past twelve month has given intelligent lovers of the theatre in this section of what are known in the slang of the box office as "the provinces," an excellent opportunity to judge of what feminine talent the stage of this continent possesses,—to indulge as it were in a retrospective stock taking. For some reason or other nearly every woman star of note has drifted our way recently and opportunities for observation and comparison have been admirable, and the singular fact has struck me that of the younger contingent almost the only one that is challenging serious critical attention is a recruit from

the Russian stage, Mlle. Alla Nazimova. On a continent which boasts in every city hundreds of pretty intelligent girls who cherish stage ambitions, this is a fact worth attention. I have not seen Mlle. Nazimova, though several of the smaller Ontario cities have been accorded that privilege, but the situation is illuminative. It simply means that whether it be the fault of the managers, or the fault of the public, or the fault of the star system, the North American stage, which reveals every year a new flowering of fresh, sweet and charming women, is not giving them the training that will enable them to achieve anything worthy of sustained critical analysis—that it actually strives to turn them aside from artistic ambition and to make them rely on the charms and peculiarities of mere personality instead of serious artistic aspiration. That the people of this continent are not inhospitable to serious aspiration is shown in the case of our own Miss Margaret Anglin, whose steady advancement has been based on sound methods.

With the average star, however, who has sprung up in the past five or ten years, the whole tendency appears to be to create a "personality" or "individuality" which shall seize upon the public mind, allow this "personality" to harden until all plasticity is gone, and figures as a type on which foolish young women may model themselves to their own artistic ruin. It is quite true that some fine *artistes* who have done and are doing splendid work for the theatre, have mannerisms as ineradicable as those of the late Sir Henry Irving himself, but as with him, theirs is a continual fight to rise above them;—to use them, since they must, for illuminative purposes. But the young star who comes forward to-day is taught to make some especial mannerism an end in itself, to regard it as an asset, to even pity older and more artistic actresses who are less blessed. The brilliant critic R. A. M. Stevenson (cousin of R. L. S.) once said that "art is meaningless without personality." In this instance he meant the art of painting exclusively, and I am prepared to admit that this is even more emphatically true of the art of acting. The remark was, however, made in the course of a monograph on "Velasquez," in which he constantly insists on the importance of technique. The only way in which a fine personality will obtain just appreciation is by constantly seeking a large, free, untrammelled means of expression. If the effort is there, the result, even if it be imperfect, will be interesting.

No doubt the basis of all preeminent theatrical success is personal genius and magnetism. I do not give to the word "genius" any awe inspiring quality, but content myself with one of Noah Webster's definitions, "a particular natural talent or aptitude of mind for a particular study or course of life." No doubt though it is genius with Miss Julia Marlowe, Mrs. Fiske or Mrs. Patrick Campbell, women who are doing the larger work of the stage; it is also genius with minor performers, often nameless, who on occasion delight one with some random bit, even in the vaudeville theatres. But the reason these noted women are able to do the larger work is that they have sought for their genius the fullest expression that earnest application could win for them.

In considering the present situation let us first deal with the case of Miss Julia Marlowe, admittedly the first interpreter of poetic roles that the English-speaking stage to-day can boast. Her pogress has been by means of a process the reverse of that which is of late considered the proper recipe for making a successful star. Miss

Marlowe had the advantage as a child of that thorough training for the stage which lays the foundations of a future plasticity in mimetic effort. She also has a glowing and opulent personality of the true Renaissance quality. Miss Marlowe has not, however, relied on her personality but has steadily perfected the art of pure expression. The result has been the flowering, rather than the elimination, of an exquisite poetic individuality. True individuality is not gained by the acquirement of mannerisms; they, indeed, obstruct rather than enhance its utterance. In the case of Miss Marlowe, while there has been no loss of physical attraction, her acting of late years has become more spiritualized —more of an inner utterance. It is a fact which delighted all lovers of her art that her Rosalind, recently revived after fifteen years, proved more youthful, more spontaneous, and in every way a more delightful manifestation than the uncommonly good Rosalind with which she challenged critical attention in the early nineties. The last vestige of that which was stiff, formal, or artificial has disappeared from her art. It has become fluid, idiomatic and free, yet governed by the spirit of classic repose. All young aspirants for the stage are not dowered as is Miss Marlowe with beauty, grace, and a golden voice. These are the gifts of God, but her sound, unaffected methods of artistic expression all can aspire to. The progress she has made is the more noteworthy inasmuch as when she was a beginner everything that could be done and that is perhaps always done to spoil the art of a fresh and lovely type, was done for Miss Marlowe. The flowering of her art may then be regarded as almost wholly the result of personal insight and self criticism.

When one contrasts her achievement with the obvious growth in charming young actresses of certain mannerisms, certain affectations of speech, certain hard conventions of style that will as the years go by become less endurable, one comes to regard the theatre as at present constituted a slaughter-house of talent. It was not so with Miss Marlowe, and it will not be so with any young actress who will like her steadily seek to achieve a spontaneous, gracious, free and unmannered style. It is said that Mlle. Nazimova owes the sudden fame that has come to her to a long disciplinary experience in the provinces of Russia where she played every type of role, and endured much in a voluntary struggle to perfect her art. The same is unquestionably true of that fine rhetorical *artiste*, Edith Wynne Matthison, whom by the way it seems criminal to bury in such an over rated, pretentious play as "The Servant in the House" reveals itself in the light of cold print. This, however, is an aside,—one is not discussing the drama but the much neglected art of acting.

So let us turn to the case of Mrs. Minnie Maddern Fiske. Hers is one of the most intense and poignant personalities that has found expression on the stage in recent years, and no doubt there are those who would at first glance quote her as an example to disprove my general contention, that mere personality is not the Alpha and Omega of acting. As a matter of fact, Mrs. Fiske's supremacy, just as was that of Sir Henry Irving, is due to the manner in which she transcends certain ineradicable mannerisms and makes even her physical limitations at times an aid in conveying a direct meaning. I take it that Mrs. Fiske's marvellous control over any audience of average intelligence is due in a large degree to her long and careful training as a child, which familiarized her with the technique of her art and gave her control of herself. She has substituted intensity for emotionalism,

—direct spirituelle expression for theatric poses and ravings. And perhaps Mrs. Fiske's most important achievement is that she has shown the girl with limitations the way out. She has proven that intellectual treatment of a role is more interesting than the most expansive theatric treatment. Contrast with her case that of Miss Olga Nethersole, a woman practically without limitations, who has sacrificed her career through an absolute lack of self control in scenes of emotional expression. Though she does not go to quite such lengths, Miss Nethersole's methods, like those of Mrs. Leslie Carter, another mannered emotionalist, recall the man who tried to make love through a megaphone.

No doubt it is genius, and genius of a more than ordinarily mysterious quality, that enables Mrs. Fiske to play such a scene as that of Rebecca West's confession in "Rosmersholm," in such an amazingly affecting way without using one theatric device to emphasize her points, but in her lesser scenes there is the same careful attention to detail, a self control which enables her to give a subtle significance to the simplest lines. Mannerism will be found to play a very small part indeed in the effect she achieves.

Take the case of another very delightful and unfailingly interesting actress, Mrs. Patrick Campbell. There are those no doubt who would declare that Mrs. Campbell's whole success arises from a certain haunting beauty of personality and that a carefully considered mode of expression has nothing to do with it. Mrs. Campbell undoubtedly has certain affectations of speech, perhaps incurable, but the patience and skill by which she turns her strongly marked individuality to purposes of identification with the character she is playing, well repays study and close analysis. Her Hedda Gabler and her Magda are absolutely different beings. Moreover, Mrs. Campbell, like Mrs. Fiske, uses the gifts with which she is dowered to produce plays which give the intelligent man some excuse for going to the theatre.

In the showing already made it must occur to the reader that the really important work of the theatre is being done by women of mature experience. Among the younger generation of stars who have been created by popular demand, there seems to be little to call for analysis. Wayward and capricious methods, deliberately cultivated mannerisms, are to be found on all sides, but serious artistic aspiration is invisible to the naked eye in most cases. Of the younger actresses there are but two who show a pre-eminent talent, Miss Margaret Anglin and Miss Eleanor Robson. For some reason or other the sight of Miss Anglin's best achievements has been denied to her native Canadians, but we can hope for better luck in future. Though Miss Eleanor Robson lacks that felicity of movement which gives so much charm to an actress like Miss Marlowe or Mrs. Campbell, she has a purity of style, a beauty of utterance and a gift at once intellectual and magnetic that makes her acting delightful. Nothing more exquisite in its virginal quality and free delicate play of humor and pathos could be asked than her performance in "Merely Mary Ann." I confess that as a lover of the theatre I view with alarm her success in "Salomy Jane," as a slow spoken but passionate southern girl. What I am afraid of is that the managers will get the idea that she is a "type," and insist on similar roles for her which she must act in the self same way. She is obviously a thoroughly sincere young actress of fine capacity, and the best wish that one can have for her is that she

may never at any time become a fad.

And when one thinks of the fatality that attends the girl who becomes a fad, one instinctively recalls Miss Maude Adams and Miss Ethel Barrymore. It may have been that Miss Adams once had the capacity to be a genuine *artiste*, but she became a fad instead. Her personality has all the winsomeness and charm that one holds dear in a pretty vivacious child, but she is one of the most destructive examples of a woman with a bad diction, making no effort at self correction, that the stage can boast. Despite the charm which her unquestionably delightful personality imparted to "Peter Pan," it would be impossible to convince any critic that it was necessary for her to masticate her words in the manner that prevailed with her. The fawn-like glance and personal beauty of Miss Ethel Barrymore have also made her a fad. Hers is the case of a young girl well educated, with a natural aptitude, deliberately cultivating affectations and mannerisms of the most ruinous kind under a wrong supposition that the public will like them for ever. It is said that a few years ago, before she became a star, Miss Barrymore was a really capable and promising actress. Her friends say that it is the public's fault; that it likes her better since she abandoned the art of acting.

It is no doubt the poverty of first class talent which has led to the recruiting of the North American stage with foreigners who have learned the English tongue, like Mlle. Nazimova, to whom allusion has been made, Mlle. Fritzi Scheff and Madame Bertha Kalich. The latter, a Polish Jewess, is the possessor of a voice of extraordinarily effective timbre, a singular capacity for realistic utterance and a true pantomimic gift. She is said also to be versatile, and the powers she possesses are unquestionably governed by intelligence. Her present status is clearly the result of earnest study and aspiration. Mlle. Fritzi Scheff has, I imagine, disappointed the expectations of those who induced her to leave the concert stage, learn English and become a comedienne. If her managers expected to make another Judic or Theo or Aimee of her, their hopes have been disappointed, but she is probably the daintiest creature to look at that the stage can boast. Where, indeed, is the ideal singing comedienne to be found? The English-speaking stage knows her not?

Though our theatre is poverty stricken in the matter of really large and important talent, it must be admitted that it is especially rich in secondary talent like that displayed by Miss Blanche Bates in "The Girl from the Golden West," or that of Miss Ida Conquest as exemplified in "Old Heidelburg," or that of Miss Carlotta Nilsson in "The Three of Us," to name but a few instances. Of charming women inadequate for the strain of really exhausting roles, but who are, nevertheless, artistes to their finger tips in a lesser way, there are many whose beauty and simplicity of style frequently puts the star performer to shame. Perhaps from their ranks will emerge another Mrs. Fiske, who can arise above her limitations or turn them to purposes for the expression of large ideas. Perhaps there is another Miss Marlowe being carefully trained somewhere to come forward and play great poetic roles. But the outlook is not very hopeful, because even though talent were plentiful, there is in progress a deliberate lowering of standards in the matter of the plain business of acting. A more severe and enlightened criticism which could educate the public in what are really sound methods is perhaps the only remedy for the situation.

STARTING FOR THE CRAB-FISHING SHOALS

THE CRAB FISHERS

BY BONNYCASTLE DALE

TRULY the deep sea holds many strange things, holds them in such quantities that the never-ceasing struggle for supremacy—that means not to be eaten in this case—must be an awful one. My fat assistant and I were on the trail of a celebrated crabsman, a Norwegian who could work more hours than there seem to be in the day, and beat all of his competitors in the size of his catch. We first saw his buoys in a little lonely bay on the coast not far from Utsaladdy. The buoys were simply cedar posts weighted at one end with a big wire-wound rock, from which a half-inch rope led to the first trap, a square iron frame, four feet by two, and about a foot high. At the bottom was a line to fasten the bait to. Twenty-five of these pots went to a line, and four lines comprised his equipment.

We met him homeward bound. The waves were dashing high on the shore; his boat had a pile of empty traps that made it look as if it had a great wire-wrought cabin. And the way that boat rolled! Sometimes the oars seemed to wave in the air like long despairing arms; yet he made the harbor with only a good wetting. He was a weather-hardened specimen in look; a Dane, not more than twenty-five years, tanned and wrinkled by sun and wind and salt water until his years were very much a matter of guess work.

"Oh, come here," Fritz yelled.

I was coming, as fast as the wind

SETTING A CRAB TRAP

would let me. That twenty-footer was half full of the biggest crabs I have ever seen, all right side up and as quiet as turtles. No sooner was the toppling pile of traps put on to the little float than the Dane began to box his catch. Floating a box behind him, he went to work. Instantly all the quiet crabs woke up, and such a waving mass of snapping claws it had never been my privilege to see. They waved over the bottom of the boat as if some strong wind was blowing on a field of red and yellow plants. Into this cracking, nipping mass the Dane sent a hand, emerging with a fairly large crab. Over the side it went into the water.

"What's the matter with it?" called the inquisitive Fritz.

"Female, must put back," answered the fisherman, and many more splashed into the water. It is easy to tell them by the larger apron under the tail than that of the males. He caught the crabs deftly between the finger and thumb, clasping them right at the apron, with a C shaped stick. Six inches across the open ends he measured them, for the law says no females and none under six inches may be kept. All these fishermen are faithful, as, indeed, it pays them to be.

We watched the Norwegian reaching his hand into the traps, and the light was rapidly failing. Only two boxes of the three were filled as yet. Not once did that thick right hand falter or mistake, and not once did the nippers meet in his flesh. It yet seems impossible to thrust down into this eager lot and select a lower layer and not get caught. He told me that he suffered much at first, as a good firm catch by an eight-inch crab will make the blood squirt from the end of the fingers. But familiarity breeds contempt.

Early the next morning we sought his fishing grounds. The tide was

"BLUE" CRABS IN THE POT OR TRAP

running our way; the wind was light, and it was excellent exercise for the lad. The big boat, with the fishing roller over the stern was at the first buoy. The water was clear; no great freshet from the mountains had swept down through the muddy mouths of the rivers and clouded it, and these big crabs love clean water. We could not see the buoy as the force of the tide held it under and the rib was very strong. Down plunged a grimy hand and up came the cedar stick. Ten fathoms of rope were pulled in; a stronger haul, and up came the first trap. Clinging to its sides, their claws waving and clutching frantically, were four fine crabs, an even half-dollar's worth for the Dane. The next one held only two; but number three must have held a convention, as there were over thirty in it. Four dollars more for our active friend. From end to end of this first line the catch numbered eighty. Away we rowed for buoy number two, and the operation was repeated. Luckily the day was calm, as the amount of water splashed in by this method of fishing makes a wet boat. Anyway, ours was nothing to blow about. Fritz said "it was a cross between a sponge and a clotheshorse, a good thing to run water through and squeeze the salt out." So when he was not rowing he was baling.

We lifted a female out of the fisherman's boat and examined it. A mass of eggs were tightly clutched by the apron and further held in place by the feathered and lightly hooked feelers. In bulk it was as large as a hen's egg, and it contained a great many thousand eggs. It was of a sodden, dull red shade, and each egg bore the black dot showing incubation had set in thus early in April.

Many of the pots contained some specimens of the bottom life in ten to twenty fathoms, the rosy starfish

MEASURING A CRAB

A GOOD CATCH

being the most rare. It seems strange that the crab, after passing all around the net-covered square, or pot, and entering by a hole, seven inches across, cannot wriggle out of it again, as they are extremely strong, and will stretch fifteen inches across with claws extended, but can close up to the exact size of the bony shell of the body.

It took six hours of the hardest kind of work to empty and rebait the pots. Then came the hard pull home, figured again so that the tide would be at full and neither help nor hinder. But I know we had a hard struggle with the wind and waves battling our old water tank, yet the Dane stuck close behind us all the way. Then the long, hard work of boxing and floating the boxes. The crabs are shipped alive to market, and will retain life for many hours.

It must be a sight of horror in those murky depths when the crabs are casting their shells. Then each pulpy uncovered one is a ready meal for its neighbors, unless it can at once seek shelter. It rapidly increases in size, and when it dons its new armor, it is a larger and stronger animal. We find many varieties besides the edible crab. There is the hermit crab, for instance, which usurps the dwelling-place of some large sea snail and only emerges to seek a larger, or to go after its numerous prey. We have often watched one of them fishing in the tide pools, and it always reminds us of a big spider. Then there is the crab by name sea spider, which is as large as the biggest edible crab. It feeds through strange valve-like holes between the main claws. Lift any mussel or barnacle-covered rock along these lonely shores and you will uncover a horde of shore crabs about the size of a crawfish. They scuttle off for shelter or wriggle defiantly on their backs.

JOE PERKINS' WIDOW

BY GOWER GLYNN

THE little bell attached to the shop door tinkled as the customer went out; and Joe Perkins, grocer and general dealer, swept the remaining tea dust off the counter and into the canister, putting it back again into its place with a bang.

Then Joe went behind, into the little parlor at the back of the shop and sat rubbing his knees in front of the fire, while his glance wandered occasionally towards a newspaper lying on the table.

"With a view to matrimony,, he muttered nervously, "I almost wish I hadn't put it in now, but there! it isn't to say as I've got to marry 'em if I don't want to, an' I'll see as I don't too," said he as he reached for the paper and read for the fiftieth time the following advertisement:

> Working housekeeper wanted for a middle-aged bachelor. Widow without encumbrances preferred — must be under forty-five (45), amiable, willing and strong —with a view to matrimony. Apply J. P., care of Whiffle's Library, High street, Coombridge-on-Sea.

The shop bell rang again, and Joe Perkins started nervously, but having ascertained by peeping over the short blind stretched across the door leading into the shop, who it was that had entered, he became reassured.

"Come in Captain Jelf," he called out, and opening the door, "I'm all alone."

And slowly and ponderously, an old seaman with one arm, and a hook doing duty for the other, rolled into the little parlor.

"Seen it?" asked Joe nervously, nodding his head towards the paper.

"Joe Perkins," said the seaman, when he had seated himself heavily and recovered his breath, which seemed to be a somewhat difficult operation, "Joe Perkins, you're a fool."

Having delivered himself of this observation, the captain hung his glazed black hat on the hook which did duty for a hand on his left arm, and, holding it before him after the manner of a shield, he sat staring at Joe, solemnly and reproachfully shaking his head, as he wiped it with a red bandanna handkerchief. "A fool, Joe," for no one but a fool would have done it. "It'll bring trouble. You mark my words, an' you'll be sorry enough as you didn't take my advice."

"Well, it's what I mean, isn't it?" asked Joe defiantly. "I'm willin' for matrimony if they suit me. I'm old enough to want to settle down, and I've got enough—"

"That's all very well, Joe, all very well; but what did you want to give your hand away all at once for? That's what I want to know? Wimmen! Why, you've advertised for a *widder*, haven't you? Well, that's enough. If she's a widder, she'll look after the matrimony side sharp enough, if she gets the chance. You leave it to her, but now you go an' give it away that you want to get married. Why you won't have a

ghost of a chance with 'em. The first one that comes along will snap you up at once, whether you like it or not. You mark my words; you won't have a voice in the matter."

"Oh, won't I?" said Joe valiantly; "we'll see all about that. I put that 'with a view to matrimony' in, just to prepare 'em like."

"Widders don't want no preparin', declared the Captain contemptuously, "just let 'em get a footing and they'll——"

He was interrupted by a loud peal of the shopbell, and the door was pushed somewhat violently open as a big comely woman of middle-age entered, carrying a bandbox in one hand. Her other hand rested on the latch of the door holding it open, and Joe Perkins, who had hurried into the shop, could see that there was a cab outside, on which were piled several boxes and packages.

"Are you 'J. P., care of Whiffles?" inquired the woman without circumlocution.

"Er—a hem! Yes—I am," declared Perkins, pulling himself together and endeavoring not to appear as nervous as he felt.

"Well, my name is Jones—Emma Jones—I've come about the situation," said the woman, looking at him critically and then casting a swift and comprehensive glance around the shop. "You didn't say anything about being in business. Hum! I wonder it pays here. I can see that it does fairly well, though."

She went on without waiting for his reply:

"And,besides, I've been making a few inquiries about you in the town. You were a seafaring man at one time, weren't you? Yes, I heard so. My late husband was a sailor too. I've lost him now four years come Michaelmas. This is the shop parlor, I suppose?"

She continued calmly, brushing past the astonished Perkins and entering the room at the back. She stared somewhat coldly at the Captain sitting stolidly there.

"Relation of yours?" she demanded.

"N—o; only a friend," stammered Perkins.

The widow gave no further heed to the matter, save a somewhat scornful sniff, and led the way to the back premises, where an untidy-looking girl was washing up the breakfast dishes.

"How many rooms upstairs?" was her next question, after the door had been opened and the garden casually inspected.

"Three and the attic," replied Perkins, meekly.

"Tell the man he can bring in my boxes," said the widow, turning to the girl who was washing up, "and give him this half-crown when he has taken them all up into my room."

Then she led the way back into the parlor, unfastening her bonnet as she went along.

"I've concluded to stay," she calmly announced, seating herself in the easiest chair and totally ignoring the Captain who was regarding her with openmouthed bewilderment. "It's not quite what I expected; still, I'll give it a month's trial."

"But—" began Perkins, feeling confusedly that he ought to assert himself in some way. "I—I—haven't —that is, you haven't—"

"Look here," broke in the widow, picking up the paper and pointing to the advertisement, "What is it you want? 'A widow, under forty-five (I'm 42)—amiable, willing and strong—as working housekeeper—or—view to matrimony.' We won't say anything about that at present, but the rest of the advertisement fits me exactly. References? any amount; highly respected; well-conducted widow woman; same house seven years; lodgers; tired of hard work; saved a little money; well in-

vested; glad of comfortable home and something to occupy my mind; we'll give each other a month's trial. That's settled; save you a lot of bother. Now, is he going to stop to dinner?" and she nodded towards the Captain.

"N—o—o," said that worthy, hurriedly struggling out of the chair to his feet. "I must be off—I —er—only dropped in for a few moments," and with a somewhat awkward bow to the widow, and a nod to the utterly bewildered and almost prostrate Perkins he hurried out despite the latter's appealing glance and frenzied motion for him to remain.

"I'll go up and put my things straight," said the widow, "and then come down and get your dinner ready. We can talk over anything else there is to settle after that," and she gathered up her bonnet and bandbox and left the little shopkeeper to himself.

When she had gone, Perkins cast himself into a chair, his hands thrust deep into his pockets, his brow wrinkled up into a thoughtful frown.

"Well, I'm jiggered," he muttered at length, "completely jiggered." Presently his eye fell upon the paper still lying on the table and with a smothered exclamation he crumpled it up and threw it on the fire. "The captain was right," he cried; "I'm a fool, and a bloomin' old fool, that's what I am."

A customer called him to the shop just then, and others following quickly, he was kept busy till noon.

A savory smell came from the little parlor when, shortly after one, the widow opened the door and called out that dinner was ready.

Joe Perkins looked around as he entered with a sudden sense that somehow things were greatly altered in the little room. A clean cloth was on the table, and the forks, spoons and glasses glittered with an unwonted brilliancy. The furniture was looking smarter and tidier, and was arranged more tastefully than it had ever been before.

The dinner itself was excellent, and the beefsteak pudding with potatoes, followed by a plum tart and a piece of ripe stilton out of the shop, came as a welcome surprise to the poor man, for he had been much too bewildered to think about ordering anything for the mid-day meal.

The widow, Mrs. Jones, chattered easily and with extraordinary self-possession during the meal, and managed to extract a good deal of information about himself and his habits from the worthy shopkeeper, without appearing in the least to be pumping him, whilst about herself she was more reticent; and in the afternoon when there were few customers about, she went into the shop, and made herself familiar with the contents, and its general arrangement.

"I shall be able to help you in here sometimes," she declared, and when Perkins feebly protested, she clinched the matter by saying, "I shall like to do so, because then I can hear what's going on in the town, and what people think about my being here. The sooner they get used to it the better," and with this end evidently in view she took care to be in evidence when any woman came into the shop and gave one or two to understand whilst serving them that she was "Mr. Perkins' new housekeeper."

She attended herself, with evident pleasure, to a very nervous little body who applied in answer to the advertisement, and gave her to understand definitely that Mr. Perkins was "suited," and with all other applicants who came subsequently she was equally brief and to the point.

In the evening, when the shop was closed, she brought down her needlework, and sat silently at it, while Joe Perkins read the paper.

About nine o'clock she suggested

that if he was accustomed to do so, and would care to go out, she should not feel in the least nervous at being left alone. "I am used to taking care of myself," she said, nodding emphatically, "and I can do it all right by this time."

And Joe Perkins glancing at her matronly, capable figure, mentally agreed as to her ability to do so, as he put on his hat and strolled over to the Wanderers' Rest, where the chorus of chaff and merriment with which he was welcomed told him that the Captain had already informed the assembled company of the morning's adventure. In fact, the old chap was sitting there at the moment; and was waving his churchwarden pipe in illustration of his remarks, as he told them for the twentieth time, at least, how early the widow had at once taken affairs into her own hands.

Joe was plied with questions, on all sides, and when he had described in detail the many little changes which had already taken place in his domestic arrangements, they one and all agreed that the widow was losing no time in setting her cap at him.

"And you mark my words," the old Captain said, struggling from his seat as the clock struck ten, for the Coombridge folks went early to bed, "Joe Perkins will be a married man, whether he wants to or not, inside of two months, an' this 'ere new housekeeper as he's got 'll be the one as he marries."

This seemed to be the general verdict, and Joe Perkins went home in a very disturbed state of mind, to find a kettle of water cozily boiling on the hob and the sugar and tumbler set out on the table, in case he felt inclined for a "night cap" before retiring.

A month passed quickly by, before matters reached a climax. Affairs had been progressing very smoothly and pleasantly at the shop. Numberless little comforts to which Joe Perkins had hitherto been a stranger had sprung up about him. The place was spick and span as a new pin; the slatternly servant girl had become spruce and active under Widow Jones' supervision; meals were served punctually and were excellently cooked; and last, but not least, there were buttons on his shirts and no holes in his socks.

The widow was masterful and exacting, and would have her own way, but time and again, despite the irksomeness of being "ordered about in his own house," as he described it, Joe Perkins was bound to admit her way was generally the best way.

As for complaining or finding fault with anything she did, he would as soon have thought of cutting off his head.

Matters were in this state when, one evening, they sat down after the shop was closed. Joe Perkins, reading his paper as usual, happened to glance up just as the widow took from her work basket a curiously shaped piece of red flannel. He gave a start of surprise and interest as she joined to it another and longer piece to which tapes were attached.

"The winter's coming on, Mr. Perkins," she said, holding the work towards him as she cut off the end of the thread she was using, "and I'm making you a—er—a chest protector. The shop is very draughty, and you will find it useful. It is a pattern of my own, and I used to make some like it for my late husband. Poor fellow! He used to say that he found them a great comfort in the cold weather, when at sea."

Joe Perkins muttered some words of thanks, and took the garment into his hand, examining it very carefully. It was a curious looking affair, doubly-lined with flannel, and fastening on the shoulder, it extended down the back, till it met around the waist with the aid of the tapes.

A unique garment certainly, and

one which occasioned a great deal of interest in Joe's mind, and that not only because of the comfortable warmth which it seemed to promise.

Joe had reached the time of life when he was occasionally prone to a touch of lumbago, therefore the "chest protector" would doubtless prove very acceptable.

"Yes, I used to make them," continued the widow, closing her workbasket in a businesslike way and drawing her chair a little away from the table, and nearer to Joe's, "for Henry—poor dear."

Joe Perkins gave another start, for the widow had not mentioned her deceased husband's Christian name before, and Joe was vaguely trying to work out in his mind some link associating the "chest protector" with the name of Henry Jones. The widow, however, gave him no time to pursue this line of thought.

"I think," she said, taking the garment from him and folding it up carefully, "talking of that, it's about time we came to an understanding about—er—the other little matter mentioned in the advertisement, Mr. Perkins, don't you think so?"

"I—I—beg your pardon!" gasped Joe, turning hot all over, as he realized in an instant to what she referred.

"Why — getting married, you know," said the widow, helpfully. "It was talking about poor Henry put it into my head. We'd better get it settled at once one way or another, and the sooner the better. The question is, Are you satisfied with me or not?" and she crossed her arms and faced him as though defying him to find any fault with her.

"Well—really—I—er—of course —this is really so sudden," began Joe, feeling that although this was evidently a very weak remark, it was somehow the right thing to say in the circumstances.

The widow took out her purse and carefully extracted a farthing, two old train tickets, some gummed stamp paper, and finally a carefully folded piece of newspaper.

"With a view to matrimony," she quoted, handing him a copy of his advertisement. "So you needn't say that it's sudden. I've been here for over a month, and you well knew what I came for. It's a very simple question—are you satisfied or not?"

"Well—of course," began Joe, clearing his throat.—

"Then," interrupted the widow with great decision, "I'll go and have the banns put up; and now," she went on briskly, "if you care to mention it casually to your friends at the Wanderers' Rest--this evening —I've got no objection," and she reached his coat down for him and helped him to put it on, a thing which she had never done before.

The next day she took occasion to refer to the matter more than once, to lady customers in the shop, and before noon the news that Joe Perkins was going to marry his new housekeeper, had spread all over Coombridge.

Joe moved about like one in a dream, and could not make up his mind whether he was pleased or not about it.

"However," he remarked philosophically to his old friend the Captain, as they sat over a glass of hot toddy in the cozy bar-parlor of the Wanderers' Rest on the Thursday evening following these events, "I shall have to make the best of it now. It's too late to do anything else, she's that masterful."

"I'm not so sure of that," replied the old Captain deliberately. "You have been a fool, Joe Perkins, as I've told you right along, through not taking my advice from the first; but I'm not going to turn my back on you for all that. I hate to see a man taken in and done as you've been."

"I wouldn't go so far as that," protested Perkins feebly; "she's a very good housekeeper."

"Yes, you have, you've been taken in an' done," persisted the Captain stormily. "A good housekeeper indeed! It's all done to capture your affections, that's what it is. I know 'em! Them nice dinners what you've told me of, an' buttons on your shirt, and all that. Yoh! You'll find they'll all stop quick enough after she's landed you. No, my boy, you're in a mess; but your old friend Captain Jelf is going to stand by you, and you'll see, my boy, you'll see. Don't you worry. She hasn't got you yet," and the old Captain laboriously screwed one side of his face up into a sort of knot, which was familiarly understood by his friends to represent a wink; then he rapped vigorously on the table with the hook attached to his left arm and called for two more drinks. "Cheer up, my boy, I've fixed it all up for you, and by this day week you'll be clear of her, bag and baggage, and so will Coombridge, although she is so masterful."

"But the banns are to be put up on Sunday," declared Joe Perkins uneasily.

"Let them be put up," said the Captain; they'll have to be put down again," and no amount of questioning could elicit from him any further information on the subject.

Nothing of importance transpired between this and the following Sunday morning, when Joe Perkins, nervously knowing that many curious eyes were watching his pew, sat side by side with the Widow Jones, who had suddenly announced her determination after breakfast of being present in person to hear the banns read.

"Is—is it quite the thing for a lady to go to her church when her own banns are being published?" Perkins had asked.

"I don't know, I'm sure," the widow had declared easily. "I'm *going*. There's no law to prevent it that I know of," and so there she sat, in the new bonnet which she had so carefully carried in her hand when she first arrived at Coombridge.

The service was a long one, and it seemed as though the time for announcing the forthcoming marriages would never arrive. But at last the familiar words which never failed to cause a stir of interest in Coombridge parish church, where marriages were few and far between, were read:

"I publish the banns of marriage between Joseph Perkins, bachelor, of this parish, and Emma Jones, widow, also of—"

A shrill female voice rang out from the bottom of the church, causing all eyes to be turned in that direction.

"I forbid the banns!"

Miss Whiffles, the gaunt, prim, proprietress of Whiffle's Library, was standing up in her pew, her mouth pursed with determination, and a hectic flush burning on each cheek.

"I forbid the banns; her first husband is still alive," she declared.

There was a little pause of scandalized surprise, and then the churchwarden went up to Miss Whiffles and asked her to give her information to the vicar later, and the service proceeded.

There was a scene in the vestry afterwards. Miss Whiffles, who had lately come from London, had, it appears, been a neighbor of Mrs. Jones at Poplar at the time when that lady's husband had disappeared. It was never really known what had become of him. He had shipped as First Mate aboard a trading vessel, the "Nancy Price," bound for the West Indies, which was reported lost with all hands, but her fate was never really known, and more than one person at Poplar had declared that Jones himself had been seen in England.

In these circumstances, the wedding could not of course take place, and so Joe Perkins and the widow

went home, while most of the congregation gathered about in little groups in the churchyard discussing the situation.

Miss Whiffles was the centre of attraction.

"I knew I could stop it," she said in a shrill triumphant voice. "I knew her at once when she called at my shop in the first instance and when dear Captain Jelf told me how mercilessly that woman had entrapped poor Mr. Perkins into marriage, I was determined to put a stop to it. I've no patience with such unwomanly ways, that I haven't," and accompanied by a crowd of eager listeners to her own door, Miss Whiffles improved the occasion and added greatly to her own importance by repeating several choice tit-bits of scandal which she had gleaned at Poplar regarding the widow.

In the meantime at the little shop in High street affairs were in a very gloomy state.

"It's quite true, Mr. Perkins," the widow had admitted candidly when they reached home. "I ought to have told you, but I felt, and still do feel in my own mind, that poor Henry is dead. However, as things are I must go away at once."

Joe Perkins tried to murmur something about there being no immediate hurry but the widow was quite decisive, as she always was.

"Indeed, I couldn't stop another day in the place to be chattered about by all those old women in the town. No; I'll go to-morrow, if you please, and I'll forfeit my month's salary in lieu of notice," and as soon as dinner was over she retired to her room to pack up her belongings.

Joe Perkins sat all the afternoon before the fire, pulling at his pipe and thinking deeply. At last he got up, with a look of determination on his face, and, unlocking an old sea chest which stood in one corner of the room, took from it a flat, tidy-looking parcel. This he laid on his knees and, when presently the widow Jones came down, stirred up the fire into a cheerful blaze, lit the gas, and began the usual bustling preparations denoting the approach of tea, he looked several times from the parcel on his lap, to the buxom, capable woman before him. At last he found his voice—and it trembled a little.

"Sit down a minute, Mrs. Jones, will you please," he said; "I want to speak to you."

The widow looked surprised, especially at the tone of his voice, and, putting down the toast she was making, took a chair.

Joe carefully untied the parcel on his lap, and took from it a faded red chest protector, similar to the one which the widow had made for him.

"Look at the name on it," he said; "it's in your handwriting, isn't it?"

The widow's eyes filled with tears. "Henry Jones," she read. "Poor fellow! how did you come by this, Mr. Perkins?"

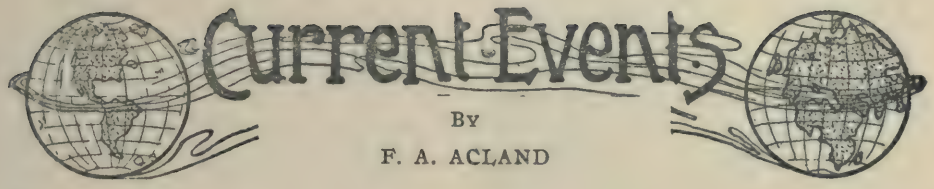
"On the last voyage I ever took," said Joe, clearing his throat, "we picked up a poor fellow from a raft so nearly gone that he could never tell us anything about himself. I did what I could for him, but it was too late. These were the few things he had with him. See, here's your portrait among them; and he handed her an old faded print which still resembled her, though evidently taken in her younger days.

The widow was crying quietly. "He was a good fellow," she said, "and I did what I could to make him happy."

"I know you did," said Joe with conviction, "and so I want you to stop and make me happy too. Won't you? There's no 'just cause or impediment' now, you know," he added gently. "Won't you stop, Emma?"

The widow dried her eyes, and looked up with a touch of her old brightness and firmness—

"Of course, I will,' she said quickly. "It's what I came for, isn't it?"



By
F. A. ACLAND

THE advent in Canada of two such imperial figures as the Prince of Wales and Earl Roberts would have been of itself an event of national significance and interest. When their visit is specially timed and arranged to form part of a stupendous programme for the glorification of Canada and those who made it, it becomes doubly significant. In the case of the Prince, we cannot indeed feel that he has taken the great place so long held by his father while bearing the historic title of the heir to the English throne, and perhaps the present Prince of Wales lacks somewhat of the qualities of tact and diplomacy which have made Edward VII so pleasing and attractive a figure and have given him withal a special distinction in the long line of successors to Alfred. The Prince has, however, from his very earliest years made a special study of the Empire. He was fourteen years old only when with his elder brother, now deceased, he started on the famous three years' cruise in the Bacchante, and from that time to the present, which finds him in the prime of life at forty-three, he has not ceased to keep closely in touch with the different sections of Greater Britain. It may mean little at the moment, but the coming generation will surely see vast organic changes in the British Empire, and a monarch who is imperial in the best sense will be a potent factor in the reshaping. How different, for instance, might history read if George III could have had some practical knowledge of the American colonies, or failing this, if his statesmen could have had it. It is safe to assume that no British monarch will ever in the future know England only.

* * *

The heir to the throne must wield such influence and exercise such abilities as he possesses with the utmost prudence, yet if he is too modest or retiring he fails to get into that close sympathy with the people which is so essential at the present day to kings and princes. The present Prince has developed an aptitude for oratory. His delivery is delightful, and his ideas—those at least that fall from his lips—are fresh and vigorous. Edward VII. will at any rate, we may surmise, have no cause to echo the words which Shakespeare puts into the mouth of the father of Prince Hal in his last sad days:

"The blood weeps from my heart when I do shape
In forms imaginary, the unguided days,
And rotten times that you shall look upon
When I am sleeping with my ancestors."

There have been some English monarchs since the days of Henry IV. who might have shared his sentiment, but the Empire is happier in its kings and princes than was the England of the past, and there is no place

in the modern world for a Prince Hal, save the stage.

* * *

Lord Roberts is, of course, one of the greatest men of action the Empire has produced in these latter years. He alone of those who went to South Africa with great names increased his reputation. And yet it cannot be denied that he was favored by time and circumstance, and there must always remain the doubt whether without the misfortunes that befell Buller and others to guide him he, too, might not have had the lustre of his reputation dimmed. This possibility does not make Roberts less great as a general, but lightens somewhat the gloom that rests on the names of others. To Lord Roberts, at any rate, belongs the credit of rescuing the Empire from a discreditable and painful position and of getting rapidly through with the worst aspects of the unhappy war, and it is this that has made him the most distinguished and popular soldier of the Empire. The military operations in which Lord Roberts engaged immediately after taking charge of the campaign in South Africa are admitted to have been of a masterly character and to have been peculiarly adapted to Boer tactics and Boer human nature. Canadians shared in the feelings of intense relief with which in quick succession were witnessed the relief of Kimberley, Ladysmith and Mafeking, and the fall of Bloemfontein, Pretoria and Johannesburg. The risks taken by the great British general appeared terrible to the amateur, but Lord Roberts had not studied the Boer character in vain. Lord Roberts was as humane as able, and throughout the war kept well in mind the vital fact that those who were his enemies for the moment would shortly be citizens of the Empire, and that it was not well to inflict wounds that would not heal. The great general's presence at the Quebec celebration will be accepted as a graceful compliment to Canada and will elicit a chorus of affectionate and appreciative greetings from the Atlantic to the Pacific.

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The great demonstration itself will be in progress before these lines are printed. One can but express once more the hope that it will proceed without any untoward incident and that the strong new bond it creates between the two races of Canada will be fruitful of good feeling and amity. The spectacular feature of the affair transcends anything ever attempted previously in Canada, if not indeed in America, but it is in skilful hands, and Mr. Lascelles may be expected to bring it to a satisfactory conclusion, as he has done in the case of similar undertakings in England. A most pleasing feature of the enterprise to purchase the famous battlefield is the hearty response which the appeal for funds in England has received. There can be no doubt that this is due not only to the affection entertained by the people of the mother country for the great Dominion, but that it is also in part inspired by the new friendliness to France and by the realization of the fact that the actual tercentenary is to do honor to the memory of a great Frenchman. It is a happy coincidence that the Franco-British exhibition in London, which is cementing the entente and attracting scores of thousands of French visitors to the great metropolis, is in the full tide of success at the moment of the Quebec festivities. We in Canada shall be satisfied if our own demonstration passes off happily and if the battlefields project associated with it is achieved.

* * *

The weary session at Ottawa will have been by no means a vain or useless one if the Civil Service Bill becomes law, as at the moment there seems every probability of it doing. It was a subject postponed from par-

liament to parliament and tossed from party to party because of its difficult and thorny aspects. There was no obvious advantage to either party from dealing with it, and the public interest in the matter was faint and shadowy. The measure presented to Parliament appears to have impressed favorably the majority on both sides of the House, and may be regarded as a genuine attempt to lift the service out of the mire of party politics. The placing of the appointments under the control of two commissioners, removable, like the Auditor-General, only by consent of Parliament, is a feature which will relieve the members of the Commons of the distressingly heavy burden of patronage. No doubt the outside service will be brought under the control of the commissioners in time. The success or failure of the new scheme of appointment depends, however, very largely on the character of the men appointed as commissioners, and it is essential that these should be men of strong personal force, strict integrity and well-balanced minds, and, moreover, that they should so far as possible enjoy the public confidence.

* * *

The nomination of Mr. Taft for the Presidency was practically certain. Mr. Roosevelt is easily the most popular and influential man in the United States, and, other things being equal, the candidate favored by him was bound to win. Mr. Taft has long been in training for the Presidency, and it must be admitted that his record is an admirable one. He has served on the Bench, and he has been a member of President Roosevelt's Cabinet. His statesmanlike handling of the problems that had to be faced in Cuba and the Philippines produced calm and order. His public addresses during his recent tour of the world seem to have been models of decorum and wisdom. He is receiving the support of papers like the

THE PRINCE OF WALES

New York *World* and *Times*, which if not definitely Democratic, usually support the Democratic ticket. It is true his election will apparently be fought while the country is still suffering from the severe financial depression of recent months, but such a time is probably still less favorable to the Democratic party, with the doubtful remedies for such ills associated with it in the past than it is to the Republicans, and there seems

EARL ROBERTS

every reason to believe Mr. Taft will have an easy victory.

* * *

The Democratic nominee also will have been chosen before these pages are printed. Mr. Bryan will in all probability be the man, though there are those who insist that Governor Johnson of Minnesota would be safer. It will surely be Bryan's last appearance as a candidate should he be selected and defeated, whereas Governor Johnson will probably be reserved for a better fate—better, politically speaking, at least. The Democratic candidate will not always be called upon to face Roosevelts and Tafts. Roosevelt's remarkable influence will not extend far into the next Presidential term, and Johnson is training much on the same lines that Roosevelt trained, save that the former belongs to a western state; also, of course, Johnson has no war record. Johnson is a younger man than Bryan, and for this and other reasons he would do well not to fight too hard to secure the nomination of his party.

* * *

It is difficult to find in the published platform of the Republican party any feature which may be described as a vital issue dividing the two parties, as the silver question divided them in 1896, when Mr. Bryan was first defeated. The platform contains a somewhat contradictory section in which the party is lauded for the vast accumulation of wealth in the United States since the Republican party was born, while it is immediately afterwards intimated that the financial disturbance through which the country is said to have safely passed would have had the most dreadful results if the Democrats had been in power. There is surely something lacking in the polity of the United States if one-half the people are to be thus gravely declared incapable of government. On the tariff the platform declares for a revision immediately after the election, though the chief amendment suggested is the establishment of maximum and minimum rates, a device already introduced into the Dominion tariff; the President to be entrusted with the administration of the maximum and minimum rates, "the maximum to be available to meet discriminations by foreign countries against American goods entering their markets"—here is a threat of tariff warfare. The platform approves the enactment of the railroad rate law and the immediate appropriation by the present Congress of a sum sufficient to enable the Interstate Commerce Commission thoroughly to investigate and to give publicity to the accounts of Interstate railroads. These are matters of importance, but hardly worthy of figuring as the chief features in the election manifesto of a great party. Yet there is nothing else if we omit a declaration that the people of Porto Rico should be collectively made citizens of the United States, the exact meaning and effect of which are doubtful; and a suggestion that New Mexico and Arizona should be

immediately admitted as separate States of the Union, a matter more or less inevitable in any event with their reasonable development.

* * *

There seems to be a doubt whether King Edward has shown his customary wisdom in the garden party incident, which has for the first time since he ascended the throne evoked an outburst of hostile criticism from one of the political parties. The function from which the Labor leaders were excluded was a purely social one, and the Ministry is in no way responsible; yet the omission will have a serious political effect if it represents in any degree the estrangement from the throne of the rapidly growing party led by Messrs. J. Ramsay Macdonald and Keir Hardie. The fact that the only other marked omission was of a Liberal member who had voted with the Labor party in support of a motion condemnatory of the King's recent visit to Russia is accepted as evidence of the reason for the snub.

* * *

Allowing for a little coloring which the lively imagination of the cable correspondent may have given the recent dispatch telling of the remarkable gathering of woman suffragists in front of the Parliament Buildings at Westminster, the incident and scene must have been sufficiently notable, and will no doubt have an appreciable effect on the movement. The great gathering seems to have been orderly and to have been managed with the proverbial tactfulness of the London policemen. Premier Asquith is willing to be convinced of the desirability of woman suffrage, but doubted whether women really wanted it. The women have undertaken to settle his doubt. It is well-known that the late Premier of Great Britain, Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman, was a convinced woman suffragist, and now his successor will presumably

HON. SYDNEY FISHER, MINISTER OF AGRICULTURE, WHO INTRODUCED THE NEW CIVIL SERVICE BILL IN THE COMMONS

have had his scruples removed. The view of the average man will probably be that if women really want to vote they should have the right. As to any particular benefit resulting from it, either to the women themselves, or to the community, he will be skeptical. On the other hand, there will probably be no harm result. Politics will sometimes be sweetened and refined by women, women will sometimes be soured and vulgarized by politics. As to the argument that force lies at the bottom of law and that it will be impracticable for women to pass laws—for that is what the suffrage means ultimately—unless they are prepared to enforce them, we must remember that laws are frequently passed which remain a dead letter, and if women enact laws which men do not want, it will probably relieve the feelings of the women—and there will be an end of the matter.

BLOSSOM OF BROOM.

I wonder if the broom's in flow'r beside the steep white way
That leads to Preston-under-Scar beneath the moorland grey;
I wonder if the wind comes down as once it used to do,
All almond-sweet from golden gorse by woods like lakes of blue.

I long to see the village grey on ridge of rugged hill,
Where the blue smoke curls against the sky, and the air is clear and still,
And the blackbird sings his merry song, as sang he well of old . . .
I wonder if that path's still edged with banks of living gold.

I wonder if the white sheep pass slow-cropping round the gorse,
While, jingling all his cheerful bells, comes carrier with his horse;
I wonder if the curlew calls from lonely moorside far
As if he called me home again when broom's out under Scar.

—Augusta Hancock, in Pall Mall Magazine.

* * *

THE SUMMER SCHOOL.

IS there a drearier expression than "The Summer School?" What has summer to do with school? Are not the months of July and August made glorious by holiday associations? The teacher or student who forgets to be a child again in those long mid-summer days is the most foolish waster of time in the world. Sooner or later, the industrious person who refuses to dwell in the Land of the Lotos Eaters during the days when twilight is long finds herself on the wrong side of a nervous breakdown and is sorry ever after. There is no saving in accumulating knowledge at the expense of an acquaintance with the pines and the waves. Dead languages are all very well in the winter months, but the man or woman who attends extra classes in July and August is laying up for himself trouble and nerves. Horace and Theocritus would be the first to smile at the mortal who would turn his back on Nature's illuminated summer edition with a sonnet on every page, to pore over mere books.

After all, it is a book which has led to these reflections. I have just been reading *Eleven Hours of Afternoon* in Mr. Cy. Warman's new book, *Weiga of Temagami*, and the description of that splendid stretch of country, away, away north to the waters of Lake Athabasca makes one regard the toilers in the city as slaves indeed. To lay down a book containing such an inviting vista of an idle summer and pick up a paper

containing the advertisement of a summer school would lead any weary scribbler to exclaim over the folly of people who are so anxious to learn the wrong things.

* * *

MEN AND GOWNS.

THERE are few humorists in this all-too-sombre world but one of the best of the moderns is the writer called O. Henry, whose name in polite society, by the way, is Mr. Porter. Not long ago, according to the *Saturday Evening Post*, O. Henry joined the goodly fellowship of Benedick, and shortly after the wedding a literary friend gave a reception in honor of the story-writer and his wife. Late in the evening a woman addressing Mrs. Porter said:

"May I ask a question that I have been dying to ask your husband for a long time?"

"Why, certainly," replied Mrs. Porter.

"Well," continued the woman, "why does your husband always have the ladies in his stories wear *crepe de chine*?"

"I give it up," was the reply. "Let's ask Mr. Porter." Whereupon he was called over. On being asked he volunteered the following explanation:

"To tell the truth," he said, "I only know two kinds of goods, calico and *crepe de chine*. When the girls can't wear calico I make them wear *crepe de chine*. That's all there is to it."

O. Henry is more honest than the majority of men writers, who are slow to acknowledge their mistakes regarding feminine attire. Since Myrtle Reed's famous article on the subject, novelists of the male sex have been decidedly shy of mentioning material and style in connection with the heroine's gown. Ralph Connor in *The Doctor*, represented his heroine, who had been a schoolteacher in Glengarry County where no pedagogue has been known to accumulate a fortune, as wearing a cream *crepe de chine*, lavishly trimmed with lace, as one of her simplest gowns. Just why *crepe de chine* should have such a fascination for the masculine teller of tales one cannot determine, but even in the days of Oliver Wendell Holmes, it was beginning to wind its soft folds about fiction and poetry, for it was the genial *Autocrat* who desired to possess yards of the dainty stuff, "like wrinkled skins on scalded milk." Muslin was once the favored material, but it has evidently been discarded for a softer successor, and so long

MRS. ELIZABETH A. McGILLIVRAY KNOWLES, A.R.C.A.

From the painting by Mrs. Elizabeth A. McGillivray Knowles, A.R.C.A.

THE FALL OF THE YEAR

as the man novelist does not insist on cutting it up in small frills let us be thankful for his simple taste.

* * *

A CANADIAN ARTIST.

CANADA is constantly being accused of failing to appreciate the artistic side of national development. We acknowledge our shortcomings in this respect with the humility becoming a young nation which emerged from the wilderness the day before yesterday. It is unquestionably the women of the country who have the greater responsibility in raising the standard of both music and art. We are frequently reminded that women have done little creative work in art. Even if

this be true, it is also apparent that woman's appreciative and receptive attitude has highly stimulated artistic production.

Among Canadian women during the last twenty years there has been a decided increase of artistic interest and serious study. Their work, as displayed at the annual Exhibitions, shows a growth of individuality and force, grateful to those who are anxious to see Canadian art more than imitative. Mrs. McGillivray Knowles is one of these workers who have decided grasp and originality of style. Last spring Mrs. Knowles was given the standing of A. R. C. A., the highest honor which can be bestowed upon a woman artist in Canada.

In this number of the *Canadian Magazine* is reproduced a photograph of the picture, "The Fall of the Year," which was exhibited by Mrs. Knowles last winter at the annual display of work by the Ontario Society of Artists. Mrs. Knowles is especially happy in the portrayal of autumn scenes—the season which is dear to the heart of Canadian poets has attracted her artists also and the subdued richness of coloring in this study of the month of the falling leaf has made the picture a favorite with many visitors to the exhibitions and to "The Studio," the delightful Toronto residence where Mr. and Mrs. Knowles hold Saturday receptions during the winter months. By courtesy of the artist is also published a personal photograph. Mrs. Knowles is of English descent, her maiden name, Elizabeth Beach, having an old-world flavor, but her striking brunette type rather suggests Southern Europe than the conventional Saxon style. Mrs. Knowles' foreign study was undertaken in Paris where she resided for some years after her marriage. That her artistic achievement may continue to bring the satisfaction which "the joy of the working" alone can give, is the wish of her many friends.

* * *

THE TEA-ROOM.

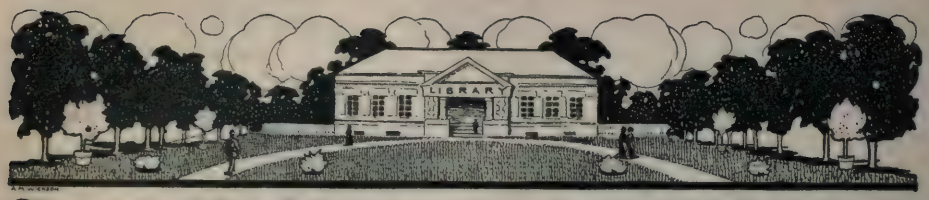
A CANADIAN woman who has lived in Europe for the last four years was lately commenting on the prevalence of tea rooms in London and the recent adoption of the fashion in Canadian cities.

"So many Canadian women appear to be anxious to do something for themselves in that way," she said, "but they seem to forget that the matter must be taken up as a serious business. It is all very well to talk about dainty cups, dear little rooms, and wafery bread and butter, but the expense of all this daintiness is very heavy and no woman should enter upon such an undertaking without understanding thoroughly what the first outlay means. In the first place, linen and silver must be of the best or one does not get the right class of people as customers. I have a friend who has opened a tea-room of the desirable sort and the expense of laundry alone is something to astonish the uninitiated. The average restaurant is a most uninviting spot but the high-class tea-room is not to be taken in hand by an amateur."

"They have been sadly needed in Canada" said a friend from Western Ontario. "How many Canadian cities do you suppose, have any parlors or tea-rooms where women who are down town shopping can have a really good cup of tea or chocolate with rolls or toast? I know of several cities where a cosy place of that kind would be a success."

"That may be," said her travelled friend, "but you must not forget that it needs a large daily custom to make such a venture pay. A dozen women dropping in for tea will hardly mean five dollars in an afternoon."

Jean Graham.



The WAY of LETTERS

READABLE "STUNTS" IN VERSE.

THE publication of James P. Haverson's "Sour Sonnets of a Sorehead and Other Songs of the Street" affords still another instance of the versatility of Canadian writers. Mr. Haverson is primarily a newspaper writer, but he has abundantly shown that he is a versifier of no mean quality, and those who read *The Canadian Magazine* know that he can, as he himself in certain humor would put it, do "stunts" different from the material that appears between the covers of his first book. His "Sour Sonnets" and "Songs of the Street" are marked by distinct originality in ideas, and he has found among the groundlings a philosophy that has point and poignancy, even though it is expressed in a manner that is not cultivated in the drawing-room. Here is a "Song of the Street:"

A PIPE DREAM.

If I could be an actress in a show,
You ought to see the happy-rags, I'd wear;
An' fer my beau, I'd cop a millionaire.
The men would rubber everywheres I'd go,
An' he would whisper to me soft an' low,
"Gee, but I love you, Madmazell de Vare."
Then I would look as if I didn't care—
But when we was alone I'd let him know.
If I would get a chance, I'd be the goods.
You bet, I'd keep them talkin' all the way.
I'd be just full of "temperamental moods,"
An' I'd create sensations every day.
I'd send the phoneys hikin' to the woods
An' be the candy on the Great White Way.

In order to have at least a slight appreciation of Mr. Haverson's style in another vein, read his verses on page 299 of this issue.

As well as in the letter-press, "Sour Sonnets of a Sorehead, etc." is an attractive publication. It contains numerous pen and ink drawings by Fergus Kyle, a clever young Toronto illustrator, and altogether has been well set up by the printers, the Hunter-Rose Company (Toronto: McLeod & Allen).

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THE FIRST ENGLISH CONQUEST OF CANADA.

The celebration of the tercentenary of the founding of Quebec by Champlain has afforded an excellent opportunity for the republication in an enlarged form, illustrated, of Henry Kirke's volume entitled "The First English Conquest of Canada." In this work the author deals with an incident in English history that is oftentimes overlooked. The author observes that to most people the British occupation of Canada dates from the time when those heroes Wolfe and Montcalm fell in mortal combat; they ignore the fact that the cross of St. George floated over the citadel of Quebec for three years, a century earlier, from 1629 to 1632. The purpose of the volume, therefore, is to give the brief history of the capture of a French fleet in

the St. Lawrence by Captain David Kirk, and the subsequent surrender of Champlain. According to this authority, King Charles, after three years of British occupation, relinquished to the King of France all claim to territory in North America in recognition of the payment of a debt to the English Crown of 400,000 crowns. The author quite appropriately says, in speculating on the circumstances:

"It is interesting to consider what would have been the fate of Canada and Nova Scotia if the English had held on to their conquests and refused to give them up. It is probable that they would have joined the other North American colonies in their revolt against Great Britain in 1774, in which case they would now form part of the United States. So possibly the determination of King Charles to surrender them, although they had to be reconquered at an immense expense of money and bloodshed, preserved those impartial provinces to the British Empire."

(London: Sampson, Low, Marston and Company. Cloth, 3/6 net).

* * *

A NEW CANADIAN WRITER.

A notable book of the month from a Canadian standpoint is "The Old Loyalist" by Allen Ross Davis. The author is a resident of Winnipeg, but his novel has for a setting the picturesque Bay of Quinte district of the Province of Ontario. He has taken advantage of the opportunity to pay a tribute to the United Empire Loyalists, and he has also made use of two important periods in the history of Canada, viz., the Fenian Raid and the construction days of the Canadian Pacific Railway. The chief character of the book, George Clinton, is a descendant of the United Empire Loyalists, and a worthy descendant he in time proves to be. George Clinton is a man of attractive personality and lofty principles; in short, he is what might be called a thoroughly good man. The book contains several other well-drawn characters, especially Quinte Brown, a negro of engaging parts. Opportunity is taken to work in John A. Macdonald, who at the time with which the novel deals was Attorney-General. The story is at times highly imaginative, and here and there it becomes rather melodramatic. (Toronto: William Briggs. Cloth, illustrated, $1.25).

THEODORE ROBERTS, WHOSE LATEST NOVEL IS ENTITLED "CAPTAIN LOVE"

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"THE BELLE ISLERS."

A new book by Richard Brinsley Newman that will appeal with much attraction to many persons is entitled "The Belle Islers." The story which it presents is humorous, but in one or more instances it borders on the pathetic, and is indebted to a clergyman, who withholds his name, for its existence. The main-spring to a knowledge of what transpires is at the outset, and concerns the fifteen-year-old son of a parson. This

youth is awake to the advantage the town's folk take of his father's simplicity and lack of business astuteness. He is the kind of lad who is ever ready to discuss all questions with all comers. Therefore, early in the book readers get knowledge of his inmost thoughts, learn much about the things that perplex his family circle, and become amused at the way he expresses himself. Although the story has much material to cause laughter, it seems somewhat apparent that it has likewise another purpose to serve. (Toronto: McLeod & Allen. Cloth, $1.25).

* * *

ANOTHER FROM GEORGE LORIMER.

George Horace Lorimer, who is the notable editor of the Philadelphia *Saturday Evening Post*, has laid the foundation of another reputation as a successful novelist. "Old Gorgon Graham" and his "Letters" have been followed by "Jack Spurlock—Prodigal," and the volume should have equal vogue with the previous ones. It is a better story and the humor is as fresh, the slang is as sparkling, and the characterization more clearly cut, and equally quaint and delightful. Charles Dickens might have written such a book had he been set down a young man in modern American conditions. There is the same reliance on incident rather than plot which distinguishes the "Pickwick Papers," and like that book, the leading figure in the story appears almost to have been developed accidentally after his possibilities had been realized. It is in the sixth chapter of the twelve that "Major Geo'ge Magoffin Jackson" is introduced, and he holds the stage thereafter as one of the most charming old specimens of social vagabondage one would care to meet. "Looks like Henry Ward Beecher with a dash of H. H. Rogers and Hop. Smith" was the hero's opinion. His gambling adventures, his philosophy of business, his remarks upon capitalism, and his astounding optimism are all in the finest vein. "Give yo'-self no concern about yo' finances, my deah boy. The Lo'd will provide. And if He doesn't, I will, suh. The world is full of ideas, and ideas are money—if you get hold of the right ideas. We're a good pair, suh, and we'll draw to our hand." There is a laugh on every page, and some of the incidents are as amusing as any in fiction. Anita Grey is a very charming heroine, and all grades of society are represented. Old Spurlock, the financier, is a worthy successor to Gorgon Graham, and glimpses are given of the newly rich in various situations. The caricature is always legitimate, and, like Dickens, Mr. Lorimer only emphasizes instead of distorting the truths he records, as Ruskin was wise enough to remark in the case of the author of "Copperfield." The shifts to which Spurlock and the Major are put to get a living bring the reader in contact with all kinds of peculiar humans, but the net effect is to leave him with a more amiable sentiment for his fellow-creatures. (Toronto: William Briggs. Cloth, $1.25).

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A STORY OF THE KLONDYKE.

"Delilah of the Snows," a new novel by Harold Bindloss, is one of those books which succeed in being just good enough to make us sorry that they are not better. We find in it the sound framework and careful building of a strong story, but the life which ought to animate the completed structure is curiously lacking. There are characters which we feel we might like if they were a little more alive and there are adventures which might excite us if the people to whom they happened had appeared to worry; but we are not allowed to have a real thrill.

The scene of the story shifts from England to the Canadian Klondyke,

and the action deals with the struggles of a young Englishman, whose father kept a book-store, to rise to the dizzy social heights occupied by the daughter of a retired major. There is plenty of struggle, the hero would seem to have deserved his reward many times, but the author won't let him have it. The poor fellow never gets anywhere. He "strikes it rich" three times, and every time the claim reverts to the Crown, leaving him in the end as poor as when he started. This may be moral, but it cannot help being disappointing. He has also to content himself with the girl that he loved only second-best, which is hard on the girl! Delilah herself is such a shadow-person that she fails to count. The most interesting thing in the book is probably the picture it gives of mining in the Klondyke under the fatherly care of the Mounted Police. (Toronto: McLeod & Allen. Cloth, $1.25).

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HOW TO COLLECT.

Collectors are divided into two classes: those who collect to gratify curiosity and those who collect in order to increase the pleasure they take in æsthetic decoration. But whether the collector possesses a taste for decoration or is merely curious, he would find much of interest in a volume entitled "Byways of Collecting" by Ethel Deane. This book is intended to give some good lessons in the rudiments of collecting and to start the novice on the right way. It also gives advice as to what methods and things should be avoided. In Canada, collecting is adding to its list of devotees very rapidly, a fact that is obvious to any one who has opportunities of seeing the furnishings of the better class of homes in this country and also to observe the increasing number of "antique" shops in the cities. While "Byways of Collecting" is not an exhausting work, it has many things to recommend it to those who are in sympathy with the subject. (Toronto: Cassell and Company).

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AN INGENIOUS HERO.

A curious and incongruous title, "Love and the Ironmonger," is chos en by F. J. Randall for a story with an unusual plot. The hero becomes possessed of a "secret" in the lives of three business associates, and this power he uses in unscrupulous but amusing fashion. A humorous novel is rare in these days, but this narrative has a decided drollery which somewhat resembles F. Anstey's early work. The reader is kept on the *qui vive* with the three victims of the aspiring blackmailer, and finds the turns of the hero's fortune quite a contrast from the hackneyed course of modern adventure. (Toronto: Henry Frowde. Cloth, $1.25).

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AMONG MOSQUES AND MINARETS.

At this season of year books on travel are in particular demand, and to meet that demand many attractive publications are being issued. One of the latest is from the pen of Francis Miltoun, with illustrations from original water-color drawings by Blanche McManus. It is entitled "In the Land of Mosques and Minarets," and deals in a very delightful way with what the traveller might expect to encounter in that part of Africa which touches on the Mediterranean, taking in Algiers, Tunis, and Morocco. It is a book for the traveller, but particularly also it is calculated to amuse and inform those who have spirit of travel within them but who do not possess the means wherewith to gratify it. Containing many anecdotes which tell in their own peculiar way about the idiosyncrasies of the people of Northern Africa, it is as well a good guide, as obviously it was written

and illustrated from actual experience. (Boston: L. C. Page & Company; Toronto: William Briggs. Cloth, $3).

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A VIVID ROMANCE.

The partnership fiction, written by C. N. and A. M. Williamson, is invariably run by gasolene. Their latest production, called "Scarlet Runner," is no exception and proves to contain the liveliest motor of them all. The gentleman chauffeur, Christopher Race, meets with such adventures as Sherlock Holmes would have loved, with murders, marriages, and sudden deaths in nearly every chapter. The hero has, indeed, a dash of detective skill and could easily get a job at Scotland Yard if the "Scarlet Runner" were to come to grief. But we trust no such catastrophe will ever befall the "bonnet" of the bonnie car which will probably run through another series of romances. The story, or rather, collection of stories, will prove highly entertaining for an August afternoon. (Toronto: William Briggs. Cloth, $1.25).

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A WRITER ON WRITERS.

It is gratifying to note that a Canadian edition has been issued of Sir Arthur Conan Doyle's charming book "Through the Magic Door." What a delightful title! It means the door that opens into the library. To booklovers a name like that to any book should be irresistible, and as a matter of fact the book is one of the most fascinating publications of the year. In it the author gives his impressions of many of the foremost writers in the English language. (Toronto: William Briggs. Cloth, $1.25).

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"BEMOCKED OF DESTINY."

Without making any pretensions to literary merit, "Bemocked of Destiny" by Aeneas McCharles, is a veritable human document, so full is it of the things that appeal with peculiar force to whatever humanity there may be within us. Its publication took place after the author had passed away, and that fact in itself is a striking instance of the purpose that the author intended the work to serve. It purports to be an account of the actual struggles and experiences of a man who, born in Cape Breton, in 1844, went through the hardships of pioneer life in Canada, and subsequently was "thwarted, disappointed, bemocked of destiny ever since my boyhood days." The narration of his experiences makes up a novel and somewhat remarkable volume. (Toronto: William Briggs. Cloth, $1.25).

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NOTES.

—"Cuba and Other Verse" is the title of a volume by Robert Manners. The leading poem gives a glowing description of the Pearl of the Antilles. (Toronto: William Briggs).

—Mr. J. Hunt Stanford is the author of a neat volume of verse entitled "Miriam and other Poems." (Toronto: William Briggs).

—A new number in the series of Beacon Biographies has just appeared. The series aims to give brief, readable, authentic accounts of those Americans whose personalities have been most deeply on the history of their country. The latest is by John Macy and deals with Edgar Allan Poe. M. A. de Wolfe Howe is the editor of the series. (Boston: Small, Maynard & Company. Cloth. 75 cents).

—"Panama and Back," a volume by Dr. Henry T. Byford, gives an account of a recent trip by the author to the Panama Canal zone, including a number of islands and ports in the little known regions of the Caribbean Sea. (Hammond, Ind: W. B. Conkey Company).

MEMORIES OF THE FALL FAIR

SOME of us cherish with infinite satisfaction memories of the old-time Fall Fair. It was in its way a highly important and austere institution, important inasmuch as it brought together, as no other occasion seemed to bring, the flower and the sinew of the whole countryside; austere in its very aloofness, its independence and in its freedom from frills and artificialities. It was, indeed, a self-contained institution. It made no call on the Farmers' Institute, the dairy and kindred associations, but stood out alone on its own merits and met itself face to face. Even the local politicians took but little advantage of the occasion to harangue the electors, and the people found much satisfaction in visiting the Crystal Palace, measuring monstrous yellow squashes and pumpkins, "hefting" turnips, tasting butter, looking at fine turnouts in the ring, admiring fat stock, eating grapes, munching pop-corn and candy, taking a throw at the revolving dolls, and marvelling greatly at the sonorous voice of the stranger who had on sale "ice-cold lemonade, forty feet under the shade, and it shines with the light of a diamond."

In those days there were three ways for a lad to gain admittance to the grounds. One was to go manfully up to the gate and pay fifteen cents. Another was to help some farmer with his vegetables, and then slip in unnoticed, somewhere between the horses and the waggon, and the last resort was to crawl under the fence at a remote corner, provided some hard-hearted person had not filled in the hole that had been dug a month earlier.

To a lad of ordinary human propensities the sum of fifteen cents meant little, even when spent judiciously at the various booths, but to those whose maximum allowance for the day was a quarter it loomed up big and as being full of great possibilities. Perhaps some of us can recall how the quarter was distributed. If luck stood by us, the farmer and the vegetables not having materialized, entrance would take place in the van of the village storekeeper, whose candy booth this year would exceed everything else of the kind ever seen in that locality. If failure were met in these first two possibilities, there always remained the chance of the gatekeeper being a neighbor or near relative whose eyesight was rather bad and who therefore would naturally fail to detect so small a boy in the act of slipping through between the parson and the tavernkeeper.

Of course, detection was always a probability; indeed, in time it attained the reputation of being almost a certainty; and so the hole under the fence became, not only the last resort, but as well a more popular resort. It was much safer, particularly if on the inside the lad happened to come up under the breastworks of a strange horse that would shield him from the penetrating gaze of Si Martin, who undoubtedly would be doing temporary but highly distinguished service as Constable. Once, in an impetuous moment, when a kicking horse precluded all hope of

safe entry in that quite proper way, an attempt was made to scale the fence and gain admittance by a daring, miscalculated stroke. What a picture was presented as the lad rose against the skyline above the fence! And what a picture of ignominious failure as Si led him through the crowd, deposited him in the highway outside and left him there on suspended sentence!

But it should be taken as granted that usually entrance would be gained with the quarter still intact. The thing having been luckily done, the next problem was a judicious disposition of the money. Five cents was the general price for everything, and for the lad the Fair served no other purpose than an annual opportunity extraordinary to experience delights that on most occasions were unheard of. Five cents would buy a bag of grapes (mostly bag) or a drink of lemonade (mostly drink) or a ball of pop-corn (mostly ball) or a peep at the "enlarged views" (mostly peep) or a throw at the revolving dolls (mostly throw). To buy all these things meant a complete annihilation of the quarter. That was painfully evident. And yet not to buy them was to have no real Fair at all. But there would be nothing left for peanuts or candy. Here, then, was a proposition: How could all these delights be procured, including the peanuts or candy? No hope was there of a supplementary estimate from father, mother or sister, because for some unfailing reason they had a similar problem to solve. In any case, the calculation could be more surely made if the quarter were changed into five-cent bits. Then arose a greater problem than ever: Who would change the quarter with the most likelihood of giving six five-cent bits instead of five? The village storekeeper, who was sadly perturbed because a competitor from a neighboring village had erected a booth close to his, had all the ear-marks of an easy victim, but, true to his reputation, he gave no more than the law demanded. That was unfortunate. Still, hope had not yet died out. Approaching another booth, the lad asked for a quarter in exchange for the five-cent bits. Now, who was the next most likely victim? Ah! there he was: Jimmy Oke, the fat cattle buyer, who had the reputation of always carrying a pocketful of silver. So Jimmy was approached. Readily his hand went into a side pocket and came out bulging with coin. Carelessly he took three five-cent bits and a ten and handed them over. At the same time, the lad noticed a five-cent bit drop into the grass. How well had fortune favored him at last! It would be a simple performance to stand until Jimmy had passed on, to stoop down, pick up the piece of silver, and then proceed to make the first purchase of the day. But a better idea arose, prompted, it must be admitted, by the fear that Jimmy had seen the money fall. He would display his honesty by picking the bit up and offering it to Jimmy. After all, honesty was the best policy; and, anyway, he felt sure that so good a sport and all-round careless man as this would dismiss him with a disdainful wave of hand, saying, "Oh, run away, my boy, and buy yourself a drink of 'lemonade'." But, dispeller of all happy illusions, Jimmy took the money, and across the grounds rolled in clarion tones the irrestible announcement: "Ice-cold lemonade, forty feet——."

The lad could never understand how men of that stamp could be so heartless.

Time was passing. The lad girded his loins and started for the revolving dolls. There at least he would run a double chance: he would have the notoriety of throwing at the dolls, and, should he manage to hit one, he might sell the

prize, one cigar, to some unsuspecting rustic. Besides, the change might reveal a surplus.

"Step right up and try your luck," he heard the doll-man shout, and he obeyed just as if the injunction had been directed at him personally. The balls were too large for his immature hands, but he gripped one and sent it twirling at the dolls. For some pecular reason or other, it went through the group and struck against the canvas behind.

"A small loss for you," shouted the doll-man, and the spectators pressed closer.

The lad had two balls left. One went twirling through the air, and again the canvas at the back gave out a dead thud.

"A small loss for you," repeated the doll-man, and the spectators took on a knowing grin.

Now for the third and last chance. It seemed useless to take aim, or to calculate, and so the third ball was sent through the air at random. It proved to be what is known as a lucky shot, and one of the dolls went twirling from the impact.

"A small gain for you," shouted the doll-man, as he handed out a cigar and twenty cents in change, while the spectators shifted positions or moved on.

Here was real business, thought the boy, and accordingly he opened negotiations for the sale of the cigar. For some unaccountable reason, the market for cigars was a little off, and no person seemed to particularly desire the one that he had wrested from the "fakir." Had it been a cigarette, the lad would have tackled it himself, but a cigar was too risky. Then a bright thought struck him. Money being scarce, perhaps he could bring about a trade. With that object in view he interviewed the dispensers at the various refreshment booths, and finally succeeded in exchanging the cigar for a bag of grapes (mostly bag). He was now on the highway to all the delights of the occasion, and it is safe to say that there was no more appreciative person on the grounds than he. But the most cherished memory of the occasion lies in the lad's first taste of musk-melon. He had been walking aimlessly amongst rows of vegetables and had stopped to watch a man who was about to cut a prize melon. Satisfied with the status of spectator, he had no thought of actually participating, but, strange things do happen, and, as the slices were being handed around, some one had a heart large enough to include him. Perhaps since then other melons have been produced of equally agreeable flavor, but for one person that first sample is still the standard of excellence.

Other attractions there were, but for the small boy they counted for little. The arrival of a family party in a cloud of dust, followed by the shaking out of white muslin dresses and linen dusters, offered no novelty, while the presence in the "ring" of the belle of the community and her best *beau*, driving in a "covered buggy" had no charm for youthful imagination.

There was no such thing as a hired attraction, and in that very fact, no doubt, lay the Fair's independence and aloofness. It was cosmopolitan in theory, but communal in practice. It was open to all the world, but somehow all the world did not go in.

The Editor

THE MERRY MUSE

THE BROKEN GALLEY*

By JOHN A. COPLAND

They pitched her out one day
Where the brass and type piles lay,
And strove to get the paper off
Before their tears they shed.
Then the grieving foreman said:
"With ink we've dyed you red,
We've rattled you against the blocks
And piled you with our dead.

"Each bulging screw could tell
Where eight and ten point fell;
You caught it at the press's jaws
And bore it safe to hell.
And now your job is done,
Your galley life is run;
No more your brass will bend in two
Athwart the Printer's son.

"Your sides will bulge no more
With the politician's roar;
No more your rivets break in song
Against the outer door;
But you will sleep beside
The outcast metal tide—
Not you; I'll take you forth again."
But there the foreman lied.

Worn out, he let her lie
'Mid pyramids of pi;
Still she sleeps below their strings,
Nor recks with doleful sigh;
With her broken-type mates strewn,
Her wooden edges groan;
And a dirge to rest the kinks of her,
The devil's whistled tune.

*In the May *Canadian Magazine* a poem by Lloyd Roberts was published. The first stanza is as follows:

They beached her in the bay,
Where the creamy sand-drifts lay,
And strove to hold the foemen off
With blades too weak to slay.
Then her stricken captain said,
"Our blood has dyed you red,
We've broken you upon the rocks
And ringed you with our dead."

It suggested Mr. Copland's verses.—The Editor.

A BIT OF WEATHER

By JEAN GRAHAM

There is never a streak of sunshine
To gladden the day's sullen frown,
Till I meet in the quiet garden
Marie in a daffodil gown.

Then the skies become all unclouded,
The gloom in deep shame quickly flies;
But in truth at this radiant moment
I find my blue heaven in her eyes.

Just a flash of the ardent sunlight
Illumines the dreary air;
For I see 'neath the climbing roses
The gleam of Marie's golden hair.

For the weather is ever charming,
No sky has the courage to frown,
When there smiles 'mid the garden's roses
Marie in a daffodil gown.

* * *

DISILLUSION

By KITTY BAXTER

The country is no place for me,
Including country fairies:
The milk is skimmed; the cream, you see,
Goes to the city dairies.

The girls are all right in their way,
But they are necessaries.
Berries are rather flat with whey—
The cream goes to the dairies.

It's awfully nice to sit and dream
Of clover fields and cherries,
But what's the use, if all the cream
Goes to the bloomin' dairies.

Oh, I had heard of Arcady,
Of Susans and of Marys.
It's nothing but philanthropy.
For mine, the city dairies.

THE QUEBEC TERCENTENARY

Crowds on the heights witnessing the arrival of Champlain's ship the *Don de Dieu*

THE

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THE INDIAN WAR-DANCE

OUR THREE-HUNDREDTH BIRTHDAY

BY NEWTON MACTAVISH

THE celebration of the Quebec Tercentenary presented a remarkable paradox. In its outward aspects it was nothing short of a tremendous panorama of arms, and yet in reality it proved to be an imposing spectacle of peace. Never before in Canada had so many men under arms mustered to the bugle call, and never before, anywhere, had defenses of the greatest Empire and the two greatest Republics in the world stood out on so magnificent a stage in demonstration of the supreme triumph of concord and good-will. A military aggregation of ten thousand infantry, three thousand cavalrymen, and four thousand jack-tars presents to the undisciplined eye a veritable bulwark of defence, and when an army of that size (twice as large as the combined armies of Wolfe and Montcalm) passes in review, trooping their colors in the presence of royalty and stepping smartly to the measure of martial airs, one almost instinctively swells with pride at the sight and almost with equal instinct assumes a defiant attitude, inwardly laughing with exquisite scorn at those who give warning of wars and invasions and conquests. Perhaps, strange to say, that was not in every instance the sentiment inspired at Quebec. It was really the

THE QUEBEC TERCENTENARY

The landing of the Prince of Wales, the second figure to the left from Lady Grey

THE QUEBEC TERCENTENARY
Indian Escorts of Champlain's ship the *Don de Dieu*

A SECTION OF THE MILITARY REVIEW

The Prince of Wales and Earl Roberts are the foremost figures, mounted, on the right

very opposite, for men-of-war of three great nations lying in quiet majesty on the face of the river, and fighting men on the heights marching under three distinctive flags, dissolved all forecast of strife and bloodshed, and inspired the feeling that for Great Britain, the United States, and France this era of peace shall endure.

The presence of so many soldiers and seamen was not a unique realization for those who saw the great review on the Plains of Abraham; it was manifest everywhere. The whole city throbbed with a martial pulse, and the air was full of the noise of soldiery. Scarcely could one get away from the booming of cannon, the beating of drums, the clanking of scabbards, or the stamping of iron hoofs on cobble-stone and cement. Red-coats and gray-coats and blue-jackets lined the streets and filled the streets and marched through the streets. It was up the hill and down the hill, here, there, and everywhere—marching from camp or marching to camp, forming an escort, or mustering for a special event. Some of the corps were encamped several miles out from the city, which necessitated many a hard and fatiguing march. The military arrangements were even more elaborate than they would have been in time of war, and everything was carried out in so excellent a manner that the Prince of Wales was constrained to send a message of congratulation to the Minister of Militia and Defense, Sir Frederick Borden.

But why, it might be asked, did France and the United States send war vessels to take part in the celebration of an event that had not ended in glory for them? Great Britain, France and the United States had all taken part in the protracted struggle for possession of that section of North America that is now called Canada, and to-day they are bringing glory upon themselves because they have taken recognition of the pioneer work of Samuel de Champlain, the man who founded the first colony and made worth while the struggles that followed.

WARSHIPS FIRING A SALUTE

At times during this performance the vessels could scarcely be seen because of smoke

It is almost platitudinous to say that the Tercentenary was a great success. It was worth many times over every dollar of the many thousands that were spent on it, and it will stand out in history, not merely as the occasion of a patriotic demonstration of enthusiasm of the three hundredth anniversary of the founding of the first colony in Canada, but also as our real awakening, as the awakening of the whole world, to the great fact that Canada is no longer a nursling, that she has been aroused to her place among nations, and that she has taken her place with messages of good-will from the seven seas. That is the feature that we must keep in mind: our place has been taken without the much-flaunted "baptism of blood," and for Canada there is a unique opportunity to show that greatness rests more in right than in might, and that it can be attained in larger and ever larger measure without a call to arms or a single act of offense.

It is difficult to give a comprehensive idea of the sumptuousness of the celebration as a whole and not fall into the trap of petty detail. First, an effort should be made to form a mental picture of Quebec City and its magnificent setting. Perhaps the simplest way would be to imagine a rocky promontory, capped with a fortress, just beneath which stretches a great promenade about a hundred feet wide and a quarter of a mile long, with the Chateau Frontenac and the Champlain statue at the farther end from the fortress or citadel. From that end of the promenade, which is known as the Dufferin Terrace, streets curve in several directions—downward to Lower Town, where flat land, all built over, runs parallel with the St. Lawrence; and upward and back of the citadel to the upper residential section, and, still running parallel with the river but on the heights above, the Grand Alley, leading out to the Ste. Foye road and the Plains of Abraham. Having got that setting fixed in the imagination, the person who has never had the good fortune to visit Quebec can at least

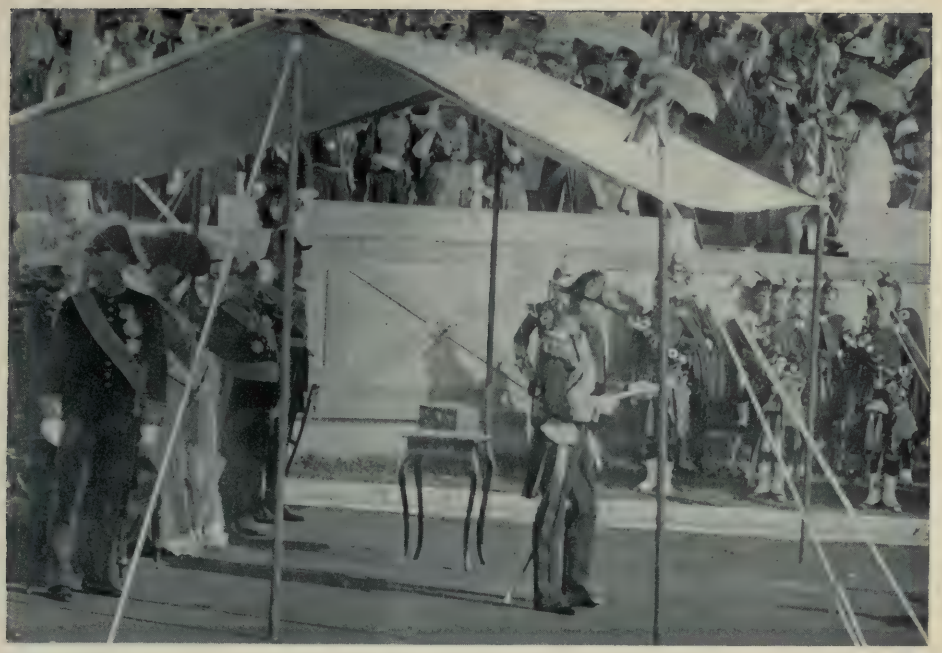
REVIEWING THE TROOPS

The Prince of Wales (in front, saluting) Earl Roberts (immediately behind the Prince) and Earl Grey (head and shoulders in rear). A column of jack-tars is passing in review

form an appreciation of its natural advantages for display. For instance, when the Prince of Wales landed from the *Indomitable* at the wharf in Lower Town, thousands of persons on the Dufferin Terrace looked down on the scene, while those above them again, on the grassy slope that reaches up to the deep trench surrounding the citadel, had an equally good outlook. As many as could pressed into the vicinity of the wharf below, and the streets all the way up to the citadel were crowded with an eager multitude. But from the Dufferin Terrace the landing of the Prince was only part of a stupendous picture. In the river lay eleven great battleships—eight British, two French, and one American, with the Canadian revenue cutter making up the even dozen. Across the river lay the interesting and picturesque town of Levis; in the middle distance the emerald island of Orleans, and away beyond that along the purple crests of the Laurentians the eye wandered in a maze of enthrallment until it rested for a moment on the noble brow of Cap Tourmente, down towards the sea.

But that was not all. On the right hand, and upwards and backwards, stood the grim old citadel, with the muzzle of dreadful cannon pointing their eager noses out across the edge of the King's bastion, and threatening evil hap to whatever foe might dare to stir forth on that majestic river. But had we not been talking about peace? Nevertheless, the likelihood is that now more than ever before the guns of that citadel will never have an opportunity to be anything but picturesque ornaments.

Surely the panoramic scene has not been forgotten in the desire to prophesy good. The point of vantage was the Dufferin Terrace,



THE PRINCE OF WALES

Reading his reply to the Civic Address of Welcome. In the front row under the canopy stand Earl Grey, Lady Grey and the French Admiral. Earl Roberts' head is visible immediately behind

and, having looked in all directions, not forgetting the little park and the imposing Chateau Frontenac, immediately behind, it is necessary to imagine the terrace thronged with thousands of spectators, many of them important personages, passing and repassing every hour of the day. Of course the Prince of Wales is not of that cosmopolitan crowd, but he has landed, has been welcomed, has been cheered by thousands, and now he is resting up at the Citadel.

Who is that man yonder with the bushy black beard, top hat and rather short sleeves? That is the great Duke of Norfolk, the premier Duke of all England, the one man whom etiquette permits to enter uncovered into the Royal presence. And that dashing-looking woman in the green hat? That is the great Irish beauty, Lady Beatrice Pole-Carew. With persons of such rank and beauty within sight, one was rather likely to receive nothing more than an *en masse* impression of the rest of the brilliant gathering. Knights and baronets, premiers and cabinet ministers, military officers and naval officers, bank presidents and railroad presidents, millionaires and gentlemen of ease, with ladies of great beauty of face and form and dress, passed up and down in the ever-changing scene of color and action. In this respect the Terrace was a rival of the historic pageants. But of the pageants too much could not be said. To attempt to describe them seems like a hopeless undertaking. They were presented under the direction of Mr. Lascelles by about 3,500 men, women and children belonging to some of the best families in the city of Quebec. The grandstand for spectators could seat about ten thousand persons. The stage, if so it might be called, was a portion of the Plains of Abraham,

THE QUEBEC TERCENTENARY
Wolfe's Highlanders drawn up for review

just above Wolfe's Cove, and one would almost conclude that a more suitable site could not be found. The time of presentation was from five to eight in the evening, and in the after-glow of sunset the splendor and beauty of some of the scenes were really superb. The pageants covered a period of about 150 years of Canadian history, beginning with the arrival of Jacques Cartier, and ending with the taking of Quebec by Wolfe. The trappings of those who took part and personated leading characters and enacted important events were gorgeous but real —real silk, real satin, real velvet, real leather, with real Indians and real outdoor scenery, beautiful green sward and wooded glades bordering a beautiful river. These pageants, as well as almost everything else, showed conclusively that the celebration of the Tercentenary had not been turned into an occasion for the glorification of Wolfe. Everything was produced as historically correct as it could be, but when it came to the battle of the Plains of Abraham, instead of showing a defeated French army, the director, with admirable taste, marched the two armies into the field side by side, and after putting them through peace drills to the accompaniment of inoffensive music, the whole company of performers trouped upon the scene, and the end was reached without a note that could be resented. True, the military review on Friday gave opportunity for the transfer of money for the purchase of the Plains by the Quebec Battlefields Commission. Addressing Earl Grey, the Prince of Wales said:

"It affords me the greatest pleasure to hand over to your Excellency, the representative of the Crown in Canada, the sum of $450,000, which, through the patriotism of British citizens in all parts of Canada and of the Empire, and the generosity of French and American sympathizers, has been entrusted to me, in order that the historic battlefields of Quebec, on which the two contending races won equal and imperishable glory, may be acquired for the people of the Dominion, and preserved, under special supervision of the Sovereign, as a permanent shrine of the union of peace.

"I place in your hands, as the representative of the Sovereign, the charge of this sacred ground, which it is my pleasure to be able to present to you, on the 300th birthday of Quebec, as a gift to the people of Canada and the Crown."

Earl Grey replied:

"As Governor-General of Canada, and in the names of the Government and of the people of the Dominion, I accept this sacred trust, which your Royal Highness, the heir to the throne, has graciously placed in my hands."

There was peace-making in that event. There was peace-making in the pageants, and there was peace-making at the very outset of the celebration, when Sir Wilfrid Laurier, reading the Dominion Government's address of welcome to the Prince, said:

"We cannot doubt that your Royal Highness will agree with us in believing it fitting that the scene of these exploits, and especially the ground upon which Montcalm and Wolfe strove with equal valor for the mastery, should be set apart as a perpetual memorial by English and French Canadians of the great deeds in which both peoples feel an equal pride."

There was peace-making in the words of the Prince of Wales, when he replied in part as follows:

"And here in Quebec I recall with much pleasure the no uncertain proofs which I have received on my several visits to Canada of the loyalty of the King's French-Canadian subjects. Their proved fidelity in times of difficulty and danger, happily long past, is one of the greatest tributes to the political genius of England's rule, and the knowledge that they and their fellow-Canadians of British origin are working hand in hand in the upbuilding of the Dominion is a source of deep satisfaction to the King, as well as to all those who take part in British institutions. I cordially agree with you in the propriety of setting apart as a memorial for the present and future generations the battleground of the Plains of Abraham."

PART OF DUFFERIN TERRACE

Showing Chateau Frontenac and Champlain Monument

THE QUEBEC PAGEANTS

Procession of Nymphs and Fauns

There was peace-making in King Edward's cablegram to Earl Grey:

"Please convey to Mayor and citizens of Quebec my congratulations and good wishes on the joyous celebration of the three hundredth anniversary of the foundation of their city by Samuel De Champlain. I am much gratified to learn of their cordial reception of the Prince of Wales, whom I have sent to represent me on this great occasion. I received with pleasure the renewed assurances of loyalty on the part of my Canadian subjects, in whose welfare I am deeply interested and to whom I wish an ever increasing measure of progress and prosperity."

There was peace-making when the Prince, in replying to the civic address of welcome, said:

"The King, whose earnest desire is always to promote the best and closest relations between nations, has specially desired me, as his representative, to convey to you, Mr. Vice-President of the United States, and to you, Monsieur l'Amiral, and to your colleagues, not only a hearty welcome, but also a warm expression of thanks, both to you and to your Governments, for your presence on this auspicious occasion. Your attendance is not merely an indication of your interest in the proceedings attending the celebration of the Tercentenary; it is an outward and visible sign of the friendship, concord and good-will between ourselves and the two great countries which you represent with so much distinction. We think to-day of the United States as having given the example of energy and courage in conquering and cultivating the forests and boundless prairies which now yield harvests of illimitable wealth. We think of France as the giver of the man whose greatest deed we are here to celebrate; one of the first of those heroes who found his way from the old world to the new, and left there an imperishable name.

"We recognize that the presence of representatives of France and of the United States amongst us testifies to the growth of the spirit of friendliness between nations. On that spirit the progress of humanity largely depends; in it, I hope and believe, true progress will express itself more and more during the years to come. The high ideal of universal peace and brotherhood may be far from realization, but every act

that promotes harmony among nations points the way towards its attainment. This celebration is such an act, for it appeals to Canada, to the British Empire, and to the whole civilized world. I, therefore, rejoice to be here, to take my part with you during these memorable days in paying homage to Champlain and doing honor to Quebec."

There was peace-making in Vice-President Fairbanks' reply:

"There are no fortifications upon our frontier and no battleships upon the waters which divide us, and we believe and fervently hope that there will never be need of any defensive preparations between us. To advocate measures for the maintenance of international tranquillity, and to endeavor to substitute reason for force, is not evidence of any decay in the courage or manhood of nations, but it is the proclamation of the great truth that modern civilization is not a failure. It is a failure if it does not substitute for force the serene and all-powerful chamber of reason and deliberation. There is such a thing as righteousness among nations. Let them bring their differences into international courts of justice, and there let reason and righteousness prevail. Let nations by every honorable means which enlightened statesmanship may suggest avoid an appeal to that court where might alone turns the balance. We have no need to fear that the relations between the United States and Great Britain will ever again be disturbed. We have faith to believe that our flags, which grace this historic occasion, and which mingle together and salute each other upon the Plains of Abraham, will never confront each other in conflict upon either land or sea."

There was peace-making in Admiral Jaureguiberry's reply:

"Having been commissioned by the Government of the Republic to represent it on this important and interesting occasion, I am instructed to declare once more the cordiality of its relations with Great Britain, and to express the sentiments of affection which every Frenchman feels towards Canada. My Government has charged me with the great honor of greeting in its name his Royal Highness, the Government of the Dominion, and the Province of Quebec. The words of his Royal Highness will be re-echoed in France, and will add to the never-to-be-forgotten welcome given in England to the President of the French Republic."

There was peace-making in these words by Earl Grey at the banquet given by him at the citadel:

"To-day, sir, you have given us ideals of race fusion and harmony as the ideals to which we should endeavor to attune our national life. I am happy to believe that this Tercentenary week will do something to promote in the life of the Canadian people, and perhaps also in the life of the Empire, that fusion and sympathy upon the full realization of which the character of Canada's destiny and of the Empire depends. Thanks, sir, for the deep interest which you have taken from the bottom of your heart in this national and Imperial celebration; thanks to your Royal Highness' presence, for which we shall never cease to be deeply grateful, this Quebec Tercentenary is proving itself to be an instrument for fusing the two great races of the Do-

HOW SIR FREDERICK BORDEN, MINISTER OF MILITIA AND DEFENSE, LOOKED AFTER THE MILITARY REVIEW

THE QUEBEC PAGEANTS
Arrival of the Hospitalieres and Ursuline Nuns

THE QUEBEC PAGEANTS

The departure of the Gorgeous Court of Francois I.

THE QUEBEC PAGEANTS
The Court of Henri IV of France

minion into a more united people, for welding the Provinces into a more consolidated nation, for strengthening the ties between Canada, the mother land and sister States, so well and worthily represented on this occasion, for uniting the whole French and English-speaking world in a point of common interest at Quebec, and for strengthening the entente cordiale between the British Crown, and first our ancient ally, France; secondly, our powerful neighbor, the United States.

And as it was a great spectacle of peace, it is perhaps in keeping with the spirit of the occasion to add these verses:

THE AWAKENING.

(Dedicated to Dr. Goldwin Smith.)

Roused from our lethargy, we greet the light,
The great white light of world-wide fame,
We who have counted heroes slain,
And cheered our valiant warriors to the fight;
Our nursling Canada, weaned at last,
A paragon 'mongst nations classed.
And yet may we on glory bent
Be spared the debt of discontent—
The nations' crucible.

Back to the age when native races clashed
In barbarous pageantry of blood,
We who have met life at the flood
Look, and in abject horror stand abashed:
At cruel deeds of savage foes
Our sense of indignation glows.
And yet may boasting patriotism,
Beware the debt of jingoism—
The nations' crucible.

Still in the minds of men yet spared by God
Mem'ries of arméd conflict rise,
Of conflict 'neath Canadian skies,
When foreign foe sought prestige on our sod.
But now our only call to arms
Is mimic warfare's false alarms.
And yet might eagerness for war
Uplight the very sledge of Thor—
The nations' crucible.

Human it is when white bread fills the land,
And fame comes pomping at the gate,
For affluence to gloat and prate
And supercilious indolence to brand.
But we have proof against such stain;
Our undeveloped hill, uncultivated plain.
And yet may we in penitence
Be spared the debt of affluence—
The nations' crucible.

Prone even yet are we to over-ride
The common founts of glory and renown,
And all our better aspirations drown
By arrogance and unremitting pride:
For we have felt the thrill of might,
Of giant chafings for the fight.
And yet might unrestrained zeal
Provoke untimely clash of steel—
The nations' crucible.

It is but meet in glorious time of peace
To grave great names like Wolfe and Brock
On marble slab and chiselled rock,
To give our human plaudits full release.
But other champions now call we,
Champions of concord they must be.
And yet may we in time of joy
Forget not Rome or Greece or Troy—
Their fatal crucibles.

Throbbing with strains of diverse blood and creed,
We latest generations rise,
With eager hand to grasp the prize
And all this mighty heritage indeed—
The mine, the forest, waving plain,
And right of forage on the main.
And yet in this our sacred trust
May we be spared the debt of lust—
God's awful crucible.

GOSPEL OF THE HEREAFTER

BY

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FIRST ARTICLE: HADES

I HAIL it as a sign of the times, a sign of deeper interest in religion and more serious thought about the life to come, that the Editor of a secular magazine should ask me for these articles on "The Gospel of the Hereafter." As I am preparing a book on the subject, I gladly give the substance of the rough notes which I have made, merely asking that they shall be considered as only rough notes, very incomplete, and not at all touching the difficulties and objections which may occur to readers, but which can only be dealt with in a complete book.

I entitle this article "The Gospel of Hades"—the good news of the Waiting Life that comes immediately after death—the life within the veil into which our departed ones have gone.

I.

With educated people it should not be necessary to combat the foolish popular notion that at death men pass into their final destiny—heaven or hell—and then (perhaps thousands of years afterwards) come back to be judged as to that final destiny.

To state such a belief should be enough to refute it. Those who hold it "do err, not knowing the Scriptures," for the Scriptures have no such teaching. They tell of three stages in the life of man; the first in this earthly life when soul and body are united; the second beginning at death when soul and body are parted; the third at the "end of the age" at the General Resurrection when the soul again clothes itself with a body, but a spiritual body. Or, to put it in another form, there is "this age," in which the life of earth runs its course side by side with the life of the Waiting Souls within the Veil. Then "the end of the age," marked by the coming of our Lord and the General Resurrection. Then the "Age to Come," in which the inspired writers place Hell and Heaven.

The Jews of our Lord's day believed in a great waiting life before the judgment. The general name for it was Hades. The abode of the blest and good in it was called "Paradise" and "Abraham's Bosom." Our Lord distinctly sanctions that belief in His promise to the dying thief and in His picture of Dives in the Hades life and Lazarus in Abraham's Bosom, while the life of Dives' brothers and

all the ordinary life of men moved on still on earth. And the Apostles always assume this point of view. In the New Testament, Heaven and Hell are always spoken of as states *after* the judgment. The Bible never thinks of death as *the* important thing. In the Bible men are never exhorted to be ready for death. The important thing is "*the day*" when the Lord shall appear. Warning, reproof, exhortation, encouragement are all directed to that great day at the end of the Waiting Life—the judgment at the second coming of the Son of Man.

Until then all men after death pass into that waiting life in Hades. Even our Lord Himself had to undergo the common lot of that humanity which He took on Him. Not even Christ Himself went to Heaven when He died. He says, after His resurrection, "I have not yet ascended unto My Father." Where, then, did His spirit go? The whole Church throughout the world repeats every Sunday, "He was dead and buried, and descended into Hades"—the life of the waiting souls. St. Peter tells us in his first Epistle that in those three days Christ's living spirit went and preached to the spirits in safe keeping who had been disobedient in the old world. For which cause, He says, "was the Gospel preached to them that are dead." (1 Peter iii.)

II.

One does not wonder that this is not evident to all men while the mistranslation of this word "Hades" remains in the Authorized Version of the Bible. The word unfortunately is still translated "Hell." The old English word *hell*, otherwise the hole, the unseen, had not yet stiffened into the awful meaning that it has attained in our day. Even in games it was used. In the old English game of forfeits, on the village green, the "hell" is the hidden place where the girls ran away to escape being kissed. You can see it had no awful meaning necessarily connected with it. The old word only means the "unseen place." Therefore it did not seem repulsive to translate the Greek word "*Hades*," the *Unseen*, by the English "*hell*."

The revised version has put all this right. Take a few examples out of many. "His soul was not left in Hades (not hell), nor did His flesh see corruption" (Acts ii. 31). "I have the keys of death and of Hades" (Rev. i. 18). At the end of the world "death and Hades gave up the dead" (Rev. xx. 13). In Hades (not hell) "the rich man lifts up his eyes, being in torment," and so on.

To the readers of the Revised Version, all that I have been saying is quite unnecessary. Unfortunately for this doctrine, most people are reading the Authorized Version and so perpetuating the old mistakes. Unfortunately, too, our conservative instincts prevent our altering the word in the Creed, which is a great loss. In repeating "He descended into hell," people miss all the glorious meaning that it had for the early Church. (1) The proof of it in our Lord's perfect manhood, since He went into Hades just like ourselves; and (2) the joy and comfort in the completion of the victory of the Cross. No longer should men think that the old world before Christ was forgotten in the Atonement. The gifts of God had been carried by Christ into the great world of the departed.

III.

The Bible, then, teaches to every careful student that there is the intermediate life beyond the grave, a vivid conscious life, that all men go there when they depart this life. No man has ever yet gone to Heaven. No man has ever yet gone to Hell. No man has ever yet been judged. No man has ever yet been damned. Thank God for that at any

rate. The Bible teaches that all who have ever left this earth are waiting yet—from King Alfred to Queen Victoria; from St. Paul to Bishop Westcott; from the poor struggler of the ancient days in the morning of history to the poor struggler who died in Canada last night.

It teaches too that the waiting life before the judgment is not an unconscious sleep—which is an idea one sometimes hears of—but a *real, vivid, active* life into which our dear ones are gone. The word sleep evidently refers only to the bodily appearance. This sleep theory is condemned as a heresy by the early Church, and declared by our reformers to be contrary to Scripture. That life is a life so vivid that our Lord's spirit is said to have been quickened, made more alive, as He passed in. So vivid that the men of the old world could listen to his preaching. So vivid that Moses and Elias—those eager, impetuous leaders — in that wondrous life could not be held by its bonds, but broke through to stand on the mountain with Christ a thousand years after death. So vivid that Lazarus (whom our Lord describes as in Abraham's bosom) is depicted as living a full, clear, intelligent life; and Dives is suffering and thinking anxiously about his five brothers on earth. Do we want further proof? Look at our Lord and the thief on the cross. The two men had been hanging together dying on the cross, just about to get through the veil to the world beyond. The poor thief did not know what was beyond that veil—darkness, insensibility, stupor, oblivion. The only one on earth who did know hung there beside him. And when the poor dying one turned with the words, "Lord, remember me when Thou comest in Thy kingdom," He promptly replied, "To-day you shall be with Me." If anyone knew, surely He knew. If it meant anything, it meant "There shall be no oblivion, no unconscious sleeping. To-night, when our dead bodies lie here upon the cross, you and I shall live and know each other as the two men who hung dying together on Calvary." Ah! the wonder to him as he went in beyond the veil, as though the Lord would lead him, lest he should be afraid.

IV.

Furthermore, it teaches that the faithful who have died in Christ are happy and blessed; they depart to be with "Christ," into the beautiful training school, the preparation for Heaven, "The Paradise," or "Park of God," as the Jews called it. The park is not the palace, but it is the precincts of the palace. Paradise is not Heaven, but it is the outer court of Heaven. And they are "with Christ," though unclothed, waiting to be clothed with the body which is from heaven, growing, we doubt not, nobler and purer, progressing as they learn more of unselfish self-sacrifice; fitting themselves for the eternal life of unselfish activities that shall go on for ever in their final state.

And it teaches us those who have died outside of Christ are not happy; but at any rate they are not yet judged. They are not in Hell. And who can doubt, if they are unhappy, that it is because the loving Father sees it to be the best for them. Perhaps my readers will not care to follow me so far. That subject of their fate is too large to touch in this article, but at any rate the Bible is clear about this, that their judgment is still in the future, that even the sinners of Sodom and Gomorrah are not yet judged, that God willeth not the death of a sinner, that the Judge of all the earth will do right —aye, and *far more than mere right* for every poor human soul that He has made.

We have no reason to doubt that character is continuous. A man is the same character when

he lays down his body and passes within the veil—the same man that he was before. That is what makes this earth-life so solemn—its making of character, and therefore making of destiny for that unseen life.

Nor need we doubt that they remember the things on earth. "Son, remember that thou in thy lifetime," says Abraham to Dives in Hades. Our Lord came back from Hades remembering all the past. The redeemed in the spirit-land praise God for redeeming them from their past sins on earth. And so we may well hope they all can remember us and love us as they ever did—only infinitely more. Indeed I think we may even hope that they are watching with deep interest our present life. Reason would certainly lead us to hope this. Think of a mother going from her children into a full conscious life and bestowing no further thought on them. Reason would suggest that since growth in love is God's highest aim for her that He would probably not shut out her vision of them. Even though that vision would sometimes sadden her, yet one would think her sadness and her pleadings with God for them and her new-found knowledge of God's deep solicitude about them would tend to more good in her spiritual development than the maiming of her noblest part by letting her forget them. Of course this is mere guessing. But even Scripture in its dim hints points rather that way. Dives in the parable seems watching his brothers and Abraham knows about Moses and the prophets, and Moses and Elias come out on the Mount of Transfiguration to talk of the coming sacrifice of Christ. Strange if their comrade spirits within the veil just then were not watching that drama of redemption on earth. There is not much to go on, but there is enough to warrant some dim hope, at least, that our dear ones are knowing and watching and caring and praying and keeping much nearer than some of us suspect.

V.

Now try to realize, to concentrate thought and imagination, on our own relation to that world of the departed—that *wonderful, wonderful, wonderful* world, where our dear ones are gone within the veil.

Many years ago I met with a story in a sermon of Canon Liddon. The story caught on to me. An old Indian officer was telling of his battles of the Indian Mutiny, of the most striking events in his professional career; and as he vividly described the skirmishes, and battles, and sieges, and hair-breadth escapes, his audience hung breathless in sympathy and excitement. At last he paused; and to their expressions of wonderment he quietly replied, "I expect to see something more wonderful than that." As he was over seventy, and retired from the service, his listeners looked up into his face with surprise. There was a pause; and then he said, in a solemn undertone, "I mean in the first five minutes after death."

That story caught on to me instantly. That has been for years my closest feeling. I feel it at every deathbed as the soul passes through. I believe it will be my strongest feeling when my own death-hour comes — eager, intense, glad curiosity about the new, strange world opening before me.

A short time ago I stood by a poor old man as he was going through into the Unseen. In the early morning he was, as it were, fumbling with the veil of that silent land—wishing to get through; and we were talking together of the unutterable wonder that was only an hour or two ahead. I left him and returned to see him in a couple of hours; but I was too late, he had just got through—got through into that unutterable wonder that I had been stupidly guessing about,

and the poor old worn body was flung dishevelled on the bed, as one might fling an old coat, to be free for the journey. He was gone.

Just got through—and I felt, with almost a gasp, that he had solved the riddle of life; that I would give anything, risk anything, for one little glimpse through; but I could not get it. I could only guess the stupendous thing that had come to him. For all the stupendous changes that have ever happened here are surely but trifles compared with that first few minutes in the marvellous life beyond, when our friends pass from us within the veil, and our hearts follow them with eager questioning —"What are they doing? What are they seeing? Are they remembering and thinking of us?"

More and more of late years I keep asking those questions at deathbeds. I seem to myself constantly as if trying to hold back the curtain and look through. But the *look through* is all blurred and indistinct.

Oh! how one longs and agonizes for a glimpse of them, for some communication. How one rebels at the inevitable silence. But it seems inevitable at present.

Our faculties of apprehension are not adapted to that sphere of existence. Between the material and spiritual there is a great gulf fixed. A mighty change has passed on those who are gone. They are spiritual—I am but material, and with material senses only. I suppose that was why St. Paul could not utter what he saw when in some tranced condition, that life was shown to him—"whether in the body or out of the body," he could not tell. I suppose that was why Lazarus could tell nothing of these marvellous four days in which his disembodied spirit mingled with the spirits of the departed.

"'Where wert thou, brother, those four days?'
There lives no record of reply,
Which, telling what it is to die,
Had surely added praise to praise."

I suppose it was all unintelligible to mortal ken when his spirit had come back to the body it had left. If, in a crowd of blind men, one got his sight for a moment, and then his blindness returned, what could he tell to his comrades or realize to himself? No; we cannot picture them in that hour of passing through. We can but think dimly of what we know from Scripture about them. But, without picturing, we can guess what they are doing.

And when one day we stand by our dead, and look at the calm face, and feel the intolerable pressure of the questions: Where is he? What is he doing? What is he seeing? In that solemn hour after death, believe it, your boy, your wife, your husband is experiencing the startling, wondrous revelations of the new unseen life—a real life—an unbroken continuance of the life begun on earth, where he shall be the same boy or man that he was an hour ago, with the same character, aspirations, desires; but oh! with what a different view of all things! How clearly he recognizes God's love, God's holiness! How clearly he sees himself, his whole past life! If he ever cared for Christ and His will, how gladly, wonderingly, he is reaching out his hand to Christ! And how blessed will seem to him the beautiful discipline, the training in self-sacrifice, beautiful deeds, the vision of the coming glory of heaven in the future!

VI.

May we go a step further? Is it allowable to make a venture of faith and speculate on a matter of which we cannot give definite proof? There is a beautiful old allegory of Knowledge, the strong mailed knight, tramping over the great tableland that he surveyed, and testing and making his ground sure at every step, while beside him, just above the ground, moved the white-winged angel of *Faith*.

Side by side they moved, till the path broke short off on the verge of a vast precipice. Knowledge could go no further. There was no footing for the ponderous knight; but the white-winged angel rose majestically from the ground and moved across the chasm, where her companion could not follow.

Our path has broken off; knowledge can go no further. May we speculate with faith on something we cannot prove? I am thinking of a speculation very dear to myself, about that progress of our dear ones in the presence of Christ. Will not much of that progress in the life beyond come through unselfish ministry to others? Let us see what reason there is to hope it.

(1) All the true hearts who lived here the sweet life of unselfish helpfulness can you imagine them doing it less in that land with Christ?

(2) Think you that Christ, who, in His quickened spirit, went down into Hades to preach to the spirits in prison would not have all helpful souls to follow His lead?

(3) Think how else could the word of Christ be fulfilled by His Church, "Go preach the Gospel to every creature"? *Every* creature. What a mockery it would seem, as the heathen die at the rate of several thousands each week, if the Church's work did not go on in the unseen! Think if the men of ancient Tyre and Sidon would have repented at the teaching and work of Christ if the mighty works had been done in them, do you not think he has taken care since that the men of Tyre and Sidon should have their chance? If the heathen Socrates, and Plato, and Marcus Aurelius, and Epictetus would have fallen at His feet as their Master and Friend—and you know they would—do you think they have not learned to know Him by now? If the millions of those Hindoos who have died without Christ's Gospel would have accepted it, do you think it is not being taught to them now? And if possible it be, does it not give us some glimpse of the glory and delight of the Hereafter for every unselfish soul that wants to help another? And does it not help one to guess why young useful lives are called away from earth if God has glorious work for them in the Unseen?

"You have preached your last sermon," said one to Frederick Denison Maurice as he was dying. "Aye," he said; "but only my last sermon in *this* life." He believed he was going through the veil to preach to men. I believe it too, though I cannot prove it, nay, even though there be difficulties in the way of believing it. Yet, many men greater than we are believing it, impelled by the stirring of Divine impulses within.

If it be true, ah! think of it, you who are trying to forget yourselves, and live for others — think of the blessedness of your life in the waiting land. With the weak and the ignorant needing to be helped; with the little children needing to be mothered and loved; with the great heathen world which has gone within the veil never yet having heard of Christ; with the Canaanite and the Amorite cut off in their sin, and yet not come to their Day of Judgment.

VII

Ah! that wonderful Paradise land —that wonderful Church of God in the Unseen; with its vast numbers; with its enthusiastic love; with all its grand leaders who have been trained on earth. We and they together form the great continuous Church of God. We are all one long procession; they at the head in the Unseen. What a life it is! What a work it has!

I have called this article a Gospel of Hades. Am I not right in so calling it? It will make us solemn as we feel that character passes on unchanged. That is good; but it will do more. It will take away the sting

and the horror of death. It is not the pain of dying that makes that horror when I come to die. After all, men bear far more pain without flinching. It is not merely the parting for the present with those I love. We have constantly to do that when they go to other lands without breaking our hearts about it. It is not even any doubt about a future Resurrection at the second Advent. I may believe that, and yet, get little comfort from it. That Advent seems so far away. It may be next week; but it may be 5,000 years hence, and meantime what of my life? Sleep? Unconsciousness? Darkness? What? No wonder I should shrink from that mysterious unknown.

But teach me the ancient Scriptural doctrine of the Hades life as it appears in the Bible. Teach me that in the hour after death I shall pass into the Unseen with my self, with my full life, my feelings, my character, my individuality, and in that solemn hour death will lose its horror. Teach me that my dear ones departed are but little more parted from me than if they had gone to India and could not write home; that they are living their beautiful life of progress in the blessed environment of the law of God; that therefore I may keep them in my thoughts and that I ought to keep them in my prayers, just as I did heretofore in their life on earth. Is not that a Gospel?

In the awful days of bereavement it will bring God's peace, and it will bring elevation of character. "Where your treasure is, there will your heart be also."

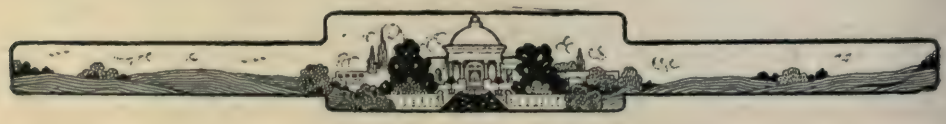
I think of my boy as serving at one side of the veil, and I at the other; each in the presence of Christ. I think how he is being lovingly trained and disciplined. How all his abilities are being used in self-sacrificing deeds for others. Not in a glorified selfishness in thanking God that he is safe though his brethren be lost. Ah, no! but in perfect self-sacrifice, even as his Lord. I think of him as learning to fight for righteousness—to help the weak, aye! mayhap, to go out — God's brave young knight — out into the outer darkness after someone who has missed of Christ on earth. As I realize that, my whole life must perforce grow nobler. And I realize that I shall not have to wait for the Resurrection or the Advent to meet him and learn all.

"He is not dead, the child of your affection,
But gone into that school
Where he no longer needs your poor protection,
And Christ Himself doth rule."

When my death comes he will be waiting for me. He has been praying and watching over me. He will tell me of all that has been happening. And together in Christ's loving presence, side by side, we shall work and wait, and help our brethren; and look forward to the glory of the heaven that is still in the future. Is not that a Gospel worth the preaching?

That is all that I have space to say in this article. I know all the difficulties and objections that may be raised. But it must be evident that I cannot deal with them here. This is but a bare outline. It may set men thinking, and what is of much more importance, it may make some lonely ones more hopeful and more thankful to God for the life of those

"Whom they have loved long since and lost awhile."



THE SOULS OF ANECDOTES

BY A. WYLIE MAHON

SOME difficulty has been experienced in answering the question, Where do the lost souls of anecdotes go? Good anecdotes seldom lose their souls, but when they do shuffle off this mortal coil it is a reasonable presumption that they haunt the people who killed them by telling them too often, or murdered them by the way they told them.

I know a clergyman who, in a dream, found himself in a strange land, where every worn and wasted form had a laughable suggestion about it of better days, where every tearful voice had a faint, far-off echo of mirth and merriment, and every groan was the ghost of a laugh. Some of these strange forms cast reproachful looks of blame at the dreamer. At length, he discovered that he was in the weird ghostland of anecdotage, and that the weary, wasted ones who looked blame upon him were the ghosts of the stories he had worn the life out of by telling them so often in his sermons.

The souls of many good anecdotes are never consigned to any hades of this kind. They merely undergo a transmigration, or reincarnation. They live again in a different body with a rejuvenating change of environment.

A capital anecdote was told a few years ago by a leading Boston journal, how Booker T. Washington, when a poor, friendless boy came to Boston with an enormous carpet-bag, containing all his belongings. It was more than he could carry comfortably, so it was necessary for him every little while to rest himself by setting it down on the sidewalk. A kind-hearted man meeting him, asked to be allowed to help him carry his bundle. A warm hand was placed side by side with his on the handle of the valise, and the poor colored boy learned, as the wise man did in the long ago, that two are better than one. That kind-hearted gentleman was Dr. Edward Everett Hale, the lend-a-hand man.

This is a beautiful story, and many a time it has been told; but like all good stories it has been subject to the laws of transmigration. To-day it appears in a reputable Chicago paper with a different local inhabitation and a different name. Dear old Dr. Hale has been compelled to let go the handle of young Booker's carpet-bag, to give place to another man. It is now Theodore Roosevelt who finds the colored boy in the streets of New York City, with two carpet-bags, or rather with a heavy dress-suit case and a heavier valise.

I am sorry young Booker did not keep to the one big carpet-bag. It is more picturesque and effective in every way to have the President and Booker ahold of the same valise. But I must give the story in the very words of the Chicago paper:

"A negro was walking along Forty-second street in New York one night some years ago, from the depot to his hotel, carrying a heavy dress-suit case in one hand and a

heavier valise in the other. Suddenly a hand was laid on the valise, and the pleasant face of a stalwart young man looked into the negro's face as he said: 'Pretty heavy, brother. Suppose you let me take one. I'm going your way.' The negro protested, but the man already had the valise, and for several blocks they walked on together, talking like two cronies, until the hotel was reached. 'And that,' said Booker T. Washington, recently, 'is the first time I ever met Theodore Roosevelt.' "

This is called a new story of thoughtfulness and helpfulness worth remembering. After this who can doubt the transmigration of the souls of anecdotes?

When I was a boy our minister used to tell a most interesting story of how Benjamin Franklin read the Book of Ruth to a fashionable group of English ladies, who were charmed with the exquisite beauty of the pastoral story, who pronounced it the finest thing of the kind they had ever heard, and insisted upon knowing the name of the author.

This is a story with a touch of immortality about it, a story which cannot easily be murdered. In its revelation of a lack of knowledge of Biblical history it is worthy to rank with that of the local preacher who when undergoing examination before his church court said that the Sons of Boanerges were the sons of Mrs. Beau Anne Urges, so-called because Miss Anne in her younger days always had an admirer.

After I had begun as a boy to associate Benjamin Franklin with the Book of Ruth, rather than with that familiar, but most unpopular maxim, "Early to bed," I was shocked one day to hear a visiting clergyman tell the story with Samuel Johnson substituted for Benjamin Franklin. I had no reason to dislike Samuel Johnson — my sympathies rather went out to the man who as a boy could not bear to have his books and clothes removed from the floor where he always left them, and have them hidden away in some inaccessible, almost unthinkable place; but I did not like to have poor Ben so rudely and unceremoniously driven out of his own anecdote. I felt that the foundations of things were being shaken. I feared to open my Shakespeare lest I should find some strange body in Hamlet's place.

Since that time I have learned more about the transmigration of the souls of anecdotes—how they appear and reappear with a change of raiment—how they live on from age to age, till it would not surprise us if Jack London should find some of them in that interesting period of the world to which he has given a good deal of attention in the æons before Adam.

We are told that when the late Principal Grant, of Queen's University, was going to a great Christian Endeavor convention at Ottawa, a man on the train remarked: "I don't believe in all this display. Why is not the money wasted on these conventions given to the poor?" Dr. Grant replied: "I have just been reading where a noted man said that very thing." "Is that so?" exclaimed the other. "What did he say?" "Simply that the money wasted on such nonsense should be given to the poor," answered the Principal. "Well, I'm glad to hear it. What is his name?" "Judas Iscariot," Dr. Grant replied. "This Judas said, not because he cared for the poor, but because he was a thief, and had the bag, and bare what was put therein."

The soul of this excellent story seems to have undergone a great many transmigrations. No one has yet traced it beyond the Christian Era, and the historical allusions in it would seem to render it impossible to get farther back than Judas, although Mark Twain who has discovered Niagara Falls in the Garden

of Eden should not find even Iscariot an insuperable barrier.

Nearly all good anecdotes are endowed with a touch of earthly immortality. If they are not privileged to join the "Choir Invisible," they enjoy the rarer distinction of making a good deal of music in this world, where the conditions of life are less musical than in some other realms. The century-living crow grows old and dies, but these sunny little immortals that do so much to make the world brighter, to convert groans into laughter, seldom die, except when cruelly murdered.

DOCTOR DRUMMOND

By CY WARMAN

A friend, whose lips lie motionless,
Whose name I breathe, not without pain;
Yet, what rich gifts he left to us—
The cheerful children of his brain;
Leetle Bateese an' *Dieu Donné*
Dose feller will not pass away.

You, who have broken bread with him,
Have lingered, laughing late at night,
You will know why mine eyes are dim
With tears that blur the lines I write;
Dere's one, he's frien', I'm not forget—
Dat small *Curé of Calumette.*

Time rolls and brings us frost and flowers,
Set changes of the changeless years;
He passed away 'mid early April showers,
As tho' the world were moved to tears.
De Rossignol sing on an' on,
More sadder now, cause he ees gone.

He would not have his friends repine,
He fought, and wrought, and made a name;
His work—I'd gladly make it mine,
Believe me, not for wealth or fame,
But just because he had to go
And leave it, when he loved it so.

BY GRACE OF JULIUS CAESAR

BY L. M. MONTGOMERY

MELISSA sent word on Monday evening that she thought we had better go round with the subscription list for cushioning the church pews on Tuesday. I sent back word that I thought we had better go on Thursday. I had no particular objection to Tuesday, but Melissa is rather fond of settling things without consulting anyone else, and I don't believe in always letting her have her own way. Melissa is my cousin and we have always been good friends, and I am really very fond of her; but there's no sense in lying down and letting yourself be walked over. We finally compromised on Wednesday.

I always have a feeling of dread when I hear of any new church-project for which money will be needed, because I know perfectly well that Melissa and I will be sent round to collect for it. People say we seem to be able to get more than anybody else; and they appear to think that because Melissa is an unencumbered old maid, and I am an unencumbered widow, we can spare the time without any inconvenience to ourselves. Well, we have been canvassing for building funds, and socials, and suppers for years, but it is needed now; at least, I have had enough of it, and I should think Melissa has, too.

We started out bright and early on Wednesday morning, for Jersey Cove is a big place and we knew we should need the whole day. We had to walk because neither of us owned a horse, and anyway it's more nuisance getting out to open and shut gates than it is worth while. It was a lovely day then, though promising to be hot, and our hearts were as light as could be expected, considering the disagreeable expedition we were on.

I was waiting at my gate for Melissa when she came, and she looked me over with wonder and disapproval. I could see she thought I was a fool to dress up in my second best flowered muslin and my very best hat with the pale pink roses in it to walk about in the heat and dust; but I wasn't. All my experience in canvassing goes to show that the better dressed and better looking you are the more money you'll get—that is, when it's the men you have to tackle, as in this case. If it had been the women, however, I would have put on the oldest and ugliest things, consistent with decency, I had. This was what Melissa had done, as it was, and she did look fearfully prim and dowdy, except for her front hair, which was as soft and fluffy and elaborate as usual. I never could understand how Melissa always got it arranged so beautifully.

Nothing particular happened the first part of the day. Some few growled and wouldn't subscribe anything, but on the whole we did pretty well. If it had been a missionary subscription we should have fared worse; but when it was something touching their own comfort, like cushioning the pews, they came down

handsomely. We reached Daniel Wilson's by noon, and had to have dinner there. We didn't eat much, although we were hungry enough—Mary Wilson's cooking is a by-word in Jersey Cove. No wonder Daniel is dyspeptic; but dyspeptic or not, he gave us a big subscription for our cushions and told us we looked younger than ever. Daniel is always very complimentary, and they say Mary is jealous.

When we left the Wilson's Melissa said, with an air of a woman nerving herself to a disagreeable duty:

"I suppose we might as well go to Isaac Appleby's now and get it over."

I agreed with her. I had been dreading that call all day. It isn't a very pleasant thing to go to a man you have recently refused to marry and ask him for money; and Melissa and I were both in that predicament.

Isaac was a well-to-do old bachelor who had never had any notion of getting married until his sister died in the winter. And then, as soon as the spring planting was over, he began to look round for a wife. He came to me first and I said "No" good and hard. I liked Isaac well enough; but I was snug and comfortable, and didn't feel like pulling up my roots and moving into another lot; besides, Isaac's courting seemed to me a shade too business-like. I can't get along without a little romance; it's my nature.

Isaac was disappointed and said so, but intimated that it wasn't crushing and that the next best would do very well. The next best was Melissa, and he proposed to her after the decent interval of a fortnight. Melissa also refused him. I admit I was surprised at this, for I knew Melissa was rather anxious to marry; but she has always been down on Isaac Appleby, from principle, because of a family feud on her mother's side; besides, an old beau of hers, a widower at Kingsbridge, was just beginning to take notice again, and I suspected Melissa had hopes concerning him. Finally, I imagine Melissa did not fancy being second choice.

Whatever her reasons were, she refused poor Isaac, and that finished his matrimonial prospects as far as Jersey Cove was concerned, for there wasn't another eligible woman in it—that is, for a man of Isaac's age. I was the only widow, and the other old maids besides Melissa were all hopelessly old-maiden.

This was all three months ago, and Isaac had been keeping house for himself ever since. Nobody knew much about how he got along, for the Appleby house is half a mile from anywhere, down near the shore at the end of a long lane—the lonesomest place, as I did not fail to remember when I was considering Isaac's offer.

"I heard Jarvis Aldrich say Isaac had got a dog lately," said Melissa, when we finally came in sight of the house—a handsome new one, by the way, put up only ten years ago. "Jarvis said it was an imported breed. I do hope it isn't cross."

I have a mortal horror of dogs, and I followed Melissa into the big farmyard with fear and trembling. We were halfway across the yard when Melissa shrieked:

"Anne, there's the dog!"

There was the dog; and the trouble was that he didn't stay there, but came right down the slope at a steady, business-like trot. He was a bull-dog and big enough to bite a body clean in two, and he was the ugliest thing in dogs I had ever seen.

Melissa and I both lost our heads. We screamed, dropped our parasols, and ran instinctively to the only refuge that was in sight—a ladder leaning against the old Appleby house. I am forty-five and something more than plump, so that climbing ladders is not my favorite form of exercise. But I went up that one with the agil-

ity and grace of sixteen. Melissa followed me, and we found ourselves on the roof—fortunately it was a flat one—panting and gasping, but safe, unless that diabolical dog could climb a ladder.

I crept cautiously to the edge and peered over. The beast was sitting on his haunches at the foot of the ladder, and it was quite evident he was not short on time. The gleam in his eye seemed to say:

"I've got you two unprincipled subscription hunters beautifully treed and it's treed you're going to stay. That is what I call satisfying."

I reported the state of the case to Melissa.

"What shall we do?" I asked.

"Do?" said Melissa, snappishly. "Why, stay here till Isaac Appleby comes out and takes that brute away? What else can we do?"

"What if he isn't at home?" I suggested.

"We'll stay here till he comes home. Oh, this is a nice predicament. This is what comes of cushioning churches!"

"It might be worse," I said comfortingly. "Suppose the roof hadn't been flat?"

"Call Isaac," said Melissa shortly.

I didn't fancy calling Isaac, but call him I did, and when that failed to bring him Melissa condescended to call, too; but scream as we might, no Isaac appeared, and that dog sat there and smiled internally.

"It's no use," said Melissa sulkily at last. "Isaac Appleby is dead or away."

Half an hour passed; it seemed as long as a day. The sun just boiled down on that roof and we were nearly melted. We were dreadfully thirsty, and the heat made our heads ache, and I could see my muslin dress fading before my very eyes. As for the roses on my best hat—but that was too harrowing to think about.

Then we saw a welcome sight—Isaac Appleby coming through the yard with a hoe over his shoulder. He had probably been working in his field at the back of the house. I never thought I should have been so glad to see him.

"Isaac, oh, Isaac!" I called joyfully, leaning over as far as I dared.

Isaac looked up in amazement at me and Melissa craning our necks over the edge of the roof. Then he saw the dog and took in the situation. The creature actually grinned.

"Won't you call off your dog and let us get down, Isaac?" I said pleadingly.

Isaac stood and reflected for a moment or two. Then he came slowly forward and, before we realized what he was going to do, he took that ladder down and laid it on the ground.

"Isaac Appleby, what do you mean?" demanded Melissa wrathfully.

Isaac folded his arms and looked up. It would be hard to say which face was the more determined, his or the dog's. But Isaac had the advantage in point of looks, I will say that for him.

"I mean that you two women will stay up on that roof until one of you agrees to marry me," said Isaac solemnly.

I gasped.

"Isaac Appleby, you can't be in earnest?" I cried incredulously. "You couldn't be so mean?"

"I am in earnest. I want a wife, and I am going to have one. You two will stay up there, and Julius Caesar here will watch you until one of you makes up her mind to take me. You can settle it between yourselves, and let me know when you have come to a decision.

And with that Isaac walked jauntily into his new house.

"The man can't mean it!" said Melissa. "He is trying to play a joke on us."

"He does mean it," I said gloomily. "An Appleby never says anything he doesn't mean. He will keep us here until one of us consents to marry him."

"It won't be me, then," said Melissa in a calm sort of rage. "I won't marry him if I have to sit on this roof for the rest of my life. You can take him. It's really you he wants, anyway; he asked you first."

I always knew that rankled with Melissa.

I thought the situation over before I said anything more. We certainly couldn't get off that roof, and if we could, there was Julius Caesar. The place was out of sight of every other house in Jersey Cove, and nobody might come near it for a week. To be sure, when Melissa and I didn't turn up the Covites might get out and search for us; but that wouldn't be for two or three days anyhow.

Melissa had turned her back on me and was sitting with her elbows propped up on her knees, looking gloomily out to sea. I was afraid I couldn't coax her into marrying Isaac. As for me, I hadn't any real objection to marrying him, after all, for if he was short of romance he is good-natured and has a fat bank account; but I hated to be driven into it that way.

"You'd better take him, Melissa," I said entreatingly. "I've had one husband and that is enough."

"More than enough for me, thank you," said Melissa sarcastically.

"Isaac is a fine man and has a lovely house; and you aren't sure the Kingsbridge man really means anything," I went on.

"I would rather," said Melissa, with the same awful calmness, "jump down from this roof and break my neck, or be devoured piecemeal by that fiend down there than marry Isaac Appleby."

It didn't seem worth while to say anything more after that. We sat there in stony silence and the time dragged by. I was hot, hungry, thirsty, cross; and besides, I felt that I was in a ridiculous position, which was worse than all the rest. We could see Isaac sitting in the shade of one of his apple trees in the front orchard comfortably reading a newspaper. I think if he hadn't aggravated me by doing that I'd have given in sooner. But as it was, I was determined to be as stubborn as everybody else. We were four obstinate creatures—Isaac and Melissa and Julius Caesar and I.

At four o'clock Isaac got up and went into the house; in a few minutes he came out again with a basket in one hand and a ball of cord in the other.

"I don't intend to starve you, of course, ladies," he said politely, "I will throw this ball up to you and you can then draw up the basket."

I caught the ball, for Melissa never turned her head. I would have preferred to be scornful, too, and reject the food altogether; but I was so dreadfully thirsty that I put my pride in my pocket and hauled the basket up. Besides, I thought it might enable us to hold out until some loophole of escape presented itself.

Isaac went back into the house and I unpacked the basket. There was a bottle of milk, some bread and butter, and a pie. Melissa wouldn't take a morsel of the food, but she was so thirsty she had to take a drink of milk.

She tried to lift her veil—and something caught; Melissa gave it a savage twitch, and off came veil and hat—and all her front hair!

You never saw such a sight. I'd always suspected Melissa wore a false front, but I'd never had any proof before.

Melissa pinned on her hair again and put on her hat and drank the milk, all without a word; but she was purple. I felt sorry for her.

And I felt sorry for Issac when I

tried to eat that bread. It was sour and dreadful. As for the pie, it was hopeless. I tasted it, and then threw it down to Julius Caesar. Julius Caesar, not being over particular, ate it up. I thought perhaps it would kill him, for anything might come of eating such a concoction. That pie was a strong argument for Isaac. I thought a man who had to live on such cookery did indeed need a wife and might be pardoned for taking desperate measures to get one. I was dreadfully tired of broiling on the roof anyhow.

But it was the thunderstorm that decided me. When I saw it coming up, black and quick, from the northwest, I gave in at once. I had endured a good deal and was prepared to endure more; but I had paid ten dollars for my hat and I was not going to have it ruined by a thunderstorm. I called to Isaac and out he came.

"If you will let us down and promise to dispose of that dog before I come here I will marry you, Isaac," I said, "but I'll make you sorry for it afterwards, though."

"I'll take the risk of that, Anne," he said; "and, of course, I'll sell the dog. I won't need him when I have you."

Isaac meant to be complimentary, though you mightn't have thought so if you had seen the face of that dog.

Isaac ordered Julius Caesar away and put up the ladder, and turned his back, real considerately, while we climbed down. We had to go in his house and stay till the shower was over. I didn't forget the object of our call and I produced our subscription list at once.

"How much have you got?" asked Isaac.

"Seventy dollars and we want a hundred and fifty," I said.

"You may put me down for the remainding eighty, then," said Isaac calmly.

The Applebys are never mean where money is concerned, I must say.

Isaac offered to drive us home when it cleared up, but I said "No." I wanted to settle Melissa before she got a chance to talk.

On the way home I said to her:

"I hope you won't mention this to anyone, Melissa. I don't mind marrying Isaac, but I don't want people to know how it came about.

"Oh, I won't say anything about it," said Melissa, laughing a little disagreeably.

"Because," I said, to clinch the matter, looking significally at her front hair as I said it, "I have something to tell, too."

Melissa will hold her tongue.

AN ECHO

By A. L. FRASER

He deemed it dead,—the sound of that which flew
From his once careless hand, when morning dew
So softly lay upon his verdant field;
But, Ah! that missile struck Convention's shield;
It whizzed and sang above dead years, so when
He stood on life's sere slopes,—they met again.

BIRDS THAT NEST IN THE CITY

BY HENRY F. PULLEN

PHOTOGRAPHS BY THE AUTHOR

NOT many birds choose the British Columbia forests for a home. Some prefer the open places, the clearings, especially those that have been made by the hand of man. There are many more birds living right in the city than in the solitude of the forest. This is accounted for largely by the fact that wherever man has gone there is food for the feathered tribe. The insects are much more plentiful in the fields or near the homes of men than in the woods, and insects form a large part of the food of most of the British Columbia birds. Except for the English sparrow and a few finches there are hardly any birds either visitors or of those that live in the Province all the time that eat seeds or grain.

Last summer I made a small attempt to study some of the city-dwelling birds, and it is largely on the information gleaned in the past season or two that the following notes are based. They are not meant to be exhaustive, but to those who have not made a close study of the question they may be interesting. It will be well to state that within the city of Victoria there are many vacant lots, and a few large tracts of several acres. That is of course in the outlying parts of the city. It is, however, noticeable that many of the birds nest in the gardens, among the rose trees, in the raspberry bushes, or in the vines which surround the porches. There they sit on their eggs with perfect faith in the people who pass and repass, but, sad to say, that faith is often broken, although in the majority of cases it is not.

The most prominent bird of recent years is undoubtedly the house sparrow, or, as he is more commonly known, the English sparrow. He is found everywhere, but especially on the streets of the business part of the city, feeding right amid the rush of traffic, often between the legs of horses or underneath the vehicles. His favorite nesting site is in the upper part of the electric lights which are suspended from tall poles. These they cram full of hay and other material with a soft little nest in the centre, and every day a man comes around and lowers the lamp to the ground while he trims the carbon. This does not seem to disconcert the sparrows in the least for they never desert their nest unless deliberately turned away.

Last summer on my way to work I met a friend carrying a stray youngster from a sparrow's home, having gone out to seek its fortune too early in life. It was not a bit alarmed, but sat perfectly unconcerned while it was transferred from my friend's finger to my own. When I looked up after examining the little fellow, my friend was gone, and then I remembered that I too had duties to perform, so I left the birdling on the letter box where he

WHITE-CROWNED SPARROW'S NEST—IN A TOMATO CAN

was sitting when I turned the corner of the street, while a small crowd gathered around. Its ultimate fate I did not learn, but it was hardly to be expected that it could survive, although in a general way its very helplessness was a protection.

I knew several people last winter who were in the habit of feeding the sparrows with crumbs during the cold weather. The birds would come to the window sill regularly, and if there were not any crumbs there, they looked so dejected that those who saw them could not resist the temptation to fetch the crumbs at once.

Not many birds remain in the city of Victoria during the mid-winter. There are usually a good many thrushes of the varied variety, robins in small numbers, a few rusty song sparrows, towhees, Townsend's sparrows, and now and then a woodpecker, a flock of chickadees or one or two birds of prey. Crows remain in large numbers, and in January last, when some gardeners were planting potatoes in a small field, they were to be seen following up the plow and picking up the worms as they were exposed to the surface.

Early in February the meadow larks may usually be seen and heard on a warm day singing and calling, from the bare boughs of the large oaks. The other birds follow and very soon the woods and fields resound with their love songs, and they set to work to build their nests and rear their young.

Although the meadow lark is heard so early it is often April before it lays its eggs. The nest, as everybody knows, is built on the ground and is constructed wholly of dry grass. Last year I found several, but the parent birds were very shy, leaving the nest quickly and stealthily on my approach, and not returning while I was in the neighborhood. In one case I knew of an old couple deserting their nest after it had been visited several times by some boys; but another that was visited regularly every day, and the eggs and young birds handled, remained with their progeny until

LUTESCENT WARBLER'S NEST—IN A SHOE

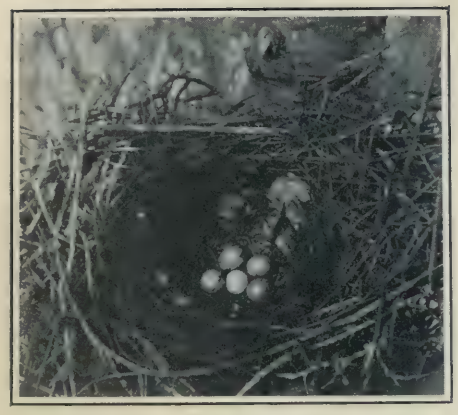
they were able to take care of themselves.

One of the oddest nests I found last season was that of a white-crowned sparrow, scientifically known as Nuttall's sparrow. The nest was built in an old tomato can that was lying on its side on a vacant lot. There the old ones laid their four greyish green eggs and sat on them for awhile, until a boy, happening to kick against the can, the old mother flew off. The home was discovered and was soon known to all the boys in the neighborhood. A few days later one egg was taken, and a week after that none was left.

Usually the white-crowned sparrow nests on the ground under a bush or a short distance from the ground, in the bush.

Another queer place for a nest was an old shoe that had been thrown out into a back yard in the James Bay district of the city. When the nest was found the little birds had flown; but it was not difficult to surmise that the owner had been a lutescent warbler, one of the commonest of the feathered visitors to Victoria. In order to illustrate how the nest looked when the eggs were in it I placed a set there before photographing. It is now in a collection of odd nests made by the pupils and teachers of the Kingston street public school.

The lutescent warbler, often known in the west as the wild canary, builds his nest in very similar situations to those chosen by the white-crowned sparrow. Its relative the Alaskan yellow warbler, also nests in the city. Last year I was shown one that was trying to incubate its eggs in the honeysuckle vine around a porch in the thickly inhabited part of the city, the nest being within about a yard of the front door of the house which was used regularly by the inmates. There the young were reared and came to no harm. In the same garden a humming bird built its nest among the clusters of *Gloire de Dijon* roses just beneath the eaves of the house, and it, too, raised its two tiny progeny until able to support themselves.



CROW'S EGGS. ONE MUCH LIGHTER THAN THE OTHERS

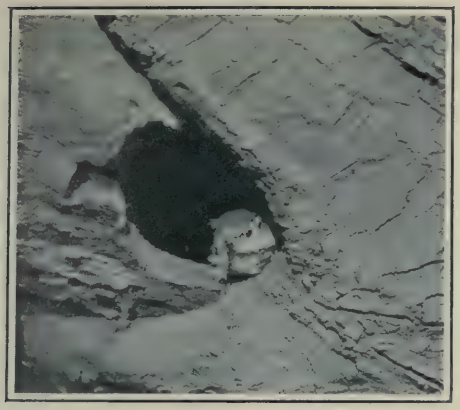
LUTESCENT WARBLER'S NEST—ON GROUND, BENEATH A BUSH

A large number of these rufus backed humming birds breed in the city, sometimes in a rose tree or shrub in the garden, or perchance in the pendant branch of a fir tree. One I found in a branch twenty-five feet from the base of a Douglas fir tree almost overhanging the salt water of the straits of Juan de Fuca. On one occasion last autumn a large number of the beautiful little hummers gathered in the garden of a nurseryman near my house and there disported themselves among the brilliant gladioli that at that time were in flower. They seemed to be enjoying themselves immensely and probably were gathered in readiness for the long flight southward which they must have taken shortly afterwards.

One of the favorite nests with the boys is that of the little chipping sparrow. The four blue eggs are very attractive and the parents are usually tame. The nest is sometimes found swinging in the limbs of a Douglas fir; set in the crotch of a hawthorn; or beneath the foliage of a small shrub. Last year I found one in a garden in the middle of a bunch of raspberry canes. Another was in a lonely bush in the middle of a field. I tried to get a photograph of the old one on her nest, and succeeded to some extent, but the result is hardly good enough for reproduction.

The American robin is one of the favorite birds with everyone. It is a familiar sight on almost any lawn in the city to see one of these birds give its curious hop, then stand and listen with head to one side, and a moment later with a sudden impulse dart its bill into the moist soil and bring up the big fat worm which is its delight. Perchance he swallows it himself, or, if he has a share in the support of a family, he carries it off; and a moment later can be heard the clamor of the nestlings as each one asks for the morsel. When an intruder goes near a robin's nest the old ones make a great fuss. They will sometimes do this even if the eggs are not yet laid. Last year I discovered a robin's nest on the top of a stump. I was examining it when the owners both returned and then there was a great hubbub for a few minutes, which did not cease until I left the neighborhood. I fear this excitable nature of theirs was the cause of the misfortune which befell them later. Only two days after the last of the four eggs were laid someone found the nest and took all of the eggs.

The russet backed thrush, a small



YOUNG WREN AT ENTRANCE TO ITS NEST

EGGS OF THE CHIPPING SPARROW

cousin of the robin's, is much shyer than its relative, leaving the nest quietly when disturbed and usually remaining away until the intruder has gone. Should it make any noise it is simply the soft whistling call which has given it the local name of whistling Jack, or whistling thrush. These birds are not very numerous in British Columbia and they build their nests very late, often after most of the other birds have finished nesting operations.

The bluebird is fairly sociable, and, like many of the older winged creatures, seems to prefer the haunts of men to the wilds of the backwoods. Usually during the summer these birds come on my lawn and bathe in the spray from the hose when the garden is being sprinkled. They seemed to hob nob with the warblers whose company they keep.

The bluebird nests in a hole in a tree where it raises a large family. One day last spring I tried to photograph some young ones that some boys took from a nest for me, but they were so frightened and crouched so much that the portrait was not what might be called a success, for the birds were certainly not looking their best. The boys handled them very carefully and after the operation replaced them. The following day some young wretches, that wanted to try to make them fly, took them out of the nest and were seen throwing them into the air for that purpose. They evidently had the savage very highly developed in their natures. They knew they were doing wrong for the moment they were discovered they took to their heels and did not return.

The wren is one of the most familiar and trusting of birds. The one that builds its nest in the city generally chooses a hole in a tree for its temporary home. Last year I was shown a nest a few yards outside the city limits in a hole in a tree about three feet from the ground and right alongside the street car line. The hole was too small for me to insert my hand, but a boy took out two of the little ones for me and we posed them in the entrance to their nest. Just as the bulb was being pressed one jumped. It was caught and I took the tiny creature between my fingers to replace it. I scarcely touched it but it suddenly drooped its wings, and a moment later turned over on its side and expired. I must have pressed its side in a tender place for I scarcely touched it. I was afterwards told that these little birds are very fragile. I was very sorry for the tragedy, but it was quite inadvertently done, and I do not feel guilty of murder.

WARBLING VIREO ON NEST, FOUR FEET FROM GROUND

NEST OF CASSIN'S VIREO, CONSTRUCTED PARTLY OF CAR TICKETS

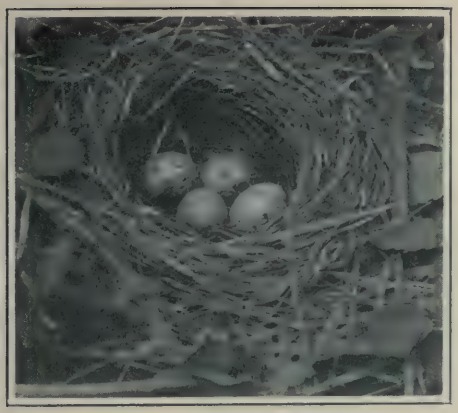
The wren is one of our best singers. It perches on the top of a branch or spray, and with its head turned towards heaven pours forth its joyous song until one wonders its little throat does not burst with the effort.

The crow, the scavenger of the beach, and the thief that steals eggs, birds and chickens, sometimes builds its nest in the city of Victoria in the tops of fir trees. Not many do this but those few manage to select a tree that is difficult for a boy to climb. Most of the crows in the neighborhood nest on Chatham or Discovery Islands, about three miles from the city. It was there that the accompanying photograph was taken.

The crows choose any kind of tree in which to build. I visited Chatham Island on May 12th, and found something like one hundred nests, nearly all of which contained eggs just ready to hatch. The crows flew away when we hammered on the trunks of the trees and usually stayed away for ten minutes. If we were still there, they then came near to see what we were doing. Four or five eggs were usually found, although one or two nests contained only three eggs. In a few nests the little ones were just hatched. They had mouths almost like a cod fish and necks like a giraffe, just strong enough to elevate the head for a few seconds at a time, while the immense mouth was held wide open for the reception of the expected tidbit.

The only hangbird in British Columbia is the vireo. Two or three varieties frequent the wooded parts of the city although they are not numerous. Two years ago I found a nest of Cassin's vireo with one young one in it. A few days later when the little one had flown I photographed the nest. The oddity about it was the fact that street car transfer tickets had been woven into the nest and "Oak Bay" could very plainly be read on one of them.

Another vireo's nest was shown me about a mile from the city. It was swinging in the breeze about three feet from the ground under a fir tree but not built in the fir. The day I visited the spot it was rather windy and the bough was swaying back and forth, making it very difficult to get a photograph. There the little mother sat watching me as I approached very carefully with my camera. At times she would almost get up out of the nest, but when I kept still for a few seconds she would again settle down on the eggs. I focussed as carefully as possible



EGGS OF WHITE-CROWNED SPARROW

EGGS OF THE MEADOW LARK

considering the movement of the nest and took a snap. Six times I did this, approaching as near as I dared, and then at last when preparing for the seventh exposure, my birdie reluctantly left the nest. Only one negative was any good and that one is here reproduced. This bird was the warbling vireo, a good singer and a faithful little mother.

There is one more bird about which I wish to speak, although I have said nothing about the swallows and a number of other city dwellers. The skylarks were imported from England by the Victoria Natural History Society four or five years ago. They have made their headquarters in some open fields just to the northeast of the city, now and then coming within the city boundaries. Any mild morning, winter or summer, they may be heard singing their long continued warble with its large variety of notes, while at the same time soaring toward the skies.

The first year after the birds were liberated it was thought that they had failed to adapt themselves to the new conditions. The next year rumors of their having been seen, floated around, but nothing very definite could be made of the rumors. Last spring I decided if possible to satisfy myself of the truth or falsity of the statements, so I went out to the fields very early in the morning. For some time I rambled about without being sure of my birds. Then I saw a brown bird on the ground at some distance and advanced towards it. When within fifty yards or less the bird rose into the air singing as it went, and I was carried back in thought to the fields of old England where these songsters are so numerous. He went up almost out of sight still singing, and then, as is the custom, he descended to within fifty feet of the ground before stopping his music, from which point he dropped suddenly and all was still.

I published the fact in the newspapers and many other people went out and heard the songsters, and one morning last December when the Chinook wind was wafting soft breezes from the southwest, the editor of one of the Victoria newspapers heard one singing as if it were spring.

Most children of to-day are growing up to take an interest in birds, but there are still a few parents who fail to train their offspring to know their best friends, and these through thoughtlessness, often destroy many of the most beautiful creatures that God has created.

HON. WILLIAM MILLER
SENIOR SENATOR OF CANADA

A CRISIS OF CONFEDERATION

SENATOR MILLER'S REMINISCENCE OF HOW THE CAUSE OF UNION NARROWLY ESCAPED SHIPWRECK IN NOVA SCOTIA

BY ERNEST J. CHAMBERS

ONE of the satisfactory results of the discussion during recent years of the question of Senate reform—a subject to which the Senate has addressed itself with zeal, searching introspection and decided ability—is an appreciable increase of public interest in the upper branch of the Canadian Parliament. The lack of popular interest in the Senate as compared with the other representative branch of Parliament has naturally resulted in the people at large failing to recognize the services of the Senate to the country and to appreciate the strength and capacity of the Upper House as a wise and useful legislative body, comprising, as a matter of fact, a much larger proportion of tried and seasoned men than the House of Commons.

The fact that a considerable proportion of the Senators are men whose public careers have left noteworthy marks upon the history of Canada soon impresses itself upon one who has occasion to spend any of his time within the Senate precincts. Even among the younger Sen-

ators—and there has been a very large infusion of new blood into the Senate during the past ten or twelve years—are men who as pioneers in the great West, as Ministers of the Crown, as members of the House of Commons, or as the winners of honors in the arena of Provincial politics and administration, merit the distinction of being classed among the makers of Canada.

Among the senior Senators there is an interesting group, gradually diminishing in numbers, alas! representative of the political gladiators who waged that great, bitter, and to the last, doubtful fight while the Dominion was in the making.

What sidelights some of these veteran statesmen can throw upon the great historical occurrences of the past eventful forty years!

The writer of these few introductory lines had this fact forcibly impressed upon his mind upon the occasion of a casual visit, recently, to Senator Miller, in his room at the Senate.

It is perhaps unnecessary to write much by way of introduction on behalf of such a well-known Canadian Parliamentary veteran; but a few facts regarding the gentleman, one of whose reminiscences is the subject of this article, seem called for.

The Honorable William Miller is now the senior Senator of the Dominion, having been called to the Senate by Royal Proclamation in 1867, and being the only one remaining of the first appointees to the Senate whose names were contained in that proclamation. Prior to Confederation he had taken an active part in the politics of his native Province, Nova Scotia, and he sat in the Provincial Assembly from the general election in 1863 until the Union. He was not yet thirty years of age when first elected to the Legislature, having been born at Antigonish, of Irish descent, February 12, 1834.

While in the Nova Scotia Assembly he rendered important assistance to the Union cause. Being in favor of Confederation, but opposed to the financial conditions and other details of the Quebec scheme, it was on his initiative that the delegation of 1866 to England was appointed, in order to secure, under the auspices of the Imperial authorities, such modifications of that scheme as would make it more satisfactory to Nova Scotia. He was nominated a delegate to the London Colonial Conference of 1866-67, but declined the appointment.

Since his elevation to the Senate the Honorable Mr. Miller's career has been distinguished. He has, at various times, been chairman of all the leading standing committees and of several special committees. As chairman of the Joint Committee of both Houses of Parliament that reported the existing Criminal Code, he rendered conspicuous service. He was Speaker of the Senate from October 17, 1883, to April 4, 1887, and was called to the Privy Council for Canada May 30, 1891.

Senator Miller thrice declined a seat on the Bench, that honor having been first offered by the Hon. Alex. Mackenzie, and later by Sir John A. Macdonald, and lastly by Sir John Thompson.

It is not generally known that Senator Miller was recommended by four Conservative Prime Ministers of Canada (Sir John Abbott, Sir John Thompson, Sir Mackenzie Bowell and Sir Charles Tupper) to the Governor-General for Imperial honors, and was twice strongly recommended therefor to the Colonial Office by His Excellency Lord Aberdeen.

But to return to the visit to Senator Miller in his room at the Senate.

Conversation chanced to turn to Senator Miller's participation in the events which extricated the cause of Confederation from the political complications in Nova Scotia which threatened to overwhelm the whole

project with disaster. By way of emphasizing a remark, Senator Miller drew from his desk a memorandum he had prepared some years ago, describing in interesting detail an incident of historical importance generally unknown to historians of the stirring pre-Confederation period in Nova Scotia, or overlooked by them.

This document, written in the pithy, direct manner characteristic of Senator Miller, apart from its merit as a modest, straight-forward relation of an incident of decided historical importance, struck the honorable gentleman's visitor as throwing considerable light upon certain phases of the fight for union in Nova Scotia, and as indicating the precarious foothold of the champions of Confederation in that Province at this supremely critical moment in the history of Canada.

Feeling that the publication of this memorandum, particularly during the lifetime of Senator Miller and several others whose names are mentioned therein, would be a useful contribution towards the history of the Confederation period, the writer induced the veteran Senator to consent to its publication, and it appears below in exactly the shape in which it was handed over by the honorable gentleman:

A REMINISCENCE OF CONFEDERATION.

"Circumstances which I need not here relate have recently brought vividly to my mind an incident in the struggle for Confederation in Nova Scotia, in 1866, hitherto unpublished; but which I have more than once intended to place on record while all the principal persons concerned—Sir Charles Tupper, Hon. James Macdonald (ex-Chief Justice of Nova Scotia), Sir Sandford Fleming and myself—are still alive; and when I held very much in my hand the fate of the Union cause, as well as the future of these distinguished men. The following lines contain the facts relating to this incident, some of which already belong to history, although the gist of the present narrative has never yet seen the light of day.

"In the year 1865, the Union agitation was being carried on with unabated vigor in the Maritime Provinces—the anti-unionists apparently having everything their own way. In the autumn of that year, a trade delegation, consisting partly of the Hons. William McDougall, Thomas Ryan, James Macdonald and Isaac Levisconte—the two last representing Nova Scotia—was sent to the West Indies to ascertain how far commerce could be pushed with those Islands. Hon. James Macdonald was Financial Secretary in the Government of Nova Scotia, of which Hon. Dr. Tupper was Premier, and was, next to Tupper, the strongest and most influential man in the Cabinet.

"During the absence of the Financial Secretary on this delegation, there occurred in Nova Scotia an event by many people called 'The Pictou Railway Scandal,' which created comparatively in the smaller arena of Provincial politics as much excitement as was caused by 'The Pacific Railway Scandal,' within the wider boundaries of the Dominion, some years later.

"Provision had been made by law during the session of 1865 for the extension of the Provincial railway from Truro to Pictou. Mr. Sandford Fleming was at the time chief railway engineer of the Province of Nova Scotia, and a gentleman named McNab was his assistant.

"The contracts for the construction of the road had been awarded to several firms of contractors, who had influential friends in both political parties. Some of the leading Conservatives and Liberals in Halifax, Pictou, Col-

chester, Hants and Cumberland counties were at the back of these contractors. Suddenly every one of these firms broke down, and it was alleged that the general disaster was due to the harsh and unfair way in which the chief engineer enforced the terms of the several contracts, which, it was said, were designedly vague, ambiguous and misleading, and intended by Tupper and Fleming as a preparatory step to what subsequently took place. Mr. Fleming's estimate for the whole work before the commencement of operations was $2,100,000. Three or four weeks before the meeting of the Legislature in 1866 it was announced that the Government—which really meant Dr. Tupper, in the absence of Mr. Macdonald—had taken the work out of the hands of all the stranded contractors, and entered into a new contract for the entire job with Chief Engineer Fleming, on the basis of his own estimate — less $100,000. Fleming then ceased to be chief engineer, and McNab, his assistant, was appointed in his stead. This transaction was fiercely denounced alike by friends and foes of the Government as a most high-handed act of the administration, on the eve of the meeting of the Legislature, and as nothing else than a corrupt deal between Tupper and Fleming. On the meeting of the Provincial Parliament in '66 the Hon. Adams Archibald, leader of the Opposition, in the greatest effort of his public life, made a motion of want of confidence, in connection with the Pictou Railway charges, which threatened the Government with almost certain defeat.

"While the debate was going on, and the excitement in consequence was at fever heat, Messrs. Macdonald and Levisconte arrived home from their West Indian mission on a fine Saturday morning in March, and the Conservative M.P.P.'s, who were in an overwhelming majority in the Assembly, appealed to the Financial Secretary to repudiate Tupper's railway policy, and oust him from power, and thus annul Fleming's contract, in which Tupper was freely charged with being a sleeping partner.

"On that same Saturday, about five o'clock in the afternoon, as I was passing 'The Province Building' along Hollis street, I heard a voice shouting my name from the eastern door of the fine old edifice, and on looking up saw James Macdonald, the Finance Minister, approaching me. After exchanging greetings, he said to me: 'Miller you are the very man I want to see. I have just left Tupper, and I have left with him my resignation. My friends insist on my repudiation of the Fleming contract, and they are mad enough to eat me, if I refuse. But Tupper tells me that you intend shortly to take a step which will result in the success of Confederation. He says if I resign the Government will go down—the Conservative party will go to pieces —Confederation will be defeated—and all will be lost. He asked me to see you for confirmation of what he said, and I promised him to do so, and I also told him if your answer was satisfactory I would withdraw my resignation on Monday.'

"We walked together until we arrived at Macdonald's residence on Morris street, which we entered, and where we spent the night together very pleasantly. I gave the Finance Minister all the assurances he wanted respecting the anticipated success of the Union cause—on my early initiative. When I was leaving his house at gray dawn on Sunday morning the last words he addressed to me on the stoop, accompanied with a hearty shakehands, were these: 'I will withdraw my resignation bright and early to-morrow morning and stand by the ship'—which he did.

"Macdonald at once rallied his friends to the support of the Gov-

ernment, and this meant to Dr. Tupper the salvation of his leadership of the Conservative party, which was easily within his colleague's grasp, had the latter allowed his ambition to override his sense of duty, and loyalty to his chief. But he was not that sort of man—and he was an ardent Unionist.

"Archibald's want of confidence motion—thanks to Macdonald's action—was lost by a large majority, and my proposition, made on the third day of April following, in my place in the Assembly, for another conference in London to revise the Quebec scheme, was soon accepted by both branches of the Legislature.

"Knowing as we do from the world's history what trivial causes, and insignificant factors, often shape great ends, who can say how much of the history of Canada was or was not involved in the main incident of the foregoing revelations?

"In conversation with Sir Adams Archibald some years subsequently, in relation to the Pictou railway episode, he expressed a strong opinion that there was nothing wrong in Sir Charles Tupper's dealing with Sir Sandford Fleming—except the high-handed manner in which he ignored his colleagues in the Government, as well as the Legislature, in the crisis resulting from the breakdown of the contractors. He then believed that Sir Sandford and Sir Charles had both acted throughout the whole business for the best interests of the Province; and this was ultimately the verdict of the people. When trouble appeared, Sir Sandford at once offered to throw up his contract, and even leave Nova Scotia, if this was thought necessary to allay the excitement and bitterness that were endangering Confederation."

SUNRISE ON LAKE ERIE

By S. JOHN DUNCAN-CLARK

Like a mysterious veil that hides the face
Of some fair angel, so the tenuous mist
Hung shyly o'er the waking eyes of day,
While on her placid bosom's virgin grace,
Iridescent, the pale-hued amethyst
Of Erie's jewelled surface shimmering lay.

Then through her eastern windows peeped the sun,
An ardent wooer bent on love's surprise,
His amorous breath, the mystic veil dispelled,
Day from her star-decked couch of night was won,
And tripping forth—the sun's smile in her eyes—
There at her feet the world—his gift—beheld!

THE MEETING AT TILLMAN'S

BY DICK DARIUS

HER face under the wide-rimmed straw hat was flushed by the walk in the hot sun, and she panted and gasped from the exertion of climbing the crooked rail fence. The two tin pails which she carried on her arm, the smaller inside the larger, rattled together with a cheerful tink-tink. Once or twice she paused for a moment to pick a few berries from the bushes which everywhere reached out long arms to clutch her dress as she passed. Suddenly she stopped.

"Why, there's a man's hat, but I'll bet a cow there's a woman under it!" She mounted a log to get a better view.

"Why, bless my heart, Jane Reiner!" she cried. "Ain't you got loads of berries in your garden, without comin' out here in the bilin' sun to pick wild ones?"

The hat was violently agitated as its wearer struggled out of the clump of bushes.

"For pity's sake, Melissy Upton, what are you doin' here? I bet there's berries spilin' on your bushes at home!" she cried in retort.

Mrs. Upton laughed good-naturedly.

"I saw them girls in here yesterday; an' from where I set, knittin' on the verandah, I could hear them laughin' an' shoutin' to each other. It put me in mind of the good times I used to have when I was a girl goin' berry-pickin'. So I thought I'd try it again, for the sake of old times."

"I saw 'em, too," Mrs. Reiner hastened to say. "I remembered how nice the wild berries tasted when ma used to do 'em down pound for pound. So I made up my mind I'd come over an' get enough to do down a gem-jar, anyway."

"How long have you been here?" asked Mrs. Upton, as she peeped into the other's pail.

"Well, I've been here long enough to get sick of bein' tangled up in brush-heaps an' rammin' my hand into wasp nests."

Mrs. Upton laughed again, and wiped her heated face on her apron.

"I was just wonderin' as I come through here," she said, "tumblin' over logs, steppin' into water-holes, an' tearin' my clothes on the bushes, whether the sun used to shine so hot when we was girls, an' whether the berries was such mean little no-'count things twenty year ago like they are now. I see you brought a lunch same's me. I only calc'lated to stay an hour or two, but we always used to take a lunch—that was half the fun. Well, there ain't no fool like an old fool, an' that's a true saying."

"Ain't the grass nice an' green under that old butternut tree?" said Mrs. Reiner abruptly.

"Yes, it is. I move we set there

an' eat our lunch, an' pick berries by proxy. We won't get near so het up an' cross that way."

"My! I'm glad you brought that jar of cold tea," said Mrs. Reiner, as they settled themselves on the grass. "I'm thirsty as a fish a' ready."

There was a marked contrast in the two women who leaned against the tree, eating chicken sandwiches, and looking out contentedly over the tangle of berry bushes and scrub willows. Mrs. "Sile" Upton was stout and good-natured, pretty still, despite—or perhaps because—of her forty years. She was a woman who, like wine, is improved by age. Mrs. "Ed" Reiner was thin and sharp-featured, and took life with acid seriousness.

"How'd the Ladies' Aid meetin' at Tillman's come off?" she asked. "I was already to go, had my hat on, even, when that red-headed boy of Reade's come with a telegram from Ed's sister, askin' us to meet her at the station next mornin'. So I just yanked off my things an' went to work, bakin' up. I wouldn't for any money have her come an' find me with less'n three kinds of cake in the house; besides pie an' tarts an' sech. She ain't no great bake herself, but——"

"Do you mean to say you ain't heard what happened at the meetin'?" interrupted Mrs. Upton, incredulously. "Why, I thought everybody from Dan to Beer-sheba had heard about that!"

"Why? Did anything happen out of common? Didn't they make the presentation to Mrs. Lynne? Did they give her the silver biscuit jar, like they planned?"

"Yes, they give her the biscuit jar; but there wasn't much silver about it."

"Why, they had over fifteen dollars gathered up! That ought—"

"They had eighteen dollars an' sixty cents. I was one of 'em that went around, an' I had the money. They'd put Mrs. Jim Braydon in to buy the biscuit jar; so I sent Sile over to Braydon's with the money, an' went over the next day myself to see if he'd forgot to give it to her. It's risky trustin' a man with anything important. I never really enjoy a visit at Braydon's either; I always feel as if I'm standin' on a volcano that's liable to bust up any minute. Do you feel that way when you go there?"

"Yes, I do. Mrs. Jim's so kind of martyry, an' Jim's so hog stingy you can't help despisin' him; an' you feel that Mrs. Jim despises him, too, an' that he thinks she's a regular fool. An' they talk so stiff an' polite you just know they're shuttin' their teeth hard to keep from throwin' bricks at each other. It is tryin' a body's nerves."

"They haven't got along a bit well, have they? I've heard folks say they thought she'd leave him if it wasn't for the children. But, I believe she'd rather die than do that; she's proud; she wouldn't give people such a chance to talk."

"Proud! I should think she is! Ed was there when they got word her mother was dyin' an' wanted to see her. Ed an' Jim was in the barn. Ed was gettin' some seed grain. She come out with the letter an' handed it to Jim, who read it an' handed it back to her, an' went on turnin' the handle of the fannin'-mill. After a minute he says, surly like: 'It'd cost ten dollars for you to go. I can't spare the money.' An' what do you suppose she done then? Clout his ears, like she should ha' done? Not much she didn't! She just drew herself up like a duchess, her eyes blazin', an' marched off without a word. Ed said he thought then she'd never get to go. An' she never did. If Ed Reiner had said sech a thing to me at sech a time, I'd ha' had that money if I'd had to yank every hair out of his head to get it. You bet, I would!"

"Yes, Mrs. Jim's awful proud," agreed Mrs. Upton. "She believes in woman's rights; but she doesn't say much about it, bein' proud. She thinks that when she works as hard as Jim does she ought to have money for the things she needs without havin' to ask for it. An' she should, of course. But law sakes! there ain't one man in ten thousand—maybe ten million—that's built that way. Our great-great-ever-so-great-granddaughters may be able to get their rights without askin' for 'em, but unless we are goin' to be martyrs like Mrs. Jim, we've got to do the way Eve did,—coax 'em, or boss 'em, or both if the occasion calls. An' I don't know, for my own part, that I'd have it changed if I could. It's such fun to see 'em thinkin' they're Lords of Creation, when the women's bossin' 'em all the time, an' they don't know it." She laughed softly. "Did I ever tell you how Sile come to give me that oak rocker, this spring? Well, I was goin' to paper the parlor—had the paper in the house a' ready; generally, I don't say anything about it, just put it on when he ain't 'round, an' he never knows the difference. But this time, havin' some company, I got talkin', an' forgot Sile was there, an' spoke about my intentions of paperin' the room. When the company left, Sile pitched into me, as I expected he would, about bein' extravagant; he said the old paper would do. I says: 'All right, Sile. You know best'—sweet as molasses runnin' out of a jug. He says: 'Melissy, you're a sensible woman.' I see that he was so tickled at havin' his own way, an' savin' five dollars, he wouldn't mind spendin' twenty-five. So I says, wishful like: 'Mrs. Lynne is the most fortunate woman! She's got the loveliest oak rocker ever was!' He didn't say anything, but I see he'd swallered the bait without winkin'. Next day he let on he had to go to town; an' while he was gone I slapped on the paper. When he come back he had the rockin' chair all right, as I knew he would."

"That was good!" said Mrs. Reiner, approvingly. "But I'd like to hear what happened at the Ladies' Aid meetin'?"

"Well, I'm tellin' you; only I strayed off. Where'd I get to?"

"You was goin' over to Mrs. Jim Braydon's, if that has anything to do with it."

"Oh, yes, it's of the utmost importance, as the doctors say about measles. Mrs. Jim was more stiff than usual, an' that's sayin' a good deal. She said Sile had give her the money, an' hadn't lost any on the road. After that I couldn't get a word out of her, edgeways; she didn't seem to want to talk about the presentation at all. I was just makin' up my mind that I'd get out of there as quick as I could decently, when she jumped up an' ran into the sittin'-room, like as if she'd thought of something all of a sudden. She come out with a sofy cushion that she'd worked the cover for when she was a girl. When it was new I had admired it, an' once, more in fun than anything else, I'd asked her if she'd sell it; but I hadn't seen it, nor thought of it, for ten years; an' you could ha' knocked me down with a feather when she asked me to buy it. I was kind of mad at first, for I wouldn't hardly have picked it up off the road, it was so faded an' wore; but when I see how anxious she looked, as if a lot depended on it, an' when I thought how the poor thing never had two fi'-cent pieces to rub together, I said I'd take it. I give her all I had with me, a dollar an' a half, an' ripped the cover off, an' went home with it under my arm—though I felt like throwin' it away as soon as I got off the place; but I felt awful sorry for Mrs. Jim."

"Well, it come the day of the Ladies' Aid meetin' at Tillman's.

We was most all there when Mrs. Jim come; she'd walked across the fields—trust Jim Braydon to be as stingy of his horses as he is of his pocket! She had her parcel with her; an' she brought it in, an' set it down on the centre table right under Mrs. Lynne's nose! We hadn't intended to make the presentation till the religious part of the meetin' was over; but everybody thought it was better to give it now, when Mrs. Jim had brought it in that way. Mrs. Perkins—she'd been put in to make the speech, you know—slipped around an' whispered to ever so many; an' Mrs. Tillman took the dish out in the kitchen to unwrap it, an' have it ready to bring in at the right place in the speech. After Mrs. Perkins had busied around till our nerve was all on edge, she started to read the speech,—the preacher had writ it,—Mrs. Lynne lookin' as surprised an' innocent as if she hadn't suspicioned it all along. I was sittin' close by the kitchen door, an' I could hear the paper ratlin' as Mrs. Tillman was takin' it off; an' then I heard her say: 'Oh!' like that, as if she'd seen a snake. I could feel my face gettin' red, an' I didn't need to see that dish to know that it was horrid, an' that Mrs. Jim knew it an' brought it in like that so's to get it over. Mrs. Perkins stopped for a minute when she got to 'accept this humble token,' an' then she went on an' read it all through; an' still Mrs. Tillman didn't come in with the dish. Mrs. Perkins' face got red as a biled beet; then Mrs. Tillman come in with the biscuit jar, an' I really thought Mrs. Perkins would drop. Act'ally, Jane, it was the hatefullest thing I ever see. There wasn't a bit of silver about it—just ironstone china, coarse as a brick. Everybody just give one look at it, an' then at Mrs. Jim, an' gasped like the whale swallerin' Jonah. Mrs. Jim set there with her face set hard as flint, an' her hands clinched, like she was makin' herself stand it. Mrs. Lynne put her handkerchief up to her mouth, an' there was little wrinkles at the corners of her eyes; she was always a woman that could see a joke, an' I suppose it seemed mighty funny, after that speech—the preacher had laid on the taffy middlin' thick—to hand out a common thing like that. But she was just as nice about it as she could be, too. She said that anything she'd done had been a pleasure, an' its own reward, an' so on. She said briar roses had always been her favorite flower; she turned the dish around so's we could see the queer-lookin' flower on the side—it might ha' been a briar rose or it might ha' been a Scotch thistle; but, anyway, she called it a briar rose, an' she said she would never look at it without thinkin' of us—an' I bet that was true enough. Then she set down the dish an' went right on with the meetin'. Mrs. Perkins should ha' taken it, but it didn't need no doctor to tell she wasn't able; she looked like she was petrified. Mrs. Lynne read the chapter where it says: 'Charity thinketh no evil.' It fit; for I reckon there wasn't one of us but thought Mrs. Jim had kept most of the money; an' it looked like that, didn't it? Mrs. Barton set next to me, an' she whispered she'd seen them dishes in Smith's store an' they was only a dollar an' forty-nine cents. Of course, I knew then that Mrs. Jim didn't have the money, that something had happened to it—all of it; an' that she'd bought that biscuit jar with the money I'd give her for the cushion top. Mrs. Lynne kept everybody busy, an' never let the meetin' drag a minute; she was just bound not to give anybody a chance to jump on poor Mrs. Jim. She was callin' the roll, when that youngest Tillman girl come in to the door an' said Mary Braydon was in the kitchen, an' wanted to speak to her ma. Mrs. Jim kind of stag-

gered when she got up to go out, an' her face looked so white an' old. I just wanted to yell, I felt so sorry for her. She was only gone two or three minutes, an' when she come back her eyes was shinin' like stars, an' her cheeks was pink as anything; I never see such a change in a few minutes, never. Mrs. Lynne shut up the book quick, an' says: 'Sister Braydon wants to speak to the meetin'.

"Mrs. Jim stuck out her hand, an' there was the roll of bills, all tied up like I'd give 'em to Sile! 'There's your money, ladies, just as it come to me,' she says, speakin' fast an' eager, like she couldn't say it fast enough. She says: 'I put the money in a drawer in the bureau, where I thought it would be safe, an' when I went to look for it again it was gone. I thought'—she kind of stopped as if she didn't know what to say, then she says: ' I thought it was lost. So I bought that biscuit jar with my own money; it was a cheap thing, but it was all I had to spare. It seemed like it would kill me to come without anything, an' say I had lost the money. Oh, I've been so foolish and blind, sisters!' she says, an' seemed like she was goin' to cry; but she braced up, an' went on to say that after she'd come away that afternoon, Mary had been lookin' for something in the drawer below the one where she'd put the money, and had found the roll of bills, where it had dropped down through a hole from the drawer above. 'An' now I can look you all in the face, an' say I never cheated you,' she says. Mrs. Lynne kissed her; an' we all crowded round an' made much of her, sorry we'd had such mean thoughts about her. When she made that little pause before she said she thought it was lost, it just popped into my head that she'd thought Jim had taken it. I can't give no reason for it; but I just knowed that was how it was."

Mrs. Upton plucked up a handful of grass and let it fall slowly through her fingers.

"An' that's all that happened at Tillman's," she said.

Mrs. Reiner leaned forward eagerly. "An' did you find out if it was so? What you thought about Jim, I mean."

"Well, Jane, Mrs. Jim told me private, but I'll tell you, an' I know it won't go no farther. I see Mrs. Jim was just dyin' to talk, there's times, you know, when even the reservedest has got to tell what's on their mind. I didn't want anybody to get hold of it that would tattle it around. So I asked her to ride home with me, 'cause I could drive round by their place just as well as not. Almost fore we got onto the road she started to tell me about it. It seems she didn't say a word to Jim about bein' put in to get the present, or anything, so he didn't know she had the money. She put it in the bureau drawer, like she said at the meetin', an' there wasn't anything in that drawer belongin' to Jim—just little knick-knacks, things she'd had when she was a girl, an' such like. But, she said, sometimes Jim would open it, an' tumble things all about—she thought he did it a-purpose, but I told her Sile did the very same way, men are all alike, never know where to find anything. Well, the next day after she'd got the money she came into the room an' found Jim pawing 'round in that drawer; an' then when she went to look for the money it was gone. She said she didn't think, for a minute, that Jim would take it if he knew it was church money; but, if he thought it was money she'd been saving up, on the sly, she did think he would take it. She said she would rather ha' been tore to pieces with wild horses than to ask Jim for that money. She said she thought it was just as bad for him to steal from her, as from the

Ladies' Aid; an' she was just about wild, an' most hated him. 'But he didn't do it!' she says, happy an' excited like. When we got to their gate she made me let her out, she said she'd rather walk up the lane than not. Jim was fixin' the lane fence; an' she 'most run till she got up to him, then I see her touch his arm an' speak to him. I turned my head, an' drove on; but, somehow, after a while I couldn't help lookin' again. They was walkin' towards the house, his arm 'round her waist —spoony as any young-married couple. Where's that jar of tea? My throat is as dry as a sermon."

Mrs. Upton lifted the jar to her lips and took a long, refreshing drink.

"Well, I s'pose they are kind of like that," said Mrs. Reiner, thoughtfully.

"Like what?"

"Like a young married couple; they was startin' all over again. Well, I hope they get along better now. An' do you know, I believe they will!"

"So do I," said Mrs. Upton heartily, as she screwed on the lid of the jar. "An' I s'pose instead of datin' things from their weddin'-day they'll date from the Ladies' Aid meetin' at Tillman's."

DESOLATE BEAUTY

By E. M. YEOMAN

Here is a violet growing all alone.
Far in the dark wood's heart it hath upgrown,
The forest's only flower.
And all about it brown pine-needles lie
And giant gnarled trees tower,
And press their green against the quiet sky;
And moaning sighs from out the west go by.
But all alone the little flower blooms,
A drop of blue amidst the forest glooms.
It is the forest's child, but yet
All different it's estate:
All single the blue violet,
All lone and desolate.

The beauty of my love is like this flower,
Or like a desert-girt oasal bower,
Lonely in excellence,
That seems a vision, foreign and apart.
To the wan traveller's sense.
And to the kingdom of her mind and heart,
The magic Faith hath summoned by his art
Chimeric angels out of Paradise,
With lore and legend of their native skies.
She is a child of Earth, but she
Is all unlike the Earth:
All lonely in sublimity,
All desolate in worth.

THE
LOG OF A CANADIAN PRIVATEER

WITH INTRODUCTORY NOTE

BY LOUIS A. HOLMAN

DURING the early part of the nineteenth century it was a very common thing for a country at war with her neighbor to allow her citizens to arm small craft for the purpose of preying upon that neighbor's shipping. This piratical warfare was legalized under "Letters of Marque." While the war of 1812 was in progress, and long after, the coast of New England swarmed with Canadian privateers, which wrought such havoc among the coasting vessels of the United States that *Poulson's Almanac*, a Philadelphia publication, dated June 5, 1813, headed its column of shipping news with these words: "To keep up an appearance of commerce and navigation, we shall report all fishing boats and smacks as they arrive in port."

The Boston *Messenger* for December 15, of the same year says: "The melancholy list of captures by the enemy hourly increases. Since the beginning of November we have heard of more than one hundred captures on the coast of the United States by British cruisers, and of the arrival of only two or three American captures. Many of the vessels taken by the British had valuable cargoes." A large number of these British cruisers were fitted out and owned in St. John, New Brunswick. Among their number was the sloop "Dart," commanded by John Harris, of Annapolis Royal, N.S. She sailed on May 22, 1813, from St. John, on a cruise along the New England coast, and returned to the home port on June 30, having chased twenty-five vessels, boarded twenty-one and captured five. The log of her voyage, with the exception of lengthy references to wind and weather, is here given verbatim, from the original in the possession of Mrs. Edwin Gates, a grand-daughter of Captain Harris.

Saturday, May 22nd, 1813—

Moderate breeze and pleasant weather. At noon mustered the men by the custom house offices. At 1 p.m. got underweigh and dropt down to the beacon and came too with the best bower.

All hands employed getting the vessel ready for sea.

Sunday, May 23—

A. M. employ'd preparing for sea. This day contains but 12 hours.

Monday, May 24th—

2 p.m., got underweigh and proceeded out of the harbor on a cruize. At 4 spoke a schooner, a prize going in. At 8 p.m. tacked to the westw'd Annapolis, but bearing S. E. ½ E. dist 5 leagues.

M. N. blowing a gale. Hove to under ballanc'd main sail.

At 10½ (a.m.) tack'd to S. E'd—Musquash—bear'g north 3 miles.

Tuesday, May 25th, 1813—

First part of this 24 hours moderate breeze, hazy weather and drizzling rain.

Midnight inclinable to calm. At 8 a.m. the north end of Grand Manan bore W. N. W., the Wolves N. W. ½ N.

All hands employed in making wads, points, and getting the guns and small arms in order.

Wednesday, 26th—

At 6 p.m. came to anchor in the northern harbor, Grand Manan, in ten fathoms with the best bower. Went on shore to procure men.

Thursday, May 27th, 1813—

Employed setting up the rigging, filling up water, etc.

9 a.m., cleared off, got underweigh and stood out.

Meridian West Quaddy light bore N. W. Dist. 3 miles.

Friday, 28th—

At 4 p.m. saw a schooner making into little river.

At 6 p.m. sent Mr. Ross, 1st Lieut. and six men in the boat to bring her out. At 10 the boat returned, had boarded her. She proved to be the Sally of and from Eastport, bound to Machias, having a License and in ballast. At ½ past 2 a.m., being dark thick weather, fell in with his Majesty's ship Rattler, Capt. Gordon. She fired two shots at us in quick succession, one of which came into our larboard bow between wind and water — came to anchor immediately and Rattler's boat boarded me. Went on board the Rattler. Captain Gordon sent his carpenter. He plugged and leaded the hole. At 4 returned on board and continued on our cruise.

The Rattler had Schooner Ploughboy, a prize, with her.

Saturday, May 29th, 1813—

At 2½ p.m. hove to under balanced main sail, head to the southeastward, the vessel making water at the shot hole.

Daylight, almost calm and very thick fog.

9 a.m., heard the roar of the shore, tacked and stood off, having made sail at 6 a.m. 11 cleared off a little saw Wooden Ball Rock bearing N. W. 12 miles, tacked toward it, intending to go into Metimucus to repair our leak.

At 12 saw 2 sails to the northeastward among the islands, made sail in chase.

Sunday, 30th—

1 p.m., light wind came on, very thick fog, and being in among the islands had to give over the chase and haul off.

10 p.m., being between the Isle of Hauti and Stroud Island, very thick fog, out sweeps and pulled off from the breakers. 2 a.m., hove to. At 8 a.m. made sail—to work out clear of the islands at Meridian, heard the roar of the Seal Rock to windward.

Monday, May 31st, 1813—

Moderate breeze and very thick fog. 2 p.m., came to anchor on the N. W. side of the seal rock, trim'd the vessel by the stern and secured our leak.

5 p.m., having completed our business, got underweigh and proceeded out at 6 p.m. Wooden Ball Rock bore S. W. by W. 4 or 5 leagues.

8 a.m., west end of Matinick Island bore N. by W.

10, cleared off.

11, saw three sail in shore standing to the eastward. Gave chase immediately. Mad breeze and pleasant weather.

Tuesday, June 1st, 1813—

Chasing the aforesaid vessels, they standing for Whitehead. 3 p.m., boarded a chebacco boat, fair play from Portsmouth for Eastport with women passengers. Cargo potatoes and 1 barrel pork. Released her after taking the barrel pork and some potatoes. Boarded schooner Union from Portsmouth for Penobscot, having nothing in released her. Latter part of this day stood round the Mush Ledges and bore up Penobscot Bay in chase. At 8 p.m. our chase put into a harbor in the North Fox Island. Manned the boat and sent her in with the first Lieut. to bring her out if of any value. At 9½ the boat returned, the schooner having run on shore and deserted. Took from her some stores and left her. Stood down the bay, and in the morning was off Metinuers. After which stood in to the westward of Metinick to intercept vessels passing.

Took from the schooner drove on shore at Fox Island was three barrels bread and one box containing cotton yarn.

Wednesday, June 2nd, 1813—

All hands employed in chase of vessel standing for Whitehead. 4 a.m., chased a boat in with whitewood, fired four shots at her but could not bring her to. At 4 p.m. brought to and boarded and captured Schooner Joanna, Capt. Newcomb, from Boston, bound to Eastport, laden with fifteen hundred bushels corn for clearance. Put Nathaniel Ricker, prize master, and three hands on board and ordered her for St. John, N.B. Allowed the master to go on shore in his boat. He wished to continue in the prize, but had made use of such threatening language that it was thought prudent to send him on shore. During the night worked out between Green Island and Matimacus—Mr.—Wooden Ball Rock bearing N. E. by E. Dist. 4 leagues, lat. 43 degrees 35 N.

Thursday, June 3rd—

6 p.m., the Island of Monhegen bore N. N. E. 5 leagues. I gave chase to some small vessels to the N. W. 8 p.m., Sequin bore North 3 or 4 leagues. Gave up chase.

6 a.m., Cape Elizabeth bore N. W. by W., Dist 4 or 5 leagues. Several sails of fishing boats in sight.

11 a.m., lay by and caught some fish.

With light wind and hazy, made sail and stood to the south.

June 4th, 1813—

"God Save Great George Our King." Several small sails in sight. 1 p.m., tacked to the windward in chase of a brig on our weather bow, standing in for the land by the wind. At 8 raised the stern of the chase. 9 p.m., lost sight of the chase, being hazy, though moonlight and pleasant.

Midnight, spoke a sloop from Portland for Boston, cargo wood. Boon Island light bore N ½ W and being near in with the Isle of Shoals tacked to southward. At 4 a.m. inclinable to calm, saw Cape Ann lights.

8 a.m., saw a suspicious sail appearing to be a privateer schooner working within the Salvages, stood toward her, she having a chebacco boat with her which kept close by. Fearing we could not cut her off, tacked to the north in hopes to decoy her out. They tacked after us, but soon tacked again into Sandy Bay. We stood in after but was too late to cut her off. Tacked and stood off by the Salvages. 10, saw a large ship to the westward of Cape Ann. A fishing boat spoke us and cautioned us from going round the lights, saying the ship we saw was an English frigate and that the Chesapeake frigate was chased in or taken by the Shannon—could not ascertain which, not wishing him to come near us.

Saturday, June 5th, 1813—

Standing off and on in sight of Cape Ann. A number of chebacco boats about us. Evening employed exercising great guns and small arms. 8 p.m., stood toward the shore, intending to try to cut out the pilot boat schooner in Sandy Bay. Midnight, hazy, close in with Halibut Point.

Out boat and manned her with 7 men, under the command of Mr. Owen, 2nd Lieut., armed with one swivel, small arms, cutlasses and pistoles and ordered her into Sandy Bay to bring out the aforesaid schooner.

3 a.m., the boat returned and reported had examined the Bay and that the schooner had escaped. In boat and manned the sweeps and rowed out past Thatcher lights. 5, in sweeps and made sail, having a light breeze from the southward. Saw a schooner to the westward standing to the eastward.

6 a.m., almost calm, being about 3 miles from the schooner. Sent Mr. Ross with the boat to board her.

7 do., got sight of the pilot boat schooner working along shore near Gloster point. 8, Mr. Ross returned, the schooner was the Mary of Dorchester, Capt. Wilson, from Boston for Portland, being light and an old vessel, allowed her to proceed. Housed our guns and kept all hands below, lest the schooner should suspect us and escape into a harbor. 11, coming up with the chase. At 11½ a.m., brought her to, being off Salem harbor, near the Half Way Rock. Sent Mr. Ross and boat's crew on board, ordered him to make sail out of the Bay immediately, while I boarded and took in tow the chebacco boat—and stood out again—the boat was called Ye Superb of Portland, Lemuel Sawyer master, cargo salt; and the schooner proved to be the Washington, of Portland, from do. for Boston, Elisha Sawyer, master and owner, cargo of lumber—a beautiful pilot boat of 65 tons burden, entirely new, pierced for guns, completely fitted, and I expect was intended for a privateer.

Moderate light airs off Gloster point.

Sunday, June 6th, 1813—

Making the best of our way out of the Bay with our prize. 12½, boarded Schooner Luce, belonging Mr. Elen'r Parsons, of Boston, William Morse commander, a fisherman of about 60 tons—allowed her to proceed. Took the prisoners from the Washington and put them on board the Superb and kept her in tow until I should get clear of the Bay. 2½ p.m., released the Superb and sent her in with the prisoners, one lady passenger with them. 3 p.m., boarded a Marblehead schooner, Capt. Weat, from ——— bound to Marblehead, loaded with wood, being poor men to all appearance allowed them to proceed. 3½ p.m., sent William Owen, 2nd Lieut., and two men on board the Washington and ordered her for St. John, N.B., having previously put on board 1 swivel, two muskets, two cutlasses and sixty rounds. She being so fine a vessel, and having a warlike appearance, judged proper to arm her likewise, put on board, etc. 6, lost sight of her to leeward. 8 a.m., tacked to leeward. A number of chebacco boats in sight, being on the ——— bank 5 leagues westward of Clasher Ledge. , went on board a boat and got some fresh fish, for which I gave them a bottle of rum.

Monday, June 7th, 1813—

1 p.m., saw a sail to the westward. Made sail and gave chase immediately.

2 p.m., found she was standing to the westward. 3, found we gained on her, all sail set to advantage. 4, began to raise her hull. 5, ascertained the chase to be steering N. N. W. 5½, being

about 1 league from her, gave her two shots, when she brought to and showed American colors. 6, brought to and sent the first Lieut. on board. She proved to be the ship Cuba, of New York, George Thomas master, from New Haven bound to Portland, laden with fifteen hundred barrels and two hundred half barrels flour. Shipped the prisoners, leaving the master and a passenger on board. Gave Mr. Ross the charge of her with 7 of our men with him and ordered him to proceed to St. John, N.B., and the Dart would convoy him in.

10 a.m., went on board the prize. Saw the land to the northward, judge to be the Isle of Haute.

Tuesday, June 8th, 1813—

Under short sail keeping company with the Cuba. Employed sharpening cutlasses, cleaning arms, preparing swivel cartridges, etc. 7 p.m., Mount Desert Hills bore N. N. W. Dist. 11 or 12 leagues. Sealed our guns and loaded again.

Midnight, under the prize's quarter and great attention to keep in sight of her. 10, light wind and some fog. Moderate light weather, Petit passage bearing S. E. by E. Out boat and sent some steering sails on board the Cuba.

June 9th, 1813—

4, we keeping close by the prize. Midnight, saw land to the westward.

2 a.m., lost sight of the Cuba. 4, being close in with the rocks, came to anchor.

Daylight, still foggy, found the Cuba and ourselves at anchor near Musquash head. 7, got the Cuba underweigh with light airs at N. E. She got about 1 mile off when falling calm, she drove in very near the Head and let go an anchor. Out boat and took our small cable and anchor to her assistance and succeeded in getting her off. Got our boat stove under our bowsprit.

9 a.m., got underweigh and stood up after the ship. Thick fog. 10½, off Negro head, took a pilot and sent him on board the Cuba. 11½, near Partridge Island; the Washington joined us.

Passed Partridge Island. Saluted the fort. Discharged our small arms and prepared for coming to anchor.

Wednesday, June 10th, 1813—

2½ p.m., came to anchor in the harbor of St. John, with our prizes, Ship Cuba and Schooner Washington, and moored them.

Thursday, 11th—

No duty doing on board, all hands ashore.

Friday, 12th—

All hands ashore.

Saturday, 13th—

Some hands stripping the Washington.

Sunday 14th—

Got some our men on board.

Monday, 15 June—

Got part of our crew on board, filled our water and got sundry stores on board. Got another pump made, our leak stopped and preparing to sail again.

Tuesday, 16th June—

Employed getting stores, etc., on board also a 12 pounder cannonade with materials thereto. Got some carpenter's work done.

6 p.m., Mr. Ross, 1st Lieut., Ganet Tool and George Ernest deserted the vessel. Ship Doane Snow, 2nd Lieut., Mr. Vail, carpenter, and some other hands. 7 p.m., hove up out sweeps and rowed out of the harbor. 9, without the Island.

Wednesday, June 17th, 1813—

Standing towards Annapolis Gut, intending going there to get the vessel in order and the crew sober and some more officers.

Saw the fleet from Halifax to St. John off Point Lapreau. 5 p.m., got in the gut and at 6 p.m. went on shore at Digby and engaged Capt. Burnham as prize master. 7½, got on board and made sail for Annapolis. 10 p.m., died away calm. At midnight anchored two miles below Annapolis and went on shore.

Thursday, 18th—

This day employed fitting our cannonade, pump, etc. Boatswain and gang sent down our yards and refitted them; fitted the new foreyard, etc.

Friday, June 19th—

Shipt. John Fowler prize master and John Ruggles Lieut. of Marines and a surgeon. Prepared for sailing as soon as the tide would answer (this day contains but 12 hours).

Saturday, 19th, 1813—

Employed fitting rigging of the yards, filling water, making wads, etc., etc.

4 p.m., weighed and made sail and stood down Annapolis River. 7 p.m., out of Annapolis Gut. Spoke schooner Fair Trader, Capt. Byrn.

Sunday, 20th—

4½ p.m., about 2 miles above the Grand passage.

7 a.m., light wind. Saw a sail from the masthead to the S. E. 8, she made the signal for His M. ship, which we answered with our signal. She made signal to speak us, and we bore down for her. At 9 her boat boarded us—proved to be H. M. ship Rattler. They informed us the Liverpool packet was taken by the American privateer schooner Thomas. 10, stood to the westward.

Monday, June 21, 1813—

Saw a small sail off the lea beam, and a sail ahead. Saw the land bearing N. W. In, flying jib, 3rd reeft m. sail.

7 strong gales and short sea. Balanced reef main sail and bonnet off the jib and hauled by the wind, the vessel much under water. 9 hove to under balanced main sail.

Tuesday, June 22nd, 1813—

1 a.m., blowing a gale and thick foggy weather, with short high sea. 6, less wind, but ballanced reef main sail and set jib with sheet to windward.

8 p.m., employed at sundry jobs. Latitude by observation, 43 degrees 8, uncertain.

Wednesday, June 23—

All hands employed making bags for grape shot, swivel shot pouches for cartridges, etc; carpenter fitting pumps; boatswain and crew at the rigging.

7, saw a sail to the southward, suppose her standing to the westward. Tacked to the westward.

Midnight, took in flying jib reefed main sail and hauled jib sheet to windward.

4, hove to jib sheet to windward. 6, tacked to the westward. 7, sounded, no ground at 70 fathoms. Out reef and set flying jib. 8, reefed main sail in and flying jib. 10, no ground at 70 fathoms. People employed at sundry jobs.

Thursday, June 24th, 1813—

2 p.m., sounded no ground at 75 fathoms. Boatswain's gang making reef gear. Gunners do fitting and providing for the swivels. Lieut. Marines and men making pistol cartridges. 4 p.m., sounded no ground at 75 fathoms. Spoke a fishing boat belonging to Cape Ann, who informed us Cape Ann bore W. S. W. 6 leagues.

7 p.m., wore ship and hove to on the starboard tack and sounded in 25 fathoms. Fresh gale and very thick fog. From 8 till 10 p.m., heavy rain. Midnight, vessel tumbling about very much. 8, several sail of fishermen in sight to the N. E. 9, cleared up and the sun made his appearance, which gave us new life, having been five days and nights enveloped in the fog. Employed drying and changing after the fog.

Meridian, all well on board. Some vessels in sight to the westward of Cape Ann.

Friday, June 25th, 1813—

Several sail standing by Cape Ann to the northward. Stood by the wind to the N. W. to cut them off.

3½ p.m., being within the Isle of Shoals and being ahead of twenty odd sail standing from Cape Ann to the northward—except one, which appeared to be loaded. Found we could not come up with her before she could get into Portsmouth. Gave over chase and tacked and spoke two schooners. Let them pass.

3¾, boarded schooner Mary, Captain Boardman, from Boston, bound to Portsmouth. Let her proceed.

4½, captured sloop Experiment, Captain Boardman, from Boston, bound to Portsmouth, put Mr. Fowler prize master and two hands on board her and ordered her for St. John. Then gave chase to several sail more of the fleet to the north-eastward, several having put back. Sent up top sail yard, set square sail steering sails and king sail. 5 p.m., saw a brig standing out from the land to the northward of the Isle of Shoales. Judging she might be a valuable prize, we gave up the chase of the other vessels and stood off for her. At 7 p.m., being nearly up with her, gave her a shot and she brought to. Boarded her. She had Swedish papers. The Westerwick, Captain Wilhelm Nettelblad, from Portsmouth, bound to Cayene. They informed me that the American schooner Thomas sailed from Portsmouth one hour before them on a cruize—that she had carried in the privateer Liverpool packet of Liverpool, N.S., and that the U. S. brig Enterprize was laying at Portsmouth.

At 9 p.m., boarded schooner Becky, from Marblehead to Kenebeck. Put Captain Boardman and man on board her and let her proceed.

Midnight, Boon Island light bore W. N. W., Dist. 3 or 4 leagues. 2 a.m., out reef of the main sail and set flying jib. Several sail in sight in different directions.

At 5 a.m., boarded sloop Jane, Joseph Grundel master, from Boston for Castine; let her proceed. At 7 a.m., boarded sloop Hannah, James Smith master, from Boston for Sullivan, owned by William Wooster of Sullivan; let her proceed, having no cargo.

At 8 a.m., Boon Island light house bore W. N. W. 4 leagues.

At 10 boarded sloop Industry, of Boothtay, Thos. Alley master, from Wiscasset town to Boston, with wood and bark; let her proceed.

At 11 a.m., boarded sloop Betsey, of Newberryport, Linson Lanfort, from Boston, bound to Buckstown, Penobscot, John Silver, owner, etc. Schooner Stack, Jonathan Bray master, from Boston, bound to Deer Island, owned by Soloman Hutchins, Deer Island. Meridian,

Boon Island, bore W. N. W. Distance, 2 leagues.

Saturday, June 26, 1813—

Several of coasters in sight. 2 p.m., sent down yards. 3 p.m., stood close in to the northward past Boon Island, being employed exercizing our guns the people on the island were standing looking at us.

Saw a chebacco boat speak several vessels which we had boarded and then stand away for Portsmouth. Judged she went with intelligence of us to the U. S. brig Enterprize which lay there, therefore judged it most prudent for us to be off. Stood to the N. E. intending to get out of sight of Boon Island before I hauled off the coast.

A number of coasters in sight, but none appeared worth boarding. 7 p.m., Agamenticus Hill, bore W. by S. 7½ p.m., hauled our wind to south. 10 p.m., Wood Island light bore N. W. by W.

M., all hands employed fitting rigging, overhauling sails, cleaning vessel, preparing the artillery, etc., etc. Several sail of fishermen in sight.

Sunday, June 27th, 1813—

At 1 p.m., hauled top sail. At 2 p.m. saw a sail off the weather beam; gave chase. At 3 p.m., made her to be a ship steering to the westward. At 4 she bore S ½ E. Freesh breeze and hazy. Continuing the chase with all exertion and coming up and weathering on her fast. From 6 to 7 saw the land of Cape Ann and Salem to the northward of us. At sun set, being about 3 miles to windward of us, we could count eight guns on the side. Somewhat suspected her to be an English Lettre of Marque—taken—turned hands to quarters and everything prepared for action.

9 p.m., saw the pilot boat go alongside the ship and sheer off and on. Came up with him on his starboard quarter, hailed and ordered him to bring to. Thinking he did not round to quick enough, and judging they were preparing to fire into us, we gave them the bow gun. They brought to and we boarded them. She proved to be the Union, Captain Paul Post, from Cadiz for Boston. Cargo, salt, fruit and block tin. Manned the ship with eight men, Mr. Snow as prize master, at which time Captain Post showed me a license from H. Wellesly. Not being satisfied with it, considering the block tin as an article of war, detained and sent her on for St. John.

11 p.m., made sail to the eastward, Boston lights bearing S. W. by W, distance 3 or 4 miles. 4 a.m., do, we still in company with the ship. 7, saw a brig standing to the westward. Boarded the Union, ordered them to proceed and gave chase to the brig. Midnight, coming up with her fast. Light wind.

Monday, June 28th, 1813—

Fresh breeze and clear weather, all sail set in chase of the brig, coming on to blow fresh. She held us a taut chase. At 3½ p.m., gave over chase, chase being within a few miles of Boston light house, and immediately gave chase to a brig which came out from Salem, standing to the E. S. E. 4 p.m., Cape Ann lights bore N. W., distance 3 leagues.

5½ p.m., brought our chase to, she proved to be under Swedish colors, the Mareponstaat, of St. Bartholemews, Captain Mathewson, from Salem to Cayene; let her proceed.

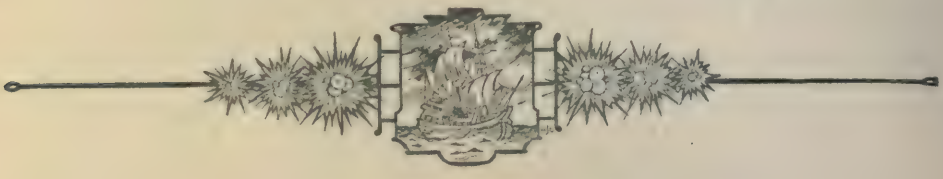
Tuesday, June 29th, 1813—

Fresh breeze with thick fog. 8 p.m., sounded 37 fathoms. Midnight, calm and hazy, heard the roar of the shore and saw the land to the south-eastward. The tide of ebb running strong, came to anchor in 14 fathoms. Judge the land to be Cape St. Marys. Midnight, moderate breeze and clear weather in the Petit Passage, trying to get through.

Wednesday, June 30th, 1813—

2 p.m., got through the Petit passage. All sail set to test advantage. 4, strong breezes. Breeze in small sails, double reefed main sail. 5, out reefs and set flying jib. 7, set square sail, discharged the guns. 10, came to anchor in 8 fathoms. Partridge Island bearing N. E., 1 mile distant. 5 a.m., went on board H. M. ship Rattler, from thence on board the Union, and from thence ashore. Midnight, mad breeze and clear, got the Dart into the harbor and moored her. Thus ends the cruize with the Dart.

JNO. HARRIS.



THE ROSS RIFLE, MARK II, WITH MARK III SIGHT

OUR NATIONAL ARM

BY RANDOLPH CARLYLE

THE Ross rifle, the national arm of Canada, by being made an issue of party politics in the House of Commons and the object of severe charges by Opposition sharpshooters, has received a distinction quite unique among weapons of defense. Not only has its selection as the national arm been set up as a question for Parliamentary debate, but it has been subjected in time of peace to practical tests more severe than it is ever likely to experience in time of war.

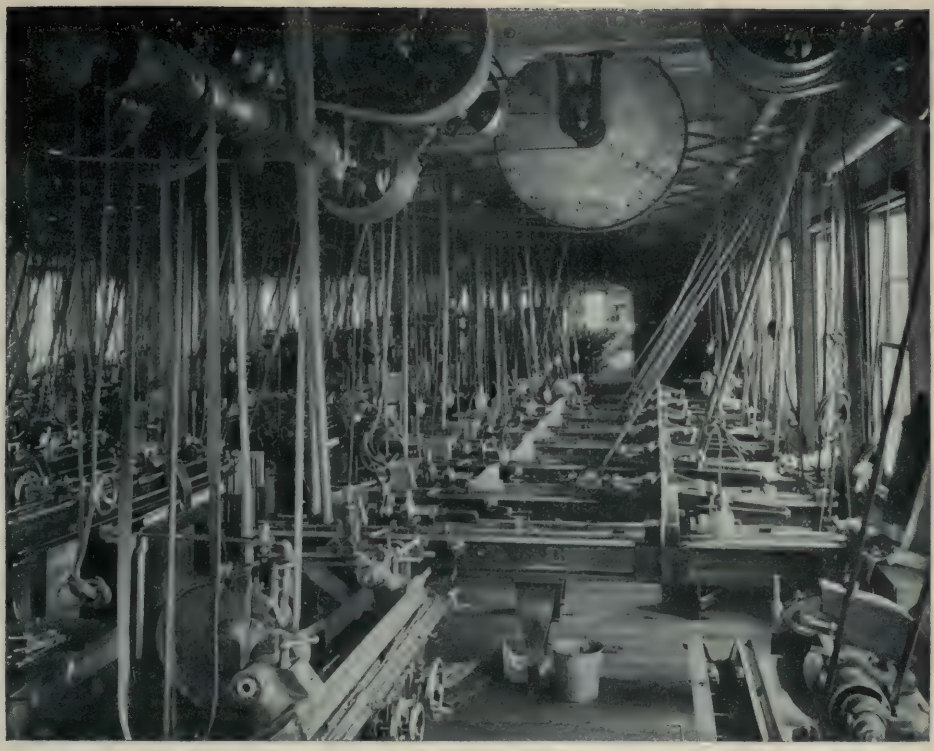
In view of the great importance attached to a national weapon of defense in any country, it is worth while to know how the Ross rifle became the national weapon of Canada, and to learn something about the various vicissitudes it has passed through during the five years of its existence as such. In the first place, it was invented by Sir Charles Ross, a young Scottish Knight, who seems to have come honestly by his fondness for weapons of defense. At the time of the Reformation the holy relics and church plate from the Abbey of Fearn were sent for safe keeping to Balnagown Castle. The Ross of that day promptly sold the plate, bought a cannon, blew up the house of his most objectionable neighbors, and went to jail. And now, after the lapse of several centuries, the direct descendant of that old-time fighting Scot has raised nearly five hundred thousand dollars, not by selling church plate, but by calling on the resources of his great estate, and invested it in the manufacture of firearms on the site of the battle of the Plains of Abraham, near the city of Quebec.

How did this come about? There had long been a growing conviction that in materials of defense the colonial Governments of the British Empire should as far as practicable carry on the manufacture of at least small arms and ammunition, and not depend on supplies from the mother country. In accordance with that view, Sir Frederick Borden, Minister of Miltia and Defense for Canada, proceeded to ascertain what could be done to provide for the manufacture in Canada of an adequate supply of rifles for the various regiments of

the Dominion. His policy has been signally endorsed by eminent authority in Great Britain, for at the Imperial Conference in 1907 a paper from the Secretary of State for War was laid before the Conference. In part it recommended as follows: "It is most desirable that the area of supply of the warlike store under reference should be as wide as possible, and, therefore, the colonial Governments should be urged to arrange for local manufacture and provision, rather than to rely on the resources of the United Kingdom." It would seem, therefore, as if Sir Frederick Borden had actually anticipated the sentiment of the highest authority on questions affecting the defense of the Empire, and that his recommendation to the Canadian Government in favor of the establishment in Canada of a factory for the manufacture of small arms was a step in advance of the Imperial policy. At any rate, to the Minister of Militia and Defense for Canada belongs the credit for the initiation of a departure that has resulted in the establishment under the very guns of the citadel of Quebec of an industry that has already meant much, not only to the people of Quebec, but to the Dominion as a whole.

But there was another reason, and a very grave reason, too, which prompted the Minister of Militia and Defense to make an effort to have a rifle factory established in Canada. In 1900, after the Canadian contingents had been despatched to South Africa, the Government of Canada wished to buy 10,000 rifles through the Imperial Government. They found that it was impossible to procure even a thousand. It may be argued that, as a matter of circumstance the Imperial Government would be unable to provide rifles during a time of stress like that, and such is the very condition of affairs that impressed on the Minister of Militia and Defense the necessity for some provision whereby Canada could sup-

THE ROSS TARGET RIFLE



RIFLING DEPARTMENT, THE ROSS RIFLE COMPANY'S WORKS

ply her own rifles and be independent of assistance from abroad during any possible time of war. The sending of the contingents to South Africa had depleted the supply of small arms to the extent of 7,000, and when it was learned that none could be procured in England, the seriousness of the situation, should Canada at such a time be attacked, became apparent.

Then arose the problem, How could a factory for the manufacture of rifles be established in Canada?

Sir Frederick Borden, according to his own statement on the floor of the House of Commons, went to the Birmingham Small Arms Company and tried to induce them to manufacture in Canada, but it was found impossible to induce them or any other small arms manufacturers to make the venture. The project stood in abeyance for a short time. Then Sir Charles Ross volunteered to establish a factory in Canada, provided the Government would enter into a contract for the purchase of enough rifles to justify the undertaking.

Sir Frederick consulted with his colleagues, and as a result he called on General Otter, now chief of the General Staff; Colonel Gibson, who for many years was President of the Dominion Rifle Association; Colonel Sam Hughes, M.P.; Colonel Anderson, a distinguished engineer, and Major Gaudet, head of the Dominion Arsenal, to make a report on the rifle. Their report is worth republishing here:

"On the whole, the Board find that the Ross rifle has features which, in their opinion, afford advantages over the Lee-Enfield.

"All agree that the straight pull is a very important advantage over

BARREL DEPARTMENT, THE ROSS RIFLE COMPANY'S WORKS

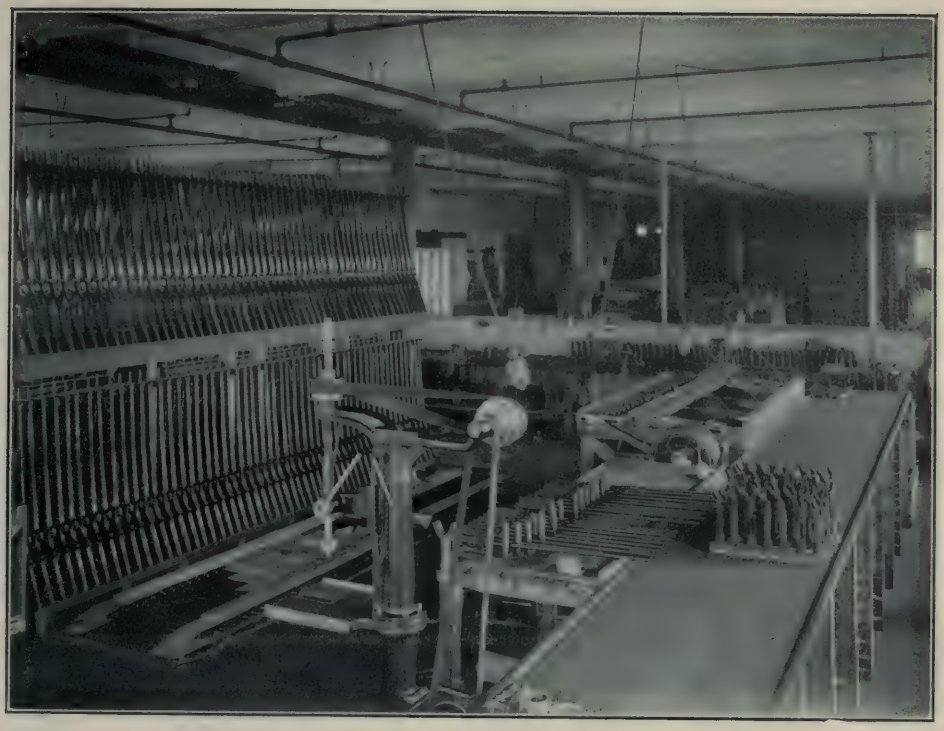
the Lee-Enfield action. The simple mechanism is evidenced by the fact that the breech can be taken entirely apart and put together again without tool other than an ordinary knife, and the operation of taking apart and assembling the parts takes considerable less time than the Lee-Enfield. Another important advantage is the strength of the breech mechanism, while the limit of the Lee-Enfield is restricted. It may be said that any increase of velocity which is ever likely to be required can with absolute safety be obtained in the case of the Ross rifle.

"The Ross rifle is approximately a pound lighter than the Lee-Enfield.

"The chief objection or difficulty which was found in connection with the test to which the Ross rifle was subjected was brought out in the endurance test. While in the firing 1,300 rounds out of each of the rifles, the Lee-Enfield did the test quite satisfactorily. It was found that after heating, the breech of the Ross rifle closed with more or less difficulty, the action being very stiff, with occasional jamming, besides which a possibility of 'double loading' exists.

"Were this an inherent objection to this rifle, independent of details of mechanism, the Board would regard it as a very serious matter, but Sir Charles Ross states that any difficulty in this respect can be effectually obviated, and the Board submit herewith a memorandum, 'Exhibit D,' from him, in reference to this point, which, in his opinion, affords an explanation of the unsatisfactory result of this test, and the manner in which the same may be overcome.

"Speaking generally, the Board believe that the Ross rifle has features



ASSEMBLING DEPARTMENT, THE ROSS RIFLE COMPANY'S WORKS

which are a positive advantage over the Lee-Enfield, while it is contended by Sir Charles Ross that he can easily remedy any of the drawbacks which have been pointed out.

"The rifle has been on the ranges during the week of the Dominion Rifle Association meeting, and has been examined and fired more or less by many riflemen of experience, and while it is not suggested that any conclusive testimony has been afforded from such desultory examinations and tests, it is significant of the favorable impression of riflemen that no adverse comment were known to have been made, and all seemed to be pleased with the action of the rifle.

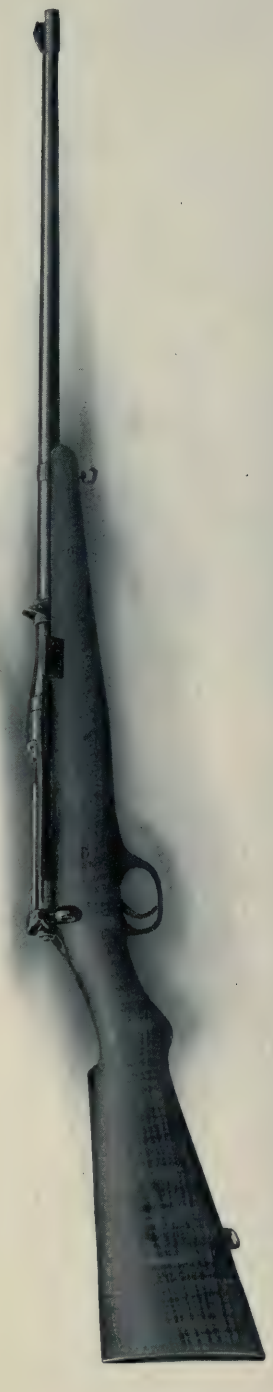
"The Board do not profess to pronounce upon the question of a complete remedy of this objection, but, having called attention to it, assume that due precaution and provision with reference thereto will be taken in event of the rifle being adopted."

On the strength of that report and the fact also that practically the same rifle (the Mannlicher), 1,000,000 of them, was in use in the Austrian army, induced the Government to give the Ross Rifle Manufacturing Company a contract for 12,000 rifles and whatever rifles the Government might afterwards require, provided, however, that in case of emergency, such as war, the Government could demand immediate delivery of whatever number might be required, and if the Rifle Company could not deliver them, then the Government might buy them elsewhere. That looks like a fair business arrangement.

Since then, experts, both prejudiced and unprejudiced, have examined it under special and extremely rigorous conditions, and as a result it is safe to say that the latest model of the Ross rifle is the best all-round

light military weapon in the world. That is a pretty strong statement, nevertheless it has excellent support. Tested in the United States in comparison with the Springfield rifle, the light arm of the United States, it stood out well, and in many respects it proved to be a superior weapon. But perhaps the most flattering comment that has ever been made on it comes from the President of the Standing Small Arms Committee of Great Britain, whose report to the Army Council of a recent comparative test at Hythe of the qualities of the Lee-Enfield rifle, the New Springfield rifle, and the Ross rifle, Mark II. gives the national arm of Canada a most favorable standing, and places it in some respects above either of the others. Recently some highly creditable scores have been made in England with the Ross rifle. In June it made fifteen consecutive bull's eyes, fired by F. W. Jones, winning the gold jewel and the championship of England at 1,000 and 1,100 yards. This competition was open to all rifles and all comers. At Bisley it took first place in the "Edge" match, won the challenge cup in the "Halford" Memorial by taking first place against all comers and all rifles. It also took second place in the "Waldegrave" match.

The Ross Rifle Company began to manufacture, and up to the present time they have delivered about 46,000 rifles, and have received in payment from the Government about $1,150,000. After a time complaints regarding the rifle began to be lodged, and Mr. Wallace Nesbit, in Parliamentary Committee at Ottawa, said that a prearranged campaign had been started, mostly by rifle manufacturers in Great Britain, the object of which was to discredit the Ross rifle and effect a discontinuance of the contract between the Company and the Government. Members of the Opposition in Parliament began to urge charges of deficiency in the mechanism of the



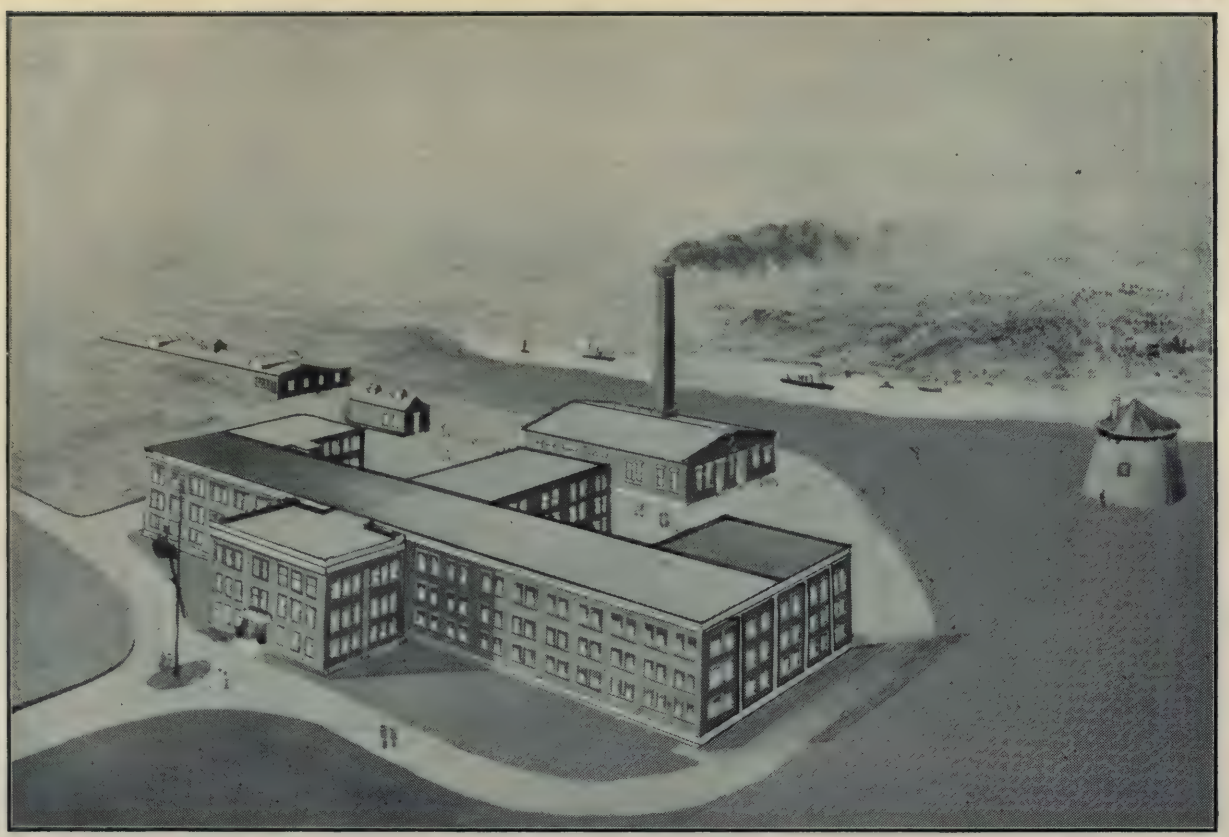
THE ROSS SPORTING RIFLE

rifle. It has not been denied that the rifle was not in every respect a perfect weapon, and improvements have been made in it from time to time as their advisability was determined as a result of actual service. It is worth knowing in this connection that, for instance, the Lee-Enfield rifle, which is the small arm of Great Britain, has reached Mark XIV. in its manufacture, meaning that the rifle has been manufactured on fourteen consecutive improved models. So far the Ross rifle has reached only as high in number as Mark III., and its friends believe that it is now the most perfect rifle in the world. Major-General Lake, speaking of it at the annual meeting of the Dominion Rifle Association, spoke as follows:

"Finally, I would add my word to what the Minister has said about the Ross rifle, and with him beg you to suspend your judgment and give it a fair trial. I can say this perhaps with the more freedom because the rifle was selected and adopted for the service rifle of the militia, and the

From an oil painting

SIR CHARLES ROSS,
INVENTOR OF THE ROSS RIFLE



THE ROSS RIFLE FACTORY, ON THE PLAINS OF ABRAHAM, QUEBEC

contract for its manufacture was entered into, before I had the honor of receiving my present appointment; and I have not been connected in any way with the Boards of expert riflemen who have discussed and approved the arm, nor am I in any way pledged to this rifle or another. Speaking personally, I can only say that I fully endorse what the Minister has said about the defects discovered, they are faults of detail, and, so far as I have seen, are neither irremediable nor inherent in the Ross rifle. They can be, and many have already been, remedied. The body and action generally of the rifle seem strong and good. Similar defects to those found in the Ross have come out, more or less, in all new rifles, when put in the men's hands before the pattern is finally adopted—to find out these very points. The men use the rifles in their usual rough and ready fashion, and certainly do not bestow on them the care an expert shot bestows on his target weapon. Hence, hitherto unsuspected weaknesses are discovered. They are certain to be found. I have, therefore, no hesitation in advising the members of the D. R. A. to suspend their judgment and do nothing to excite prejudice against the rifle until it has been fully tried. Distrust is easy to create, most difficult to eradicate. I see no reason why it should not eventually turn out to be an excellent weapon."

So far about 46,000 rifles have been delivered to the Government, and in this connection it is proper to notice the significant statement made by the Minister of Militia from his place in the House of Commons:

"There is not a single rifle of the number which have been delivered that is not a serviceable rifle and is not fit and safe to use in the Canadian army if it were necessary to use it. I make this statement here and accept full responsibility for it. I make it upon the report which I hold of those who are competent to advise me as to matters of that kind. I shall read the particulars necessary to show that of those rifles which are not now serviceable, there is not one which cannot be made serviceable with a very slight expenditure. Yet we have this hon. gentleman trying to terrify the militia, trying to persuade the House that we have purchased rifles which are only fit to be placed on the scrap heap. I assure you there is not one word of truth in it."

Sir Frederick also pointed out that, unlike the Lee-Enfield, the Ross rifle is inspected in all its main parts, so that the parts are practically interchangeable, although where accuracy as fine as the five-thousandth part of an inch is required, it is scarcely possible to produce a rifle that will never fail to interchange with another of the same type.

Ever since the rifle was first issued it has been the object of the keenest criticism. In service, from time to time, points where improvement could be made have been noted and these improvements have been made, until now the Ross rifle is regarded by its friends as being the best military light arm in the world. Many times since its manufacture began in Canada it has been tested by committees of experts, and it has undergone the ordeal with credit and satisfaction. When it was proposed that this rifle be adopted by the Northwest Mounted Police, a commission consisting of J. H. McIllree, Superintendent Morris, and Inspector Gilpin Brown, were appointed to examine it and present a report. Their report was as follows:

"The Board proceeded to the range with Mr. Paddon, representing Sir Charles Ross, the inventor of the arm, and a number of shots were fired at the 200 and 600 yards range. Two rifles were submitted for trial, one long 28-inch barrel, and the other a shorter 25-inch barrel. 150 rounds were fired from the long rifle in ordinary practice, and the scores made

are shown. The barrel is the same as used in the Lee-Enfield and adopted by the English Government.

"The carbine was put out of action by the complete fracture of the shoe, at the point of the greatest pressure, showing weakness in this particular case. On examination by the armourer, he reported the factor was due to the shoe being made of cast instead of wrought steel.

"Two trials at rapid fire were made at 200 yards with a short rifle; time limit, two minutes. Mr. Paddon fired 32 shots within 32 minutes, scoring two centres, 10 magpies, and 18 outers, or a total of 30 hits out of 32 shots. This, he stated, was the best he had ever made.

"On the morning of the 10th instant a further test was made of the accuracy of shooting with a long rifle. The light was good, but the wind was strong and gusty. The shooting was good and the scores are appended. You, the Commissioner, tried the rapid firing game at 200 yards, and fired 30 shots in two minutes, scoring one bull, eight centres, six magpies, and 11 outers, a total of 26 hits out of 30 shots.

"From this we conclude that the method of loading is expeditious, and that the straight pull, working smoothly and rapidly, allowed the rifle to be fired continuously from the shoulder, without removing it and without disturbing the position of the rifle at the shoulder to any great extent.

"The Board is unanimous in its opinion that the rifle is very accurate.

"The Ross rifle is very much lighter than either a Mauser or Lee-Enfield, the weight being approximately:

Lee-Enfield	9 lbs. 4 oz.
Mauser	9 lbs. 12 oz.
Ross	7 lbs. 15 oz.

which is 11 oz. heavier than our Winchester Carbine, 7 lbs. 4 oz., so that, if adopted, no increase in weight would be made to the equipment.

"We are given to understand that the short rifle weighs only 7 lbs. 4 oz.

"To sum up, the Board is of the opinion that the strong points of the rifle submitted are:

1. Lightness.
2. Straight pull of bolt.
3. Ease of loading magazines.
4. Practical nature of cut-off.
5. Bolt being secured in shoe, and not as in Lee-Metford.
6. New parts and construction of bolt, and apparent strength of all.
7. The novel and efficient principal of the extractor.
8. Ease of stripping and re-assembling.
9. That the above can be done without tools, an empty cartridge case sufficing.
10. The duplicate arrangement of sear, whereby, if sear spring is broken the action can still be used.
11. The most complete absence of recoil when firing.
12. The woodwork of stock and forearm being in one continuous piece."

The changes and improvements in the Ross rifle so far are few compared with those that have been made in the Lee-Enfield, for instance. The Lee-Enfield Mark I. was issued in November, 1895; Lee-Enfield Mark I.* in 1898, about the end of the year. These are long rifles. There have been one or two marks of the long Lee-Enfield since. Then there was the Mark I. short Lee-Enfield, issued in 1903, and there have been two different marks since then to my knowledge, and I am told three or four more. That is, in the long and short Lee-Enfield, the official arm of the British service, we have ten or twelve distinctive issues and distinctive marks. The changes that have been made in some of these are shown in the official red book. In one change alone, that is, from Lee-Metford Mark I. to Lee-Metford Mark II., the first issued in January, 1892, and the sec-

ond in April, 1892, the changes made in the rifle, as tabulated, item by item, at pages 314 and 315 of the red book of the British army, are no fewer than one hundred and twenty-five in number. In other words, in that one change alone from the Lee-Enfield Mark I. star to the Lee-Enfield Mark II., there were more important changes twice over than have taken place in the Ross rifle from start to finish.

The latest model of the Ross rifle is called Mark III. It is really Mark II., with the same sight as is used on the Lee-Enfield. As a matter of fact, it is adapted for any of the various sights, so that a marksman may change the sight if he sees fit. It is almost impossible to get a sight to please all marksmen, because some prefer one kind and others another kind. In the Ross rifle, Mark III., the difficulty has been overcome as far as possible by supplying the Lee-Enfield sight, with provision to change to any of the other standard sights when preferred.

According to a statement made in the House of Commons, the highest score ever made by any rifle in the world was made by Lieut. Mortimer with a Mark II. Ross rifle. Mortimer hit the target thirty-five times in one minute, and he made thirty-four hits in the same time with Mark III. These were all aimed shots. Wallingford is said to have made twenty-seven hits in one minute with the Lee-Enfield, and that is credited as being the highest record next to that made by Mortimer. The record for the Springfield rifle is said to be twenty-five.

Another record is that a Ross rifle fired 300 shots at Quebec and made 294 hits, aim fire, at target, 101 being bull's-eyes and that was done in 14 minutes and 11 seconds, a record which no two rifles together have ever approached before in the world, and half of them were single fire.

What is the record of the Canadian rifle? Mark I. was issued, and later some improvements were made in it. Mark II. came next, and certain changes were made from Mark I. to Mark II., but they did not turn out to be very advantageous. These were changed back again from Mark II. to Mark III. The old lever back sight has been abandoned, and a return has been made to the form presented in old Mark I. The thread attaching the barrel to the receiver in Mark II. has been abandoned and a return made to the thread in the old Mark I. This is the Whitworth thread. When Sir Charles Ross presented his rifle to the committee it had a double trigger action, a gathering pull and a final pull. That was in the rifle which he presented for adoption. The single pull has been abandoned and a return made to the double trigger pull as presented in the original rifle. Like the Lee-Enfield, the Ross rifle is made with either the long or short barrel, according to requirements. There is what is regarded as an absolutely perfect safety catch, which acts the moment the sear is released from the cocking piece bent, and insures its safe re-engagement. There have been some small changes, such as screws, bands and swivel straps, which are of no account. The difference between the Ross rifle and the Lee-Enfield rifle involves some important features, but most important is the one great principle of the straight pull; that is, only two motions, in loading and firing; simply pulling the bolt back and pressing it forward again, as against four motions in what is called the lever or rotary motion rifles. The two nations that use straight pull rifles are Austria and Switzerland. The other nations largely use the rotary motion. The Ross magazine differs materially from all other magazine rifles, being much more rapid. There are what may be called two types of magazine rifles, the clip and charger loader and the single cartridge loader. The cartridges are all placed in an iron fixture called a clip, and are put into the rifle and are

fired shot after shot. The charger type slides them all into the magazine at once. The second class, or slow loader, places cartridge after cartridge in the magazine. One class is a quick loader and the other a slow loader, as in the British rifle, where you load shot by shot. The Ross rifle differs from both in that by a lifter piece worked by the left hand you can depress the bed of the magazine and catch the cartridges all loose, throwing them into the rifle, and, by working the fingers on this lifter piece a couple of times, the cartridges are all placed in position so that it is not possible to have a jam unless the soldier is not sufficiently trained in the use of this lifter piece.

The intricate mechanism of a military rifle may be imagined when it is known that the Ross rifle contains almost 100 parts; but from the rigid tests to which it has already been subjected, it may be accepted as certain that the people of Canada have a highly creditable military weapon, if not the best light arm in the world.

It has taken Sir Charles Ross a good many years to perfect this weapon, but the faith that the Ross Rifle Company have in it may be judged from the fact that they will soon place on the market a sporting rifle that is calculated to meet all the requirements of a rifle for purposes of sport in Canada. It is made on the same general principles as the military weapon, but is much lighter and handsomer. It will be noted for its great penetrating power, accuracy, absence of recoil, with the special advantage of its rapid-firing mechanism.

Sir Charles Ross is much better known in Great Britain than in Canada, but he is naturally cosmopolitan, and therefore by this time he has become a thorough-going Canadian. He is a young man, little more than thirty, and, unlike the popular opinion respecting those of the Old Country aristocracy, he "does things." His education was obtained at Eton and Cambridge, at both of which places he was distinguished in various branches of athletics—sculling, throwing the hammer, putting the weight, etc. At Eton he was second captain of the boats, member of the shooting eight for four years (captain, three years), member of the college rifle volunteers (five years), and on leaving joined the 3rd Battalion, Seaforth Highlanders. He rowed for 3rd Trinity in the Visitors' Fours and for the Ladies' Plate at Henley, winning in the former, and he also rowed for Cambridge against Oxford.

Justice of the Peace and Deputy Lieutenant for Ross and Cromarty, he raised a battery in the South African War, served on Hutton's staff, and later took part in the organization of the Pretoria or South African Constabulary (four clasps).

Sir Charles Ross' list of patents on the rifle is quite formidable, beginning as far back as 1893. Among other honors in this connection, he received a special award of merit at the Paris Exposition and a gold medal at Earls Court, the only two exhibitions to which he contributed. The London *Times* commented on the rifle, saying that it would become the rifle of the future. Sir Charles Ross is one of the largest landowners in Great Britain, and the Ross family antedates the Bruces. Just six hundred years ago one of Robert Bruce's family married a Ross at Balnagown. Away back in the eleventh century the Ross of that day married the Robber Chief's only daughter. The dowry consisted of Strathoykel and Strathcarron, both of which are still owned by Sir Charles. The family history is full of romance and stirring episodes, but they must be left for another occasion.

THE ELOPEMENT OF KIDNAPPER SPORUM

BY ARCHIE P. McKISHNIE

I.

THE new dawn had not yet penetrated the forest. The Ottawa lay a broad white strip between shadowy banks, and a great silence rested over all. By and by those banks assumed the shape of myriad pine trees, and a little breeze stirred the needle canopy into soft, swishing song. A cock grouse glided, a streak of brown, across the earth's brown carpet, from his roosting place to the water side. On a black, half-sunken stump a sleek-coated mink lifted his head ever so little, and with trembling whiskers hoped and waited. As the tufted head reached toward the water, he sprang. There was the whirr of wings, an eddy on the river's bosom, and down the current a few brown feathers floated.

This was all the man carrying the long rifle saw of one of the numerous tragedies so common in this great wood's fastness. But to him it was as though he had seen it all. Being himself a creature of the forest, he understood.

The man was tall and gaunt, with long beard and hair gray-tinged and curly. His complexion, too, was of that grayish whiteness forest life gives; he looked to be some years beyond middle life. His hat was of soft felt, and weather-stained. He wore a red flannel shirt bloused into deer-skin trousers, and on his feet were high cowhide boots.

Between his eyes that narrow line with which alertness furrows the visage was scar-like in its conspicuousness. The eyes themselves were a penetrating black, and their corners drooped to the compelling demand of watchfulness.

This man was Bob Sporum. He was a trapper and hunter. This was his quiet season, the time between the yellow haze of summer and the red gold of summer's decline.

Soon the pine needles would fall from the trees and the wind now swaying the tree-tops to swishing music would bear on its wings the chill summons to all forest verdure. Then he would set his traps, and in his work forget the guest, Loneliness, that oft-times sat by his camp-fire.

As he stood gazing across the wide, white river, his head was suddenly lifted as though he listened. Then as suddenly he dived into a thicket of wild hazel-nut, and drew forth a slender canoe. Launching it, he paddled swiftly down stream.

After a time the glossy mink climbed up on the half-sunken stub again.

II.

As though expecting the man's coming, the girl stood at the river's edge looking toward the curve one hundred yards distant. The morning sunlight streamed down through the trees and, kissing her cheeks, made the plain face almost beautiful.

It was a thin little face with big, pathetic eyes in which rested a startled, hunted look.

The girl herself was thin and little. At her feet, its painter attached to a sapling, was a birch-bark skiff, freighted as though for a voyage. When the canoe for which she watched at last shot round the bend, the girl placed her finger on her lip. Understanding, the man spoke no word until he had beached the canoe and stood beside her.

"Has *he* come back?" he asked her then, the line between his eyes deepening.

She nodded and glanced back over her shoulder, apprehensively.

"Whar is he, Mary Ann?"

"In th' valley thar," she answered. "Thar's two others with him. They've been drinkin' all night. Dad says as I'll have t' go this time, he does."

For the first time since their meeting, his eyes met hers.

"Might it be as you're not hankerin' t' go, Mary Ann?" He asked the question gently, pityingly, as though he had a fatherly sympathy for this young, slender girl.

"It can't be 'cordin' t' what I want," she said, chokingly. "They've bought dad, they have."

The man looked away, dumb before the pitiful helplessness of her eyes.

"I thort as maybe you was a-wantin' t' see me," he said at last, slowly. "I thort as you was, an' now it do seem purty hard luck as I can't help you none."

She was silent. After a time he sighed deeply, and repeated as though to himself, "Can't help you none."

She laid a tiny brown hand on his arm.

"Seems like I couldn't jest go without a-sayin' good-bye t' th' man as has been good t' me," she said, wistfully.

"Wall, Mary Ann, *he* may be a better man than people gives *him* credit for bein'. If he's good t' you I'll be glad fer it. If he ain't," the heavy brows came together and a dark flush chased the whiteness from his cheeks, "if he ain't I'll kill him, as sure as thar's a sky above us, I will. Seems like," he continued, "seems like you're my own darter er leetle sister er sumthin', Mary Ann. I've knowed you ever since you was a toddler, an' I reckon I have some claim t' pertect you seein's you've no one else."

His fingers played nervously with the trigger of the long rifle he held.

"I s'pose it's best thet I be goin' now," he said.

The sound of approaching voices, high-pitched and profane, came from the bush.

"Hurry," said the girl, in a tense voice. "Oh, I wants t' go with you, I do."

"Then come, leetle gal," he said, gently.

He held out his hand, and she ran forward with a glad exclamation. A moment later they were out on the great river, while the long canoe tied to the tree was fast settling in the water. A ragged rent in her bottom marked the death-blow Bob Sporum had given her with his sharp paddle blade as they passed.

III.

Twenty yards from the curve the girl spoke.

"Best hand me th' rifle. He's goin' t' shoot."

He did as she asked, and sent the canoe bounding onward by a stroke of the paddle.

She flashed him a look, and, understanding, he turned the bow of the craft ever so slightly, just as a rifle crack broke the morning's stillness.

The man swayed slightly, but his eyes never left the face of the girl, who, on bended knee, held the long rifle poised and sighted.

At its report he turned quickly

enough to see the foremost of the little group on shore throw up his arms and pitch forward into the river.

"Bullet for bullet," he mused grimly, and sent the canoe speeding swiftly on.

A mile beyond the curve the girl spoke again.

"It seems t' be bleedin' purty free. Is 't in th' shoulder?"

He laughed and held out his left arm.

"Jest a prick 'bove th' elbow. No bones gone," he answered.

After a time she asked another question.

"Would th' law call it self-defense, d'you think?"

"Couldn't help it, Mary Ann," he answered. "But we're not carin' what th' law calls it. We knows what it was."

IV.

"We're away on past your place," said the girl.

The sun was high in the sky now, and the wind was playing through the trees and along the water in boisterous puffs. Something akin to a smile flashed across the man's face.

"Thirty mile er well nigh onto it t' paddle yet," he said.

She looked at him inquiringly.

"I've a sister at th' settlement," he explained.

The girl let her brown hand trail in the water, and, after lighting his pipe, the man dipped his paddle again.

Silently, swiftly, they passed on. Now in mid-stream, now close to shore beneath the shadow of some great beech or maple overhanging the water and seeming to reach out toward them as they advanced. Sometimes in rounding a curve they would come upon great flocks of wild ducks feeding or resting on the river's bosom; these would spring in air and flash whistling away on their strong wings.

Miles further on, when the sun had sunk below the tree-tops and the early shadows of forest evening came creeping, mist-like, along the river, the girl lifted her face and for the second time that day the man looked into her eyes.

"What be we a-goin' thar fer?" she asked.

"Wall, Mary Ann," he answered hesitatingly, "I be takin' you thar t' be looked arter. My sister, she has gals of her own an'—wall, you see, I'm goin' t' be your daddy now till things blows over." He laughed, trying to make light of it, trying to make her make light of it. But in his heart was a feeling he could not name, as, remembering her look, his mind travelled back to a morning when he had looked into the eyes of a wounded fawn his bullet had brought to earth. In their depths he had seen mirrored the stupefaction that sudden helplessness brings, the rebuke of a crippled perfection and the defiance of a puny strength.

"Then you best take me back whar we started from."

Mechanically he paddled on, as though unhearing.

"I wants t' go back, I tell you," she cried, a choke in her voice.

The man had worked hard and the wound in his shoulder had commenced to pain him.

"We're far nigher th' settlement, Mary Ann," he reasoned gently.

"I won't go thar. You gotter take me back whar we started from."

Helpless in a storm so new to him, he allowed the canoe to come to a standstill. Then slowly he turned it about and paddled down stream.

From the little huddled figure in the bow came something that sounded like a sob.

His lips framed the words, "Poor leetle gal," and he put aside weariness and pain, and paddled on.

A long time the girl set huddled there. The man thought she slept. But when a big moon crept above the

forest and swept across and adown the water in silvery glory, she lifted her head and spoke, her voice sounding like the voice of a weary, scolded child.

"If I'd a-knowed it was my *daddy* you wanted t' be—" she commenced; then hid her face in her hands.

He threw the paddle across his knees and leaned forward to catch her next words. A great, undreamed-of hope was stirred in his breast.

"If I had thort thar was anythin' else I could be t' you, Mary Ann, I wouldn't have thort of bein' yer daddy. But with me old enough t' be——Mary Ann," he broke off, "you must know why it is I wants you taken keer of. It's 'cause I love you, Mary Ann."

Then she lifted her tear-wet face and whispered:

"I'm willin' t' go t' th' settlement."

BOBOLINK

By P. M. MacDONALD

Sweet-throated lover of the meadow-land,
When June is tender and ablush with love,
I hear the kling-klang of thy reprimand
As o'er these river-married fields I rove.

Chide on! dear bird, chide on! nor cease to chide!
I come intruding that thy rare protest
So passionate, so pure, so amplified,
Might stir a finer feeling in my breast.

What music-master captured, long ago,
Thee and the Oriole, thy brother elf,
And taught thee this entrancing allegro
That rids me of my morbid, darker self?

How often I have sought thy still retreat,
Where grasses bend to let the breeze go by,
To hear thee thread the silence with thy sweet
And soulful songs that soothe and satisfy.

Here in this northern land you rest awhile,
Bird of the springtime and the bursting bud,
Far, far away, where year-long summers smile
Lies thy true home beside the southern flood.

I, too, am far from home, that Better Land
Where never night nor tears their powers employ,
And thy heart song helps me to understand
How exiled souls may fill their days with joy.

ACCORDING TO HIS LIGHT

BY BRADFORD K. DANIELS

ABE Zwicker leaned upon the stone ledge and looked out across Sanders Dike through the barred window of his cell. In the distance, the Bay of Fundy romped gleefully with a strong sou'-wester; against the plank-faced wall of earth that shut out the tide the waves broke in a smother of spray; upon the greening dike-land hundreds of cattle grazed.

A farmer with bared brown arms, holding a plow behind a yoke of snail-paced oxen, appeared round the shoulder of a hill. Abe glanced contemptuously at his own arms, now white as a girl's from months of prison idleness, looked half-way up the slope of the hill to his farm, springing up to weeds for want of someone to plow it, and then began to tramp up and down his cell with the sullen ferocity of a caged animal.

A tow-headed boy with a fishing-pole framed his freckled face in his earth-stained hands and peered in through the bars with the unfeeling curiosity of youth. Abe scowled him out of countenance, and then, resuming his restless pacing, began all over again the fight that he had been waging with himself for five bitter months. During the winter it had not been so difficult to put down the temptation; but now the spring was tugging at his heartstrings.

The flute-like voice of a girl drifted in through the window, and at the sound Abe stopped abruptly and listened with rapt attention, his stormy face subsiding and taking on a look of rugged tenderness. Joyce Merton was calling the hens from her father's porch. In imagination he could see her there, her round white arms bared, the morning sunlight tangled in her brown hair, shaking the crumbs from the tablecloth.

"It's cruel hard on her," he mused, seating himself on the window ledge; "but it 'u'd be a deal harder on her if I give way—a deal harder."

Suddenly Abe sat bolt upright, staring incredulously for a moment across the dike-land to Muskrat Aboiteau, and then sprang into the window recess and pressed his face between two rusty bars for a better view. Yes, his eyes had not deceived him; a column of water was shooting through the aboiteau half-way down the forty-foot rampart of sods and brush!

Abe leapt across his cell, seizing his chair as he went, and in two blows smashed it to splinters upon the unyielding door. No one answering his summons, he sprang back into the window recess, and placing the back of his great neck and shoulders against the low granite cappiece, straightened up, for the first time in his life exerting all his tremendous strength. A grating sound of stone slipping past stone, and the side of the jail toppled with a dull thud into the street.

Coatless, hatless, and with lime from the avalanche of brick still powdering his hair, Abe slipped from

under the *débris*, and leaping a stone wall, dashed across the cemetery to the church, where he clanged out a warning upon the bell that made a thousand people scattered over the surrounding country exclaim "The dike!" and rush out of doors to stare with blanched faces at their old enemy, the Bay of Fundy.

They sped across Sanders' Dike like runners competing for a prize worth a king's ransom. Abe Zwicker was in the lead. With a five-tined fork in one hand, he cleared barbed-wire fences, ditches and creeks with great bounds which no other man in the country could equal. A few rods behind him ran "Pinky" Moore, a youth with the face of a cherub and the body of a Greek athlete; close behind him followed "Stub" Mosher, humping along at a bias on his mill-posts of legs, with one long stride and one short one, like some unwieldy animal. After him streamed the entire male population of the settlement.

Abe reached the aboiteau just as the avalanche of sods and brush fell into the backwater with a thunderous splash, and the tide rushed in through the breach, carrying all before it. The muddy water wound like giant brown snakes in and out among the numerous creeks, huddling cattle and people together in jostling clusters upon the higher places, which mercifully the half-ebbed tide did not cover.

Abe took charge by a sort of "Divine Right" which no one questioned. He was a jailbird, but he was the only man among them to whom the stupendous task of repairing Muskrat Aboiteau could be entrusted with any hope of completion before the next tide, and by the time the water had fallen till the five forty-foot sluices at the bottom of the ruined aboiteau lay bare, he had organized his men, and already a row of sod-laden barrows stretched from the right of the breach back to the grass-land, where the sod cutters were working with might and main.

Abe stood in the middle of the aboiteau, laying face sods with a swiftness and skill that made him easily the best diker that had ever wielded a fork in those parts. Behim a score of men, waist-deep in mud, were clearing away the sods and brush that clogged the sluices.

The receding tide had now left the great flats beyond the dike bare, and the rounded ridges of mud resembled sleek brown monsters just emerged from primeval slime, basking there in the sunshine. Abe looked across the crouching shapes to the shrunken water of the bay, and then at the sun. Six hours yet before the flood came seething back over the flats, and a wall of earth forty feet high to be constructed before it arrived. Could it be done—?

Abe stood still in sudden consternation. There was no brush, and to build an aboiteau without brush to bind the sods together would be folly. Word of the difficulty spread. The carriers, dazed by the discovery, lowered their barrows and looked blankly at each other.

Then Abe had an inspiration, "As genuine as any recorded in Holy Writ," Parson Porter subsequently declared. "Bedquilts!" he called. "Strip every bed in Sanderville, and let every woman and youngster that can crawl bring a bundle. Here, Sam; your legs is the best part of you. Light out of here lively and spread the word. The rest of you pass along every dud that you can spare, and we needn't stop work a minute."

Soon coats, vests, overalls and shirts were being spread upon the sods in place of brush.

"Hold on a minute! There's a quarter in my vest pocket," shouted Deacon Langley, as his contribution was tossed upon the aboiteau.

"Then we'll bury it for good luck," called back Abe, planting a

fifty-pound sod squarely upon it, amid a roar of laughter that even the danger of the situation could not suppress.

When the last of the garments had disappeared under the steadily rising wall, the first of the women hurrying across the dike-land came panting up and tossed her bundle upon the aboiteau. Abe glanced up, then started so violently that the sod upon his fork slipped from the tines and fell with a splash into the mud at the foot of the wall. There stood Joyce Merton, with flushed face and heaving breast, looking straight at him with her fearless brown eyes.

"I'll spread the quilts out; the rest of you have all you can attend to," she explained, jumping down upon the aboiteau and untying her bundle.

Abe started to protest, but the words died in his throat. She was spreading out the fancy quilt that she had made for their bridal bed! At first he could not bring himself to plant a sod upon it; then, when once started, he set about burying it with a fierceness that had all the appearance of hate.

Steadily the aboiteau rose under the eye and hand of the tireless Abe, Joyce covering each layer of sods with quilts that made it resemble a highway carpeted for some triumphal procession. Joyce moved noiselessly about, without so much as glancing up at Abe's face, watching closely for the first ripple along the mud flats, calling quietly for more quilts. Once, as she reached to spread out the corner of a counterpane, her cheek touched the back of his hand. For a moment both were robbed of all power to move. They stood mute, thrilled through every fibre. Then Joyce sprang away with flaming cheeks; and Abe, a sudden mist before his eyes, lunged blindly at a sod, and nearly pinned Stub Mosher's foot to the aboiteau with the tines of his fork.

The wind freshened, veered about for a half-hour, and then swooped down out of the northeast, striking icily upon perspiring backs. Soon a ragged scud came driving across the sky, and sea-gulls drifted in with warning cries, Abe glanced at the sun as it was blotted out, and then at the end of the broken dike, still twelve feet above him. Only two more hours to work and a storm upon them!

"Pass along the sods a little faster, boys; tide's turned," he called cheerily to the stumbling, lurching men, who, comprehending, bent doggedly to their work.

Behind the dike the cutters no longer straightened up to groan and mop their foreheads; they remained doubled over their spades, their backs grown numb. A stinging rain came driving across the mud flats, wetting the handles of barrows and spades till they slipped as if greased through blistered, nerveless fingers, The mud stuck to heavy brogans in ever thickening layers, clogging tired feet like ball and chain. Still they toiled on, blindly, animal-like, desperate, moved by the sheer will of the intrepid giant upon the aboiteau.

Through the rain Abe saw a white wall of foam racing shoreward. "Cut the sods two inches thicker, boys!" he called.

The carriers glared at him like bated animals. He was a heartless brute; they couldn't carry another pound. But every man floundered on.

Nearer and nearer came the foam-crested bore. It hurled itself in headlong fury along the mud banks, split upon the brown, slimy headlands, and then tore up the intervening channels, converting the soft surface into torrents of liquid mud.

On the aboiteau, the rain dripping from his matted hair, his broad back steaming like a pot, Abe toiled and watched. Could he hold these ex-

hausted men to his purpose for another hour? For a moment the responsibility pressed upon him like a great weight, threatening to crush him; then he caught a glimpse of the rainy cheek and hair of the brave girl beside him, and at the sight of some new thing—that latent power in a man which, for the most part, lies undiscovered, uncalled-for to the end—awoke in him.

"Hurrah boys! We're going to win!" he called in his big, inspiring voice, that was victory in itself.

A cheer such as might have arisen from the deck of a sinking ship went up, and for the next half-hour the men worked in a sort of blind frenzy, raising the aboiteau faster than ever before.

Then a youth who had been carrying sods for five unbroken hours, toppled over into the mud, paying no heed to the entreaties, threats, curses of the burly chap at the other end of the barrow. Carriers who had long been ready to drop, but whose senses were too deadened to warn them of the fact, seeing the young fellow sprawling senseless there, suddenly realized that they too were exhausted, and let their barrows slip from their hands.

Like a flash, Joyce sprang down among the women, her feet scarcely seeming to touch the intervening mire. "Here, Eunice Bezanson, you're as strong as an ox. Tuck up your skirts and take hold of that barrow."

Eunice looked at Joyce blankly for a moment, and then, comprehending, jerked off her overskirt and tucked up her petticoat. "I've been just dyin' to help, but somehow I was too scared to think how," she blurted out, as she sprang to the barrow.

Fifty more rushed after her, and with a strength born of generations of outdoor toil, soon changed the situation. Flagging men, ashamed to give way to women, gripped once more the handles of their barrows with numb fingers that remained mechanically clutched like those of dead men, and reeled drunkenly on.

Topped with dingy foam, the oncoming bore was now assaulting the mud banks like an enraged blind monster. Every twelve hours within the memory of the oldest inhabitant among them—since the beginning of the world, for aught they knew—it had come ramping thus across the flats, muttering, insatiable, sinister, and the fear of it was in their very blood, an inredicable instinct. Thrice it had battered through the dike and claimed their crops as tribute; twice, in the dead of winter, it had flooded their houses and drowned the cattle in the barns.

The muffled roar of the approaching wave grew louder, and at the ominous sound the dikers seemed to rouse as from a dream. Until a few moments ago, the fearful thing had remained beyond the mud banks, enveloped in a haze of rain; now, it loomed before them in all its naked ugliness.

It was almost upon them now, the front striped and glassy, the crest leaning forward as if eager to get at them. A slight tremor passed under their feet, and then the crash came. Here a man leapt aside as though avoiding a deadly missile; there, a woman put up her arm as if to fend off a blow. For one awful moment it towered motionless above them, then descended with a deafening roar, sweeping sods and barrows, men and women, into a chaotic heap at the foot of the slope.

Abe tossed a sod-barrow from his chest and shook the water from his eyes, expecting to see the aboiteau in ruins and the tide pouring through the breach. But it had withstood the shock, and before the next tide it could be faced with planks and made secure.

For a moment the spume-flecked heap of humanity sprawling there

in the mire looked about them incredulously; then, as the truth dawned upon them, they scrambled to their feet and burst into a wild cheer.

"Three cheers for Abe Zwicker!" shouted Pinky Moore, reaching instinctively to his black, dripping curls for the cap that the bore had washed away. And they did cheer—cheered as they had never done before, not even when Squire Moss was elected to Parliament.

Abe, profoundly moved, but looking exceedingly foolish, sought to divert attention from himself by hunting for his fork. As he splashed through the mire towards the breakwater, Peter McFarlane, the deputy sheriff, coughed deprecatingly, and sidling towards him, sneakingly produced from his hip pocket a pair of handcuffs. The third and greatest shout for Abe ended abruptly in a silence that was absolute, save for the smart clapping of the waves against the dike. Men glanced at each other and then looked down at the ground, as if those two bands of steel were something shocking, indecent.

Someone drew a foot out of the mire, and the smack sounded like an explosion. At the rear of the crowd a woman began to sob. Abe, his shaggy head bowed, his muddy arms folded across the big dome of his chest, stood like a man lost in profound meditation.

Peter sidled a little nearer, and the motion roused Abe. He looked intently at the thing twitching with fear before him, as though he had never seen it before; then, with a sudden light of comprehension that made his blue eyes blaze, he took one step towards the deputy sheriff, so startling that presumptuous official that he retreated hastily, tripping and falling backwards into the muddy channel with a resounding splash.

Without another glance in his direction, Abe turned and strode away through the astonished dikers towards the county jail.

"Abe!"

Abe, now half-way across the dikeland, sprang around at the sound of that flute-like voice, and then stood motionless as Joyce hurried towards him through the rain.

"You didn't do it, Abe! It came to me like a shining light out there on the dike that you never could have done it," as she stood before him, panting, bedraggled, triumphant, her tired young face spiritually aglow.

Abe uttered a half-inarticulate cry, took one stride towards her as if to sweep her into his arms, then wheeled and hurried on towards the jail. "You didn't do it, you didn't do it," kept sounding in his ears, but whether it was Joyce calling or the crying of his own heart he could not tell.

Presently he stopped short, staring unseeingly for a moment at the blurred outline of the jail, then turned and ran back along the path that his feet had traced across the grass. Joyce was standing as he had left her, her wet clothes clinging to her like the drapery of a statue, the light that her sudden and overwhelming faith in him had rekindled not yet wholly faded from her face.

"Who are you wearing black for?" he demanded with almost fierce importunity, his head thrust forward within a foot of her face.

"Why, for brother Jim!" her voice and eyes revealing her astonishment at his ignorance.

Abe straightened slowly up, dazed by the confirmation of his suspicion, and then looked at the ground.

"Did Jim have anything to do with it?" she asked suddenly, looking intently into his averted face.

Beads of perspiration broke out upon Abe's burnt forehead; he swallowed painfully as though his throat were parched with thirst; and his

big hands, stained with earth and the blood of broken blisters, moved uncertainly, slowly clutching and unclutching, as if expressing the blind gropings of his baffled soul.

Joyce came a step nearer, and laid upon his shoulder a beseeching hand through which her bleeding woman's heart spoke.

" 'Tain't binding any more! No, 'tain't binding any more!" Abe exploded, as if in fierce protest against the argument of some invisible third person.

The girl watched his tempestuous face with parted ilps.

"Jim did it—did it when he was crazy drunk," he went on with a sudden rush of words like the bursting of water through a dam. "He said that if he went to jail the disgrace would kill you."

For a moment Joyce looked into his face with the perfect adoration which a man receives but once in life.

"Then you didn't do it! Oh, Abe!"

And Abe, as he gathered the girl into his arms, looked at the rain-drenched face lit with its beatific vision, and understood—at least, as far as it is granted unto man to understand the heart of a woman.

THE LURE OF THE OPEN ROAD

By CHARLOTTE EATON

The great white highway beckons me with strong and new appeal,
And I know its still insistent voice I may not disobey;
For the more I would elude its call, the more its lure I feel,
Which fills me with strange restlessness to be upon my way.

And I take my little treasured things and pack them one by one,
Remembering the old romance from which each took its form;
And my heart is glad exceedingly, because the noon-day sun
Shines out upon my path to-day, as vital and as warm.

Within me there are no regrets, no murmur on my tongue,
As I again step forth upon the ever-welcome sod;
And I think that deep elation that within my heart has sprung
Is just the very acme of Man's native love of God.

By
F. A. ACLAND

NOTHING remains to be said of the celebration at Quebec. It was not less brilliant and imposing than expected. If any latent ill-feeling or coldness towards the great affair existed anywhere, it remained happily hidden. The distinguished guests, the Prince of Wales, Lord Roberts, and the various representatives of the other sections of Greater Britain, were received with the utmost enthusiasm, and nowhere does there appear to have been the suggestion of a discordant or unpleasing note. The speeches at the citadel banquet were of an elevating character, worthy of the occasion and becoming to the eminence of the speakers. Never before did Canada receive such homage from the representatives of other nations; never before were the representatives of other nations greeted in Canada by such an assemblage of Canadian talent, worth and intellect. Let us hope the many kind and true things said of each other by French and British, Americans and Canadians, during these days of delightful recreation, will serve to soften the feelings that are apt to arise when men and nations turn from pleasure to business.

* * *

Everyone will approve the inclusion of the Premiers of Ontario and Quebec among the recipients of the honors distributed at the Tercentenary. While knighthoods continue to be worn by Canadians, there are none who should receive them before the Premiers of the two great Provinces of Confederation. There is no indication that the people of Canada regard the distinction as any other than a decoration from the Sovereign, a token of admitted excellence of achievement in some field of honorable labor. It is unfortunate that as a rule the exigencies of party government—in England not less than in Canada—cause these and similar distinctions to be given to members of the political party for the time dominant, and it is the pleasanter in the present case to find the honor going to the Conservative Premier of Ontario, as it goes to the Liberal Premier of Quebec. Were the distribution of knighthoods the preliminary to the introduction of hereditary titles they would be most unwelcome, but the isolated instances where baronetcies or peerages have been awarded in Canada show that there is little danger of this condition being reached.

* * *

South Africa is beginning to recover from the effects of the terrible war that devastated it a few years ago. One of the most hopeful signs of progress is the movement towards union, and another is the fact that the deciding influence in that movement came from Premier Botha, of the Transvaal, who paradoxically found himself in opposition on the question to Mr. Merriman, the English-born but anti-British Premier of Cape Colony. It will be a curious development of Imperial politics if that union of

NICHOLAS: "Here we are alone in the infinite peace of the sea."

EDWARD: "Peace! Peace! Have you forgotten the swordfish?" —*Pasquino*

all South Africa, for which British statesmen have striven in vain since Lord Carnarvon's time—thirty years ago—should be accomplished ultimately by the man who fought so strenuously to keep his country outside the Empire. In the meantime, the various colonies concerned are proceeding cautiously, and Sir Henry de Villiers, their joint representative at the Quebec Tercentenary, intimates that a careful comparison will be made between the systems obtaining in Canada and Australia respectively before any serious step is taken. Premier Botha, in his letter to Sir Wilfrid Laurier, read by Sir Wilfrid at the great banquet at the citadel, was emphatic in declaring that South Africa would follow in the footsteps of Canada, though perhaps this was meant to be taken in a general and not a particular sense.

* * *

That the South African union will be federal, however, rather than legislative, may be taken for granted. The example of Canada in this respect also is a profitable one, and shows what experiments to avoid, as well as what to follow. A legislative union in South Africa would appear to be foredoomed to failure in view of the duality of race in every Province, and the predominance of one race or the other in each case. A federal union offers at least a certain amount of elasticity. It is true that at the present time three of the four contracting States are under Dutch control, though in one of these, the Transvaal, there is a British majority; but we may reasonably assume that no measure of union will become law which does not give adequate protection to a British minority, just as none would be allowed which does not protect a Boer minority.

* * *

A few years may see the situation greatly changed, moreover. There is no immigration to South Africa at the present time, it is true. Economic conditions have, on the one hand, not warranted immigration, and on the other the emigration from Britain to Canada has been very heavy, and the streams of population from Britain to the United States and Australia have been considerable. There may be no possibility of great agricultural development in Cape Colony and the Transvaal, but there are other resources, apart from gold, the development of which will give employment to a large and industrious white population. To the north also there is the great new Province of Rhodesia, awaiting the psychological moment only to become the Mecca of hundreds of thousands of homeseekers. With a populous British Rhodesia in the union of South Africa, the British race may be left to work out its destiny in the sub-continent without more assistance or overlooking on the part of the paramount power than has been necessary in the case of Australia or Canada.

* * *

Sir Wilfrid Laurier took occasion in

his speech at the citadel banquet, in commenting upon Premier Botha's declaration that South Africa would follow in the footsteps of Canada, to express his own conviction that the Canadian system offered some advantages over that of Australia, which latter country, Sir Wilfrid remarked, had in some particulars taken the United States, rather than Canada, as its exemplar. One of the chief variations of the two systems, it may be noted, is that relating to the final judicial appeal. In Canada the decision of the Supreme Court may be appealed to the Privy Council. In Australia no appeal from the decision of the High Court of Australia is possible on questions involving the limits of the constitutional powers of the commonwealth or of the different States unless the High Court certifies that the question is one to be determined by the Imperial Privy Council. Only in these latter cases lies an appeal to the Privy Council. These larger powers, which were insisted upon by the Australians in framing their Constitution, are not apparently making for harmony among the members of the Commonwealth. The Federal Excise Bill, a measure enacted in response to the wishes of the radical labor party, undertakes to regulate wages in the manufacture of agricultural implements, by means of excise duties, which are to be levied by the Commonwealth when the wages paid to employees by those companies are not adjudged to be fair. Two manufacturers having appealed to the High Court on the ground that the Act was ultra vires, the appeal has been sustained. Under the Australian Constitution no appeal is possible, and it is now proposed that an amendment should be made to the Constitution to overcome the decision of the High Court. On the whole it seems that the Canadian system, which would have removed the final judicial action in such a case far from the atmosphere of domestic politics, is much the preferable, as this incident shows.

* * *

The Dominion Senate, by a narrow majority—19 to 18—threw out the co-operation bill which had passed the House of Commons unanimously, the assigned reason being that it was an invasion of Provincial powers, though there were not wanting evidences that many of the opponents of the measure disliked the whole scheme and tendency of co-operation. No doubt such opposition was superficial, and would have been lessened or removed by a closer study of the subject than circumstances permitted. Legislation which has had such excellent results in Britain and in many continental countries, is not likely to have been harmful to Canada, and the measure rejected is said to have been modelled closely on the lines of the English Act. One feature at least, moreover, of the Dominion Act, which would appear to be outside provincial jurisdiction, was that relating to co-operative banking. Co-operative banking is believed to be the best of all methods of fighting the evil of usury, an evil which is understood to be very prevalent in Canada, though from its very nature comparatively little of it appears in public. A loan society based on the simple methods of co-operation, its operations carefully guarded by legislation, would be a boon to most communities, and would free many a man from the octopus-clutch of the usurer. It is to be hoped that this aspect at least of co-operation will receive further and closer attention at the next session of the Dominion Parliament.

* * *

There has been a good deal of loose talk about the danger to the equilibrium of Confederation in the recent additions to the territory of different Provinces, notably to that of Quebec. The Maritime Provinces, particularly, looking at the vast territory of Un-

JOHN BULL (*loq.*): "William, you won't be William the Conqueror any more than you can be William the Silent" —*Le Cri*, Paris

gava, part now of Quebec, and having in mind that Quebec is the pivot of representation in the Dominion Parliament, objected through their representatives at Ottawa that the tendency would be to increase the unit of representation to the detriment of the smaller Provinces, whose numbers at Ottawa would in all probability be reduced as the population of the pivotal Province increased. Quebec, in fact, under Confederation has 65 members, and the relation of 65 to the population of Quebec must determine the representation at Ottawa of each other Province. The stationary condition of late years of the population of Nova Scotia, New Brunswick, and Prince Edward Island, and the rapid growth of Quebec, may well make the easterners tremble for their membership unless an amendment to the Confederation Act comes to their rescue; but it would not appear that the addition of Ungava makes the prospect better or worse. Representation is based on population, not on territory, and the population of Quebec is not likely to be increased at any time by the addition of Ungava to its territory.

* * *

The objection of the Maritime Provinces does not apply to the territorial additions to Ontario and Manitoba, though it is doubtful if, in the case of Ontario, the new territory will ever see development. Manitoba is better off, and with the construction of the Hudson Bay Railway, now apparently a certainty, some real importance may attach to the ports on the great inland sea. This advantage will not be grudged Manitoba by the other Provinces, her territory having been somewhat circumscribed previously, as we are accustomed to regard territories on this continent, though it must be remembered that while Manitoba described herself, with true western humor, as a mere postage stamp of a Province, her territory of 73,000 miles almost equalled that of England and Scotland put together. With the rearrangement, Quebec takes precedence as to area among all the Provinces, depriving British Columbia of the honor, while Ontario makes a good second. The figures of these enlarged areas are useless, however, save for geographical purposes, and can not, of course, be taken to indicate anything of the relative wealth and importance of the Provinces concerned.

* * *

The terrible spectre of a war between Germany and Great Britain continues to haunt the minds of the public men of both countries, and the despatches and articles in current newspapers and magazines only reflect this agitation. Lord Cromer, a veteran in foreign politics, has given definite expression to the fear that a great European war is coming, for which England must above all things prepare, and advances this as his greatest reason for opposing the old age pensions bill, taking the ground that the money will be needed for

war. Sir Edward Grey, the brilliant Foreign Secretary of Mr. Asquith's Cabinet, took swift occasion to minimise the importance of Lord Cromer's utterance, by declaring in the House of Commons that it was no part of Great Britain's policy to isolate Germany. It was an unusual declaration, and would only have been made because the Foreign Minster saw offence to Germany in Lord Cromer's words, and realized that Germany is seeking —not perhaps excuse for war, for which she is at present unprepared— but excuse for further additions to her navy.

* * *

The British nation could save from ten to fifteen million pounds yearly on her present expenditure if Germany would abstain from carrying out her ambitious programme, a programme which, however, threatens to paralyse her financially before it is achieved, and therein perhaps lies Britain's chief hope. According to present programmes in England and Germany respectively, the German navy will contain in 1912 a larger number of battleships of the famous Dreadnought type than the British navy includes; and the Dreadnoughts are being built, it must be remembered, because of the theory that this type of ship must be the determining element in the next great naval war. When money is being spent at this furious rate, it must be for some definite object. It remains to be seen whether Germany can re-arrange her finances sufficiently to meet the financial strain of her great shipbuilding programme. The deficit of fifty million dollars on last year's account forces German statesmen to resort to new taxes, and they, as well as outsiders, realize that their whole programme may collapse when the details of the new taxation come to be arranged. In the meantime, the consciousness of the English workers that they must under any circumstances meet the enormous expenditures of Germany does not tend to promote a friendly feeling.

Quoth the Raven: "Evermore!"
—New York *American*

* * *

The fight for the Presidency of the United States is, as it was expected to be, between Mr. Taft and Mr. Bryan. The Democratic platform is somewhat more radical in tone than was the Republican manifesto, the chief points of difference perhaps being the demand for an immediate reduction of the tariff to a revenue-only basis. The national inheritance tax plank savors somewhat too strongly of the hustings in its quoted reference to "swollen fortunes," but is a reasonable one. In the appeal made by the Democratic party for lower duties, for an income tax, and for a national inheritance tax, one cannot but be impressed by the fact that Great Britain has very largely set the pace in legislation on all these matters, and that the United States is working slowly up to it.

THE WAY TO WAIT

By ISABEL ECCLESTONE MacKAY

O, whether by the lonesome road that lies
across the lea,
Or whether by the hill that stoops, rock-
shadowed to the sea,
Or by a sail that blows from far, my love
returns to me!

No fear is hidden in my heart to make my
face less fair,
No tear is hidden in my eye to dim the
brightness there—
I wear upon my cheek the rose a happy
bride should wear.

For should he come not by the road, and
come not by the hill,
And come not by the far seaway, yet come
he surely will—
Close all the roads of all the world, love's
road is open still.

My heart is light with singing (though
they pity me my fate
And drop their merry voices as they pass
my garden gate),
For love that finds a way to come can find
a way to wait!

—*Harper's Monthly Magazine.*

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THE WOMAN EXPLORER.

A NEW ENGLAND woman once made the plaintive query, "How is it that we hear so much about the Pilgrim Fathers, while so little is heard about the Pilgrim Mothers?" The question might well be asked regarding all pioneer settlements. It is usually taken for granted that the adventurous spirit belongs to man only, and that, when woman ventures into the wilderness, it is only as the loyal wife, mother or daughter who sacrifices her own longing for a more conventional fireside in compliance with the man's desire or will. Such, however, is a mistaken idea. Many of those pioneer dames enjoyed the struggle with primitive forces and exulted when the rude homestead was built. Is it unreasonable to believe that the great-granddaughters of men who sailed the Seven Seas, taking possession of an island here and there in the name of the British Sovereign, and leaving a bit of red, white and blue fluttering in bright crosses from a staff, should have something of the wandering instinct of their ancestors? *Home, Sweet Home* is a song the Saxon sings with vigor, but under a variety of skies. History seems a series of migrations, and the women have bravely borne their share in the crossing and trekking which have made the continents. In fact, Mother Eve was the cause of the first migration. The sojourn in the Original Home was so brief that it seems as if it were the human lot to "move on." The centuries have never lacked for women who were fond of "the long trail" and who were willing to face discomfort and even danger in traversing a new territory.

During the last few years a Canadian woman undertook an expedition into unknown Labrador, which was of romantic and even pathetic interest. Mrs. Leonidas Hubbard is a Canadian by birth, belonging to the Province of Ontario. In 1901 she became the wife of a stalwart young Michigan journalist, whose dearest ambition was to explore the remote quarters of the continent. In April, 1902, Mr. Hubbard became assistant editor of *Outing*, and in January, 1903, he decided on the long-anticipated trip to Labrador. On the twentieth of June in that year the small party sailed from New York, and in the following January came the brief message: "Mr. Hubbard died October 18th in the interior of Labrador." Mr. Hubbard's journey had been undertaken in the hope of exploring and mapping the course of one, and perhaps two, large rivers—the Northwest River, draining Lake Michikamau to Lake Melville, and the George River, draining the northern slope of the plateau to Ungava Bay.

The story of the ill-fated trip and of Mrs. Hubbard's subsequent efforts is simply summarized in the latter's recently-published book, *A Woman's Way Through Unknown Labrador*: "Misled by information obtained at the post, which corresponded with the indications of the map he carried, that of the Geological Survey of Canada, Mr. Hubbard took the Susan River, which enters Grand Lake at the head of a bay five miles from its western end. The Susan River led them, not by an open waterway to Lake Michikamau, but up to the edge of the plateau, where they became lost in the maze of its lakes. When within sight of the great lake the party was forced to begin a retreat, which Mr. Hubbard did not survive to complete. He died in the far interior, and the object of his expedition was not achieved.

"It seemed to me fit that my husband's name should reap the fruits of service which had cost him so much,

MRS. LEONIDAS HUBBARD

and in the summer of 1905 I myself undertook the conduct of the second Hubbard Expedition, and, with the advantage of the information and experience obtained by the first, a larger crew and a three weeks' earlier start, successfully completed the work undertaken two years before.

"My decision to undertake the completion of my husband's work was taken one day in January of 1905. That evening I began making my plans and preparations for the journey. Towards the end of May they were completed, and on the evening of the 16th of June I sailed from Halifax for the Labrador, arriving at Northwest River post, the real starting point of my journey, on Sunday morning, June 25th."

It may be said that Mrs. Hubbard's expedition was merely the outcome of a desire to complete her husband's work, to show that his death was not the consequence of blunder, but of a deplorable collapse, due to trusting in official but inefficient guides and information that should have been reliable. However, as one continues to read this chronicle of a journey of nearly six hundred miles through un-

known northern districts, one comes to the conclusion that the wife of Leonidas Hubbard has a spirit akin to his own, and that the canoe trip over stretches of unexplored lake and river appealed to her love of the remote and primeval.

This modern expedition was not without modern comforts and equipment, wild as was the region into which the explorers penetrated. Mrs. Hubbard informs us: "My crew numbered four, chief among whom was George Elson, who had loyally served Mr. Hubbard in 1903, and who, with rare skill and rarer devotion, had recovered Mr. Hubbard's body and his photographic material from the interior in the depths of the following winter. The other two men were Joseph Iserhoff, a Russian half-breed, and Job Chapies, a pure blood Cree Indian. These three men were expert hunters and canoemen, having been born and brought up in the James Bay country, and they came to me from Missanabie, some 700 miles west of Montreal. The fourth was Gilbert Blake, a half-breed Eskimo boy trapper, one of the two lads of the rescue party George Elson had sent back two years before, when his heroic, but unsuccessful, efforts to save Mr. Hubbard's life had brought him to Donald Blake's house." The description of equipment and clothing shows us how fully Mrs. Hubbard had prepared for the six hundred mile trip. It may seem that with such a capable quartette as crew that she would know little of pioneer hardships; but even with such experienced and cautious companions, the trip was such as only a brave and indomitable woman would undertake.

Many Canadians think of the Ungava District as an entirely drear and barren stretch of country. Such is not the impression gained from the paragraph describing the commencement of this journey: "It was a perfect day. The air was clear as crystal, and the water, the green woods, the hills and mountains with lines and patches of white upon them; the sky with its big, soft clouds, made such a combination of green and blue and silver as I have never seen except in Labrador. Before five o'clock we had passed the rapid at the head of the three-mile stretch of river draining Grand Lake to Lake Melville, to which alone the natives give the name Northwest River, and turned into Grand Lake."

Although the journey must have constantly recalled the name and endeavors of the man who had laid down his life in that far country, no morbid wailing creeps into the narrative. There is profound regret for the mistaken wanderings, but also a proud belief in the dead explorer's purpose and a firm faith that his work has not been in vain, that his spirit still aspires somewhere "in the sounding labor-house, vast, of Being." There is a buoyant delight in the unspoiled wilderness, an appreciation of Nature's stern aspects which shows the spirit of the born pioneer.

While every chapter of Mrs. Hubbard's story is of deep interest, the twelfth, which deals with "The Migrating Caribou," will probably appeal most strongly to the readers of these adventures. The writer is keenly alive to every picturesque feature along the way, and her description of the small Indian burying-plot, near the point where the caribou trails were found, shows this sympathy with every trace of human associations.

"Back of this solitary resting-place were the moss-covered hills with their sombre forests, and as we turned from them we looked out over the bay at our feet, the shining waters of the lake, and beyond it to the blue, round-topped hills reaching upward to blend with exquisite harmony into the blue and silver of the great dome that stooped to meet them. Who could doubt that romance and poetry dwell in the heart of the Indian who chose this for the resting-place of his dead?"

The migrating caribou of Labrador is a sight not often witnessed, and Mrs. Hubbard is probably the only woman who has watched the magnificent herds crossing in the direction of the high lands between the Atlantic and the George River. Judging from an illustration, "A Bit of the Caribou Country," that district must possess a wild charm of its own.

Finally, on August 27th, Ungava Bay was reached and the journey triumphantly accomplished, resulting in the pioneer maps of the Nascaupee and George Rivers, and the vindication of Leonidas Hubbard's belief in the possibilities of that exploration. The conclusion of the pilgrimage and the return to the writer's own people is simply related.

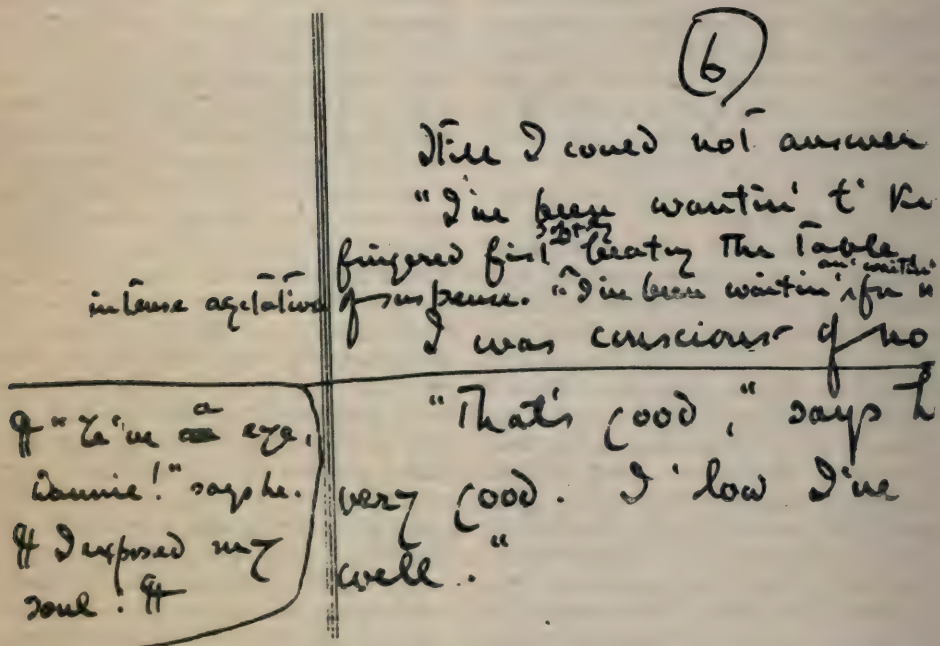
"The hills were white with snow when the ship came to Ungava, and it was not until October 22nd that I said good-bye to my kind friends at the post. In ten days the *Pelican* landed us safe at Rigolette. Here I had the good fortune to be picked up by a steamer bound for Quebec; but the wintry weather was upon us, and the voyage dragged itself out to three times its natural length, so that it was the evening of November 20th, just as the sun sank behind the city, that the little steamer was docked at Quebec, and I stepped from her decks to set foot once again in 'God's country.'"

The book contains, in a pocket of the back cover, a map of the explored territory, showing the course taken. The illustrations are unusually clear and attractive, and the whole volume, which is published in Canada by William Briggs, is a credit to the firms which have taken it in hand.

There is a question as to whether this book will have the circulation in Canada which it deserves. A well-known publisher of this country recently remarked that ninety per cent. of the books read by Canadian women consists of fiction—and trashy fiction at that. Certainly we lack the book clubs which, in spite of certain crudities, keep the women of United States cities in touch with books beyond the ephemeral society novel. There is far too much wretched stuff of the Harold Magrath order read by Canadian girls and women, who would vote such a narrative of real adventure as that of Mrs. Hubbard's a dull matter in comparison with the story of some pinchbeck heiress from Chicago. However, let us hope that there will be a saving remnant which will appreciate this vivid account of a Canadian explorer's work. In England and the United States, Mrs. Hubbard's Labrador travels have already attracted attention and won official recognition. Canadians are remarkably slow to honor worthy achievement by their own sons or daughters, but they are gradually rousing to the fact that foot races are not the only contests to be applauded, and the Canadian public may some day honor a woman whose claim to recognition rests upon pluck and brains.

Jean Graham.

The WAY of LETTERS



Part of a page from the original draught of "The Cruise of the Shining Light," by Norman Duncan, a successful Canadian writer

ROMANCE OF THE COFFEE-HOUSE.

In "Captain's Love," Mr. Theodore Roberts gives us a story that is a decided advance on anything else that he has produced in book form. It would be wrong, however, to say that it is a particularly good novel or that it ventures upon anything but flatly beaten ground. It is the story of a young English blood who loses his identity as a result of an attack by highwaymen on the road to London. While his memory, such as of his name and place of residence, has entirely failed, he is nevertheless able to disport himself after the manner of the dandies of London coffee-house days and to make a good living for a time by gaming on the spoils of a successful encounter with a robber shortly after he has recovered from the attack in which he lost his memory. His memory serves him in one particular: he never quite loses the impression of a gentle face and form, and when at last he is discovered by those who knew him before and brought him back to his own country, he finds there, to his satisfaction, the girl whose features had haunted him,

although all else had been and was still forgotten. It is to be wondered why Mr. Roberts should seek for indifferent material outside of Canada, when there is so much to tempt the pen and imagination right within our own gates. (Boston: L. C. Page & Company. Cloth, 1.50.)

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MR. MORSE'S POEMS.

William Inglis Morse, who for eight years has been a frequent contributor to *The Canadian Magazine*, has had a selection of his poems published in book form under the title "Acadian Lays and Other Verse." Many of the poems in the volume appeared originally in *The Canadian Magazine*, and therefore it would scarcely be in good form to warmly praise here. It might be said, however, that the book displays a sympathetic touch and a philosophic bent. Doubtless Mr. Morse has found numerous friends for his verses, and these will be glad to obtain his work in compact form. It is of general interest to know that the author was born on June 4, 1874, at Paradise, Nova Scotia, the early home of French-Acadians, some of whom settled at Annapolis. The Morses were of English origin. They came to Canada from Plymouth Colony, Mass., at the time of the American Revolution. Mr. W. Inglis Morse was educated at Paradise Academy, Horton Collegiate Academy, Acadia College, Episcopal Theological College, Cambridge, Mass.; Harvard University; Westminster School, Gimsbury, Conn. He was ordained to the priesthood in 1902, and is at present rector of the Church of the Incarnation at Lynn, Mass.

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STYLE OVERDONE.

Readers who noted with appreciation the somewhat novel style and plot of "Alain Tanger's Wife" will open "Chateau Royal," a new book by J. H. Yoxall, with decided expectation. They will find the oddity of style exploited to a degree which may, or may not, prove pleasing, but with the plot they may perhaps be disappointed, for in this respect the freshness which characterized "Alain Tanger's Wife" is lacking. In saying this we have no wish to belittle a book in many ways interesting and bearing marks of careful writing; indeed, the very excess of "manner" which mars the opening of the story is in grateful contrast from the slipshod method which we have always with us. The plot, which develops somewhat tardily, has to do with yet another version of the probable fate of the descendants of that unfortunate child of mystery, the last Dauphin of France. We are introduced to the unique spectacle of a king of France emerging from the chrysalis of a retired merchant and setting up a belated court in an old French chateau. Although the Court is composed of an old nurse, a steward, a nephew and a daughter, the entire belief of the old merchant in his exalted position is one of the good things in the book. To this last refuge of royalty comes Francis Benedick Stewart, knight-errant, in search of a face whose fresh beauty, seen by accident in the gloom of a London street, has haunted him to the destruction of his peace of mind. Little does the enamored youth dream that the object of his search is no other than Madame Royal of France—with a kingly father who takes himself quite seriously. The adventures of the hero (himself entitled to spell his name "Stuart") in invading the royal seclusion are varied and entertaining, so much so that we are ready to forgive a lack of originality in the time-honored expedient which finally gains for him the exalted lady of his desire. The most hopeful sign of Mr. Yoxall's work is the undeniable vitality of his characters, even the least interesting of whom move through their mimic world with a brave show of reality and that spontaneous adaptation to circumstance which must always re-

main one of the supreme charms of fiction. (Toronto: The Macmillan Company of Canada. Cloth, $1.50.)

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PERSONALITY AND THE SEASONS.

Not infrequently a person may hear someone say with reason that he is unable to find pleasure in the short stories which appear in current magazines. Personal change of taste may account for this. Anyway, it is the opinion of others that as brainy and as careful writers are at work to-day on the making of short stories as there were ten or more years ago. Good short stories, like good long stories, are always less numerous than poor ones; but good short stories are not a thing of the past. And this is once more exemplified by Mabel Osgood Wright in her latest book, "The Open Window," which bears the name "Barbara" on its title page. The book is made up of a collection of twelve unique tales, some better than others, but none lacking merit. Beginning with January, every consecutive month of the year is represented by a story which may cause readers to see in it the effect or influence the particular season dealt with has on temperament or personality. Some of the characters which were introduced by the author in her earlier books figure in "The Open Window." This fact need hardly make the book less delightful. (Toronto: The Macmillan Company of Canada. Cloth, $1.50.

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HUMOR FROM THE WEST

Mrs. Ruth Everett, who has a list of several books to her name, is the author of a recent publication entitled "That Man From Wall Street." This novel pretends to be a story of the New York studios, but only once does the readers get a glimpse into that land of Bohemia, and that one look reveals nothing but a small inconsequential studio. The book deals, however, with the peculiar temperament of women artists whose work does not rise above the tomato-can type. The characters throughout are almost pathetically commonplace, and the development of the story is anything but enthralling. The morals of the book are questionable, and the writing possesses no literary distinction. (New York: George Thriell Long. Cloth, $1.50.)

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A WESTERN STORY.

Mrs. Nellie L. McClung, a Western Canadian writer of more than ordinary promise, is the author of a story that doubtless will be widely read. "Sowing Seeds in Danny" is the title, and it sketches in a quaint, humorous way a number of characters who live in a western town. The story has something of the quality of "Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch," is equally refreshing, and by many will be regarded as a better product. The principal character is a young girl named Pearlie Watson, daughter of Irish parents who are not financially well placed in life. Pearlie, as the oldest of a large family of children, confronts many difficulties, but in the face of everything she develops a quaint and uplifting philosophy, which in the end wins the heart of a young doctor who has come to practice his profession in the community. The first chapter of the book appeared a few years ago as a short story in *The Canadian Magazine*, and since then the author has enlarged its scope and introduced new characters. It is perhaps a little too sketchy and heterogeneous, but withal it is a wholesome book to read—a book distinguished by its fresh, original humor. (Toronto: William Briggs. Cloth, $1.00.)

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A NEUROTIC NOVEL.

Those who have read "Together," a novel by Robert Herrick, may well inquire why the writer did not give his production the title "Asunder."

since it is a dreary presentation of several unhappily-married couples, whose woes and follies consume nearly six hundred pages of good type and paper. They are an utterly tiresome group of matrimonial incompatibilities to whom the author introduces us, and one is extremely bored by their futile talk and performances. The chief household of infelicity has for its head a grafter of the railroad class, whose wife is a silly creature who finally becomes neurasthenic and falls in love with a long-haired *poseur*. The latter murders the lady's brother, who is a minor poet of a feeble pattern, and this justifiable homicide causes an indefinite postponement of the elopement. Suicide, murder and divorce ought to make even a sensational gleam of brightness in this neurotic yarn; but, perhaps because the author is intended for better work, the book drags along as wearily as life at the sanitarium which it describes so realistically. This novel is a decided falling-off from the standard of Mr. Herrick's "The Common Lot." (Toronto: The Macmillan Company. Cloth, $1.50.)

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What's in a Name?

It is interesting to note the impression that the title of a book frequently makes; for instance, "The Cottage on the Fells," the latest novel by H. de Vere Stackpoole, author of "The Blue Lagoon." The title at once gives one the idea of a sweet pastoral romance, a story that is quiet and solacing, breathing rural airs and rural manners. But the book is very different from that; it is actually a blood-stirring detective story—not of the cheap, trashy order, but a plausible yarn, full of action and color and mystery. It is the story of a man who, by perfecting the art of make-up, manages for a number of years to commit a series of murders and avoid detection. He is what is known as a criminal of highly cultivated mentality, one whose capture depends on pitting against him a man of superior intellect to his, one who uses his brains to catch the criminal rather than the usual methods of detection. "The Cottage on the Fells" is therefore quite an absorbing novel. (Toronto: Henry Frowde. Cloth, $1.25.)

MRS. NELLIE L. McCLUNG,
AUTHOR OF "SOWING SEEDS IN DANNY"

* * *

A Book for Sportsmen.

It is a recognized thing that a good deal of the glory of the chase rests in the telling of the experience, and in the telling the listeners enjoy a share of the pleasure. It was this feeling that prompted Richard D. Ware, an

MR. W. INGLIS MORSE,
AUTHOR OF "ACADIAN LAYS AND OTHER VERSE"

enthusiastic huntsman. to write "In the Woods and on the Shore." and to thereby give to others who thrill with the quickening of man's primal instinct to hunt, some acquaintance with his personal adventures. The book is a very handsome publication, well illustrated with reproductions of photographs and water-color drawings. (Boston: L. C. Page & Company; Toronto: William Briggs. Cloth, $2.00.)

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NOTES.

—The People's Library now contains a good three-volume edition of Shakespeare's complete works. (Toronto. Cassell & Company. Cloth, 25 cents a volume; leather, 50 cents.)

—A recent publication that claims no literary value, but that is invaluable to bicyclists and motorists, is Radford's road map of Ontario. (Toronto: J. A. Radford, publisher.

—Mr. Saint N. Sing, journalist and lecturer on India, has issued a booklet entitled "Essays on India." It contains the addresses he delivered during his tour of Canada last year.

—"A New Self-Help" is the title of an excellent book for young men. It surveys the avenues by which success has been won, and by which it is still obtainable, and sketches the careers of notable figures in the respective domains of science, invention, industry and commerce. (Toronto: Cassell & Company. Cloth, $1.50.)

—The publication of two poems—"Wolfe and Montcalm," and "The Atalante"—by Mr. John Boyd, of Montreal, has elicited more attention and praise than is usually elicited by a whole volume of poems by some of our best-known poets. Two stanzas of the first appeared in the July number of *The Canadian Magazine*, and shortly thereafter the entire poem appeared in a number of the leading newspapers of Canada. It was followed by "The Atalante," which is a praiseworthy tribute to a heroic French seaman, Jean de Vauquelin, who was defeated by the English off Pointe aux Trembles, in the St. Lawrence, shortly after the taking of Quebec by Wolfe. It was presented to *l'Union Nationale Francaise* on the occasion of the recent anniversary of the society in Montreal, and afterwards appeared in a number of newspapers in both French and English. By French-Canadians it was particularly well received and praised for its lofty conception and poetical treatment. Mr. Boyd is a seasoned journalist, but it was not until recently that he has found opportunity to seriously court the poetic muse, which he has done in both these instances with singular success. The two poems have been published in a brochure for private circulation.

THE EDITOR'S COPY

Newspaper and magazine writers from Great Britain, the United States and important points in Canada were sent to Quebec during the celebration of the Tercentenary to chronicle their impressions of this great event. It is gratifying to note that the Canadian writers rose to the occasion in most creditable manner, and their style of writing will compare with anything published on this occasion. Some of the Toronto and Montreal dailies maintained two or more "crack" staff writers at the Ancient Capital. The departure of the Prince of Wales aroused these chroniclers to an extra effort at description, and, although their despatches are unsigned, they nevertheless give evidence of good craftsmanship.

The special writer for *The Mail and Empire* was solemnly impressed with the departure of the fleet. He wrote as follows:

Silently, stealthily, almost imperceptibly, eight great war vessels, the mightiest bearing the heir to the throne of the vastest empire that has been, slipped out of Quebec harbor in the hour of dawn and melted into the mist before they had reached the turn in the channel which hides the city on the hill from ships down the river. Impressive and spectacular as was the scene on the day of the Prince's arrival, this morning's departure was vastly more solemn, and suggestive of the might of Great Britain. One by one, with no more noise or commotion than that of a ferryboat leaving its dock, the great engines of war weighed anchor and dropped down the majestic river with the tide. Instead of the tens of thousands of animated observers who viewed the arrival of the Indomitable and Minotaur, and the landing of his Royal Highness, less than a hundred eyes viewed the sailing of the fleet. A couple of little newsboys, smoking cigarettes, a youthful soldier, obviously disgruntled at the absence of noise and cannon smoke, a nighthawk calash driver and a belated chauffeur, a dozen newspaper men who never sleep, two or three sleepy-eyed guests peering from behind the curtained windows of the Chateau Frontenac, a couple of loungers passing the night on the terrace benches, and the sentries up at the Citadel, these represented the four million people of Canada in saying farewell to the future ruler of Great Britain.

The Globe's writer saw much in simple and yet elaborate details, as follows:

With the breaking of dawn to-day, the British fleet departed from the harbor of Quebec. Very quietly the ships stole away, and only little handfuls of spectators gathered on Dufferin Terrace to see them go. The night and early morning hours were perfect so far as weather conditions were concerned. There was practically no wind, and, while it was occasionally cloudy overhead, the sky did not portend a storm.

Last night the Prince of Wales gave a dinner on the Indomitable, at which a number of distinguished Quebecers and visitors were present. After the guests had been conveyed ashore in the ship's pinnaces, all but one of the latter were hoisted aboard. The exception maintained a steady, unceasing patrol around the Indomitable all night long and to within a few minutes of her commencing the return journey to the old land with the heir to the British throne on board.

At 2.20 in the morning a preliminary signal rocket went up from the Exmouth, to which the Albermarle made reply. There followed an exchange of light signals from ship to ship, twinkling lights that to the uninitiated meant nothing, spelling a great deal to the British fleets. A second rocket, bursting with a vivid distinctness against the dark outlines of Levis Heights and a dull sky, was fired from the Exmouth at three o'clock.

A bugle call on one of the ships was plainly heard ashore, and at times it was possible to hear portions of the words of command, and the rattle of the anchor chains being drawn in, telling its own story as to what these meant. Then very slowly, and with an absence of noise that was wonderful, the Exmouth, the flagship of the Atlantic fleet, began her voyage down the river, showing only the lights usual to a vessel at sea. She steamed between the Indomitable and the Minotaur and between a big private yacht and a French warship, Admirable Aube. The Duncan and Venus followed her at a distance of not more than two ship lengths each.

It was now a few minutes past three o'clock, and, while still dark, the dawn was beginning to paint the sky with a promise of a glorious sunrise. As the Exmouth and the other vessels mentioned passed the Minotaur and Indomitable, even in the semi-darkness the black-gray of the latter two made a noticeable contrast with the slate gray of the other ships. There was more signalling, and at 3.45 the Albemarle, Russell and Arrogant weighed their anchors and followed in the course of the Exmouth and her consorts. By this time it was getting quite light, and forms of men running about on the Indomitable and Minotaur were plainly discernible.

The former started down the river at four o'clock. The Albemarle, Russell and Arrogant, barely distinguishable and looking in the slight haze that enveloped them like big shadows, were just rounding Indian Cove. Ten minutes later the Indomitable started. The Royal Standard fluttered to her masthead as she began to move, and a string of flags spelled a farewell to Quebec. Like the other ships, she moved with the greatest of ease, and yet seemed to be making fair speed. So departed the Prince of Wales and the British fleet—quietly, almost in dead silence, no confusion, no fuss, no brag or show.

The Toronto *Telegram* published the following despatch:

The Prince has gone.

In the cool hours of this morning, when the early grays crept into the sky, throwing strange and creepy shadows over the dull restless St. Lawrence, a great frowning figure of dull gray steel could be seen gliding in awesome silence down the broad waterway, a heavy black cloud of smoke flowing from her stumpy funnels.

A similar figure glided near her, stern, sullen, defiant, awesome. And as the morning grays grew brighter and the first faint streaks of the sun were sketched on the distant horizon, the glories of the river banks grew plain. The big blue mountains, the tall, shapely pines, the graceful bend in the waterway, the gild tipped spires of a dozen churches "reaching into heaven," the whitewashed farm houses of the habitant, and the great silence that lay over the whole made an awe-inspiring setting for the great ships that glided slowly from view.

The first was the great British battleship the Indomitable, bearing to the white cliffs of dear old England the august person of his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales; her attendant was the Minotaur. Slowly, and with great majesty, they disappeared from view.

And as the Indomitable and the Minotaur passed slowly to the sea, the remainder of the British fleet were seen to move restlessly in their river cradles, and one by one anchors were raised and heavy black smoke flew from funnels. So passed the British fleet from view. "O, hear us when we cry to Thee for those in peril on the sea."

The Prince's motor ride down to Cap Tourmente elicited from another *Globe* writer the following description:

The formality of the last few days' reception and entertainment of the Prince of Wales gave way to-day to a journey through what is probably the most picturesque and interesting region in Canada. This was no less than a railway journey down the shore of the St. Lawrence to Cap Tourmente, where the Prince was entertained at the ancient Chateau Bellevue, and a motor journey back through the storied parishes, whose every inch of soil is rich in historical associations. Through all this ride the fame of the future King had spread, and flags and banners were displayed everywhere as signs of welcome, and the people came to their doorways or ceased working in their fields to wave a greeting in the old-fashioned courteous manner of the habitant farmer. As the train dashed through St. Gregoire, the Prince was greeted by a mass of white-frocked children, who waved flags and cheered under the wings of the aged nun who is charged with their youthful education. At many a doorstep a habitant farmer stood in his Sunday clothes for hours in order to see the future King pass on his tour. The welcome of these sincere and hearty people culminated at Ste. Anne de Beaupre, the world-famous shrine, which the Prince reached shortly after three o'clock.

Here his Royal Highness was caught without the inevitable cordon of secret service men, or at any rate he was left to the mercy of the people. They broke custom and precedent to bits, and crowded around for a handshake and welcome. This

was the first occasion of this kind since the Prince arrived, and it was fitting that it should occur in this scene of charity and good-will. The town, which is fast losing its quaintness under the necessity of establishing new hotels, and which is visited at this season by more tourists than pilgrims, gave the Prince a reception which he will long remember. Tourists and habitants united in the handshaking, and the Prince and his party were immensely pleased and diverted by the incident.

Despatches of the quality of the foregoing are a credit to Canadian journalism.

A graphic picture of the leave-taking is furnished by the Toronto World:

In the early hours of morning scarcely a soul was to be found on Dufferin Terrace. The big chateau slumbered after the bustle of the day. The river, black as night, gleamed with the reflections of many electric signs on the Levis shore. Harbor lights indicated the big ships lying silent in the gloom, except the Indomitable, whose deck lights were all ablaze. Round and round the deep sea cradle of Sailor Prince, a little launch, showing a red eye as she turned down the river, circled with ceaseless vigilance at 1 o'clock in the morning.

Two reporters sat on the terrace pavilion. A family, father and mother and two daughters, from the historic ball, came along to see the last of a relative on the Duncan. Two old ladies followed to swell the group, which a casual night hawk completed. In the far eastern corner a little knot of men also watched and waited. Perhaps there were a dozen all told.

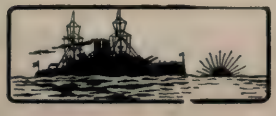
This was Quebec's farewell to the Prince of Wales. The ferryboat for Levis shuttled backward and forward across the reserved stretch of river every little while, and broke the shimmering reflection of the I. C. R. illuminations into golden spangles. A night-bird screeched and screamed overhead. The stars shone steadily, and a shifty breath of wind blew up and then down the river. It was gratefully cool in the darkness after the sultry turbulence of the crowded streets.

In spite of the silence all was activity in the fleet. Winking signals had been rapidly flashing from mast to mast since midnight, and suppressed noises of steam and machinery now and again jarred the stillness. At 2.20 a rocket from the Exmouth rose quietly and fell in silvery light. It was answered from the Albemarle shortly. Then five bells were tapped and answered from ship to ship, the Yankee and the Frenchman also counting the hours.

Then, just before three, a whiteness spread over the eastern heavens; it was not light or color, only a bleaching of the night. Two roosters were fully alive to the romance of scene, and cock-a-doodle-doo rose clear and shrill from the back yard of the Chateau. It was the brave bird of La Belle France. In fact, there were two brave birds, and they exchanged compliments.

At six bells another rocket from the Exmouth announced that sundry heavings and creakings had been successful and the anchor was apeak. Dawn was slowly lighting in the east and the morning star glowed with pale fire above the Isle of Orleans. Rockets rose at intervals from the Exmouth, and finally one sprang from the Indomitable. A boat flitted past at 3.15 and the watchers cried out, "There she goes." The Exmouth was free of her moorings and moving with stately leisure down the broad flood. The tide was just about turning and the vessels still at anchor began to swing at their cables. Two or three ships' lengths behind the Exmouth followed the Duncan, and at a similar distance the Venus. Not one of them had made as much noise as the little ferry boat, yet their great anchors had been shipped, the pinnacles and launches made snug, and, with lights still shining, they were putting out for sea.

The Editor



THE MERRY MUSE

WHEN THE HARVEST APPLES FALL

By KITTY CLOVER

When the harvest apples fall beneath my window,
Who could stand it when they hit the tin pan there?
If they miss it, it would be an awful sin to
Say anything that sounds much like a swear.

But I swear I swear a blue streak on towards morning,
Lying there and listening mighty hard to tell
Just how many hit the tin pan 'neath my window,
And how many never hit it—only fell.

I could sleep all right and never mind the crickets,
Never even mind the neighbor's baby bawl,
But there's no sleep for the one who's in the country
When the harvest apples once begin to fall.

* * *

A TRIFLING OFFENCE

In the golden summer-time
Molly stole my heart from me;
Now she glories in the crime,
Calls it petty larceny

J. G.

CALLOUS CUPID

By ISABEL ECCLESTONE MacKAY

Cupid does not care for sighs,
Does not care for lover's weeping!
Fair one, dry your pretty eyes:
Cupid does not care for sighs;
Laugh with him if you are wise;
Steel the heart he has in keeping.
Cupid does not care for sighs,
Does not care for lover's weeping!

* * *

DIMINUTIVES

By J. EDGAR MIDDLETON

The brooklet babbles on its way
Adown the tiny vale.
The merry lambkin in its play
Laughs with its little tail.
The flow'ret giggles at the sun,
The birdling sings in joy;
And little puppies, full of fun,
Play with a little boy.

'Tis thus the Poets rant away
In ev'ry magazine.
They love diminutives, and say
A deal they never mean.
They gurgle o'er a little maid,
Call her a Dresden doll,
But six-foot girls of Three X grade
Don't get a line at all.

It is a human tendency
O'er little things to coo.
Why blame the Poet, glad and free,
For what most people do.
The smoking chowder's single clan
We call a darling clamlet,
And e'en the histrionic "ham"
Oft sighs to be a Hamlet.

Painting by Archibald Browne

See article, page 529

ROMANCE

THE
CANADIAN MAGAZINE

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GOVERNMENT OWNERSHIP IN THE WEST

BY GEORGE FISHER CHIPMAN

IN this intensely practical age the prevailing sentiment is to resolve every question into a matter of currency, from which standpoint it is argued pro and con. This spirit permeates the whole fabric of Canadian nationality. Never before in the history of the country have the public demanded and obtained so comprehensive a grasp of the conduct of Canada's public business. Following closely is the now insistent determination to probe deeply the business methods of corporations. The schemes and exploitations of the financial and industrial giants in acquiring wealth and power are daily being exposed to the vulgar gaze. Abuse of power, thus brought to light, has roused the public mind to a realization of lost opportunities. The great mass of the public, outside the financial world, have been taught that they hold in their hands a potent factor to shape the whole situation. Politicians have educated the people to the advantages of public ownership of utilities. With this problem the brightest minds in our land are now wrestling. The experiments which have up to the present been made in the British Empire have been successful and this age will without doubt be the age of public ownership.

Throughout the great country between the Great Lakes and the Rocky Mountains the spirit of public ownership is more rampant than in Eastern Canada. The industrial history of the West explains this. Since settlement began in the West, two corporations have practically controlled the country; one was bought out, the other has been regulated by

PREMIER ROBLIN, OF MANITOBA

PREMIER SCOTT OF SASKATCHEWAN

competition. No repetition of these conditions would be tolerated in the West to-day. Again, there is a sense of proprietorship in the spirit of the westerner which forms a part of his very nature. Regardless whence he originally hails, he no sooner acquires a small personal holding on the prairie than he takes a shareholder's interest in every legitimate western enterprise. Veritable newcomers refer to "we westerners" with an air apparently egotistical, but which is really sincere, and illustrates the spirit which binds all together with a common tie. Memory is strong with the old timer and he welcomes any change which brings more power to his hand.

Municipalities first made the experiment and now there are many towns from Fort William to Calgary and Edmonton that own and operate successfully one or more of their franchises. Port Arthur and Fort William have their own street car line along the lake. The only other street cars east of the Rockies are in Winnipeg, where they have been discussing the advisability of purchasing. These two are the largest and most valuable franchises. Profitable investments on the part of the townspeople have led to the Provinces of Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta entering the field of public ownership.

In Manitoba the grain shipments form by far the majority of the traffic in which the farmers and business men are mutually and vitally interested. One cent, more or less, to the hundred weight makes a difference of hundreds of thousands of dollars annually to the producers. To control the freight rates and bring them as low as possible, it was necessary to control at least one of the railways. In 1900 there were three railways operating in Manitoba, viz., Canadian Pacific, Canadian Northern, and Northern Pacific. Hon. Hugh John Macdonald, who became Premier at that time, entered into negotiations with J. P. Macdonald, a big railroad contractor in New York, for the construction of a fourth road with an outlet at Duluth. The Government was to have control of the road and the rates. In 1900 the freight on wheat from Winnipeg to Port Arthur was fourteen cents a hundred, and was proportionately higher for points farther west. Before the new road was built, Mr. Macdonald retired from the premiership and Hon. R. P. Roblin became Premier. Instead of building a fourth line in the Province it was seen that time would be saved and immediate control given by acquiring one of the roads then operating. The Northern Pacific was the most vulnerable of the roads. That company owned several short railways in Manitoba through subsidiary companies, but operated them as one system. As the policy of the southern road then was to develop and hold its own territory, the Manitoba lines were evidently not considered necessary. If James J. Hill to-day had control of those lines they would not be so insignificant as they then looked. Here was the nucleus for a

Government-owned railway and the key to the situation.

Hon. Robert Rogers, Minister of Public Works, was deputed by the Government to secure the Northern Pacific lines, and he at once entered into negotiations with C. S. Mellen, President of the road. The lines which made up the Northern Pacific system in Manitoba were called: The Manitoba Railway, The Winnipeg Transfer Railway, The Portage & Northwestern Railway and The Waskada & Northeastern Railway. The locations and lengths of the lines were as follows: Winnipeg to Emerson, 65.94 miles; Hope Farm branch from Brandon, 2.86 miles; Brandon to Morris, 145.24 miles; Brandon Fair spur, .86 miles; Belmont to Hartney, 50.94 miles; Portage to Portage Junction, 72.54 miles; Portage to Oakland, 15.05 miles; connecting Winnipeg depots, 1.24 miles; Total, 354.65 miles.

During the latter part of 1900 negotiations were concluded and Manitoba controlled the Northern Pacific lines in the Province by an agreement which was ratified by the Legislature on January 15th, 1901. By this agreement all the above mentioned lines, with all telegraph and telephone lines and all property connected therewith, were leased to Manitoba for 999 years, the optional purchase price at any time during that period to be $7,000,000, which is considered reasonable. The annual rental under the terms of the lease was to be, for the first ten years, $210,000; for the second ten years, $225,000; for the third ten years, $275,000, and for each subsequent year, $300,000.

At the outset it was the intention of the Government to extend the lines thus acquired to control rates, even if the existing roads were paralleled. This would entail an immense expenditure of public money and would be a most precarious undertaking for any Government. The only object aimed at was the control of freight rates through competition with the Canadian Pacific Railway. The future would also see additional roads through the Province. The aim was accomplished with great facility. On February 11th, 1901, an agreement between the Canadian Northern Railway and the Government was ratified by the legislature by which the former took over the lease of the Northern Pacific lines, and all its conditions. This agreement also provided that the Government should guarantee the bonds of the Canadian Northern on every mile they then owned in Manitoba or should afterwards build to the extent of $10,000 a mile. Outside the Province, but connecting Manitoba with Port Arthur, the government agreed to guarantee bonds to the extent of $20,000 a mile from Rainy River to Port Arthur, a distance of 290 miles. The Canadian Northern now has a mileage of 1,489 miles in Manitoba, which is all bonded by the Government at $10,000

HON. A. G. RUTHERFORD, PREMIER OF ALBERTA

HON. J. H. HOWDEN, MINISTER OF TELEPHONES FOR MANITOBA

a mile. As a security, the Government holds a first mortgage on all Canadian Northern property in the Province.

In return for this the Government was to have absolute control of the freight and passenger rates on the Canadian Northern at their own discretion, but when any reduction was proposed, the railway was to be heard and their representations considered. This agreement only applied to the Canadian Northern lines in the Province and the line to Port Arthur. It was further provided that if the Government demanded redeductions greater than four cents a hundred on grain, and fifteen cents a hundred on merchandise, then the Government should repay to the Canadian Northern any deficit incurred. To ascertain the accuracy of any deficit so claimed, the government should have the right to audit the books of the railway. In case of a dispute arising between the Government and the Canadian Northern over the equipment of the road, the matter was to be referred to the Railway Commission, as it is now organized, and the Government then would have power to compel the railway to live up to the finding of the Commission.

At the time the contract was entered into, the line to Port Arthur had not been completed, though the first train was supposed to run over it in the fall of 1901. The road was opened for traffic in the spring of 1902, and at once the Government gave the first proof of their control of rates. The order was issued on January 27th, 1902, that the freight rates on all kinds of grain should be twelve cents a hundred from Winnipeg to Port Arthur, and proportionately higher for points in Manitoba farther west. The order was at once obeyed. Again, by order-in-council on September 1st, 1903, the rates on wheat alone were brought down to ten cents a hundred from Winnipeg. Of course, all reductions of rates on the Canadian Northern had to be met by equal reductions on the Canadian Pacific. This last reduction to ten cents was strenuously objected to by the Canadian Pacific as that road claimed it was destroying the margin of profit. A compromise was finally effected. The rate from Winnipeg and the immediate vicinity on wheat alone remained at ten cents a hundred to Port Arthur, but for all western points the rate was raised on October 6th, 1903, to the proportion of eleven cents from Winnipeg. Thus the rate on wheat stands at present. Last fall was a hard one for the farmers of Manitoba and they had a great deal of coarse grain to ship. The rate was on the proportion of twelve cents from Winnipeg to the lake front. On November 10th, 1907, Mr. Roblin addressed a letter to the President, Mr. William Mackenzie, of the Canadian Northern, ordering the rate on coarse grains to be the same as that on wheat. The order was

complied with. While reductions were being made in grain rates, the freight on merchandise was also regarded and one of the most important reductions was that of fifty cents a ton on coal from the lakes to Winnipeg. On other lines of merchandise reductions of from fifteen to twenty-five per cent. were made. Mr. Roblin estimates that the reduction in rates has been the saving of more than $2,000,000 annually to the people of Manitoba and this amount is increasing in proportion to the population.

The second venture of Manitoba into the field of government ownership has not yet produced for the people any results of similar benefit as were secured with the railroad. This was the acquirement of the Bell telephone system in the Province, which is now being operated as a government system. It was in 1906 that the Government first determined to take up the construction of telephone lines throughout the Province. Legislation was passed authorizing a plebiscite to be taken in all municipalities in the Province on the question, "Shall this municipality own and operate its own telephones?" Out of one hundred and twenty-four municipalities an affirmative vote was received in fifty-six and a negative in sixty-eight, though the total vote in the Province stood 13,688 for and 11,569 against. The Government took the voice of the people as favorable, but, before constructing, made a proposition for the purchase of the Bell system which was rejected. It was then decided to compete with the Bell and to duplicate their system in the Province. Active operations began in the spring of 1907, and during the season conduits were laid all through Winnipeg for the underground cables and a large exchange building was begun. This had the appearance of business, for the debentures had been issued and sold. At the close of work last fall

HON. ROBERT ROGERS, MINISTER OF PUBLIC WORKS FOR MANITOBA

$200,000 had been expended and the Province resounded with preparations for the coming season.

The eyes of the Bell company were on Manitoba, and every move was watched and reported to the headquarters of the company in Montreal. The Bell people decided that at last they were face to face with a real live rival and one that could not be beaten. All over the American continent the Bell company have fought independent companies and corporations, but never before have they had the wealth of a state arrayed against them. True, the company were and are a wealthy concern, and were prepared to make a long and valiant struggle—to end in failure. Cutting rates would be necessary, but ruinous, to the stockholders. If the Government duplicated their system the time would come when their profits would be small and their plant would deteriorate. Following the part of wisdom, the company opened negotiations with the Manitoba Government,

MR. F. C. PATERSON, CHAIRMAN OF THE TELEPHONE COMMISSION OF MANITOBA

tacitly acknowledging their awkward position, and set out to make the best terms possible.

C. F. Sise, President of the Bell Telephone Company of Canada, repaired to Winnipeg and conferred with Hon. R. P. Roblin and his colleagues in the Government for several days in December last. He offered at first to sell all rights in his plant in the Province for $4,000,000, which was more than it was worth, according to the report of the Government engineer. The Government wanted the system but made no offer. They had no great desire to fight the great corporation. A week of diplomacy resulted in President Sise submitting his ultimatum and leaving it for the Government to decide upon. For the sum of $3,300,000 he agreed to transfer his plant to the Government on January 15, 1908. He would take in payment Manitoba Government bonds payable in forty years and bearing interest at four per cent. On December 31 the terms were accepted and the Government handed over to the people of the Province a valuable New Year's gift.

There was but one safe method in sight for the operation of the newly acquired system, and this was through an impartial commission. The legislation of the previous year provided for the appointment of the commission, and on January 14 the commission was appointed. With due regard to public opinion the Government avoided the political field and chose the three chief officials of the Bell company in Manitoba as commissioners, viz., F. C. Paterson, manager of the northwest department, chairman; W. H. Hayes, assistant manager, as the engineer of the Commission, and H. J. Horan, auditor of the northwest department, the third member of the Commission. By agreement with Mr. Sise, all the employees of the Bell system were to be retained in office for at least one year, so that there was no change anywhere in the service, and the transfer was made on January 15 without a hitch. The Commission was given full charge of the operation of the plant, the engagement of employees and the management of agents and also of the big question of the rates. Making connections for subscribers and attending to all local construction work was also placed in their hands.

When the Telephone Commission was appointed the Government retained supervisory powers and also the work of constructing rural and long distance lines. Hon. J. H. Howden is Minister of Telephones and under him was a staff of engineers and draughtsmen. In June the entire staff of the department was transferred to the Commission, and now every detail of the construction and management of the Manitoba telephone system is in the hands of the Commission. The Government retains supervision and the Commission is subject to orders-in-council. The Government has given power to the

municipalities to build and operate their own telephone systems, and several municipalities are now building. The Government guarantees the bonds for such work and retains supervision of the construction.

As to the benefits which the Province has derived from the purchase of the Bell system, they are not yet apparent. The construction work done by the Government before the purchase can now be used with profit, and the new exchange building is badly needed. There were 14,195 telephones in the Province when the Bell system was purchased, and the price looks large at $232 a telephone. The Winnipeg rates are $50 for business and $30 for residential instruments, and lower rates are charged in other parts of the Province. The only change in rates yet is an upward one, as nurses' and doctors' telephones have been raised from $40 a year to the regular business rate of $50 a year. The former case appears to be a hardship. The Government has an immense problem before them in the operation of the telephone system, and if the rates cannot be lowered without a loss then the experiment will be pronounced a failure, for the service will be the same. No change in rates is expected for a year until it is seen how the finances work out, and an immense amount of building is being pushed forward to meet the increased demand for rural lines.

In Alberta the Government purchased the Bell telephone system on March 31 for $675,000, and unearned rentals to the amount of $25,000. Supplies to the amount of $100,000 were included in the purchase. By this means they acquired 2,700 telephones at a cost of $260 a telephone. Conditions were different in Alberta from Manitoba, and there were fewer large exchanges. The Government is also building a great deal in the Province. The purchase has been so recent that the Government has given no indication of its intentions regarding rates and management.

In Saskatchewan negotiations were in progress between the Government and the Bell company for the purchase of the system in that Province. Hon. Walter Scott, Premier, was absent during the negotiations, and upon his return he stopped all that had been done. He evidently saw that the Bell was in a tight corner between Alberta and Manitoba and that the time was opportune to drive a hard bargain. In the meantime the Government is building a system of its own throughout the Province. The near future will no doubt see the sale of the Bell plant in Saskatchewan to the Government, for it is evident that the Bell people have determined to retire from the field of Western Canada. The Saskatchewan Government has also mooted the proposition of a Government controlled or operated coal mine to meet such contingencies as strikes, but the scheme has not yet been developed.

The most recent and most stupendous project in public ownership which has been mooted in the West is that of the internal grain elevators. The Grain Growers' Association, representing more than fourteen thousand farmers in the three western Provinces, objected to the operation of the Winnipeg Grain and Produce Exchange. The Manitoba Government passed legislation to meet the desire of the farmers, and the charter of the exchange has been amended. Now the grain growers ask the Governments of Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta to combine in the purchase of the internal elevators. A conference for the discussion of the scheme took place between the Premiers of the three Provinces on May 4. Nothing was done; but another meeting at which the grain growers will present their views

will probably be held during the season. The farmers maintain that Government ownership of the elevators will save millions yearly to the producers. There are more than 2,000 elevators in the three Provinces, and they are valued at more than $15,000,000. The grain growers in connection with this scheme desire the Federal Government to acquire and control the terminal elevators at the lake front, which are worth nearly the same sum. Nothing definite has been accomplished, but the ideal is splendid, and the promoters are the most energetic people in Western Canada. They are firm believers in the doctrine of public ownership and will support any movement to see all public utilities brought under the control of the taxpayers.

Western Canada has long been looking to the Hudson's Bay route for an outlet to the European market for wheat. The recent announcement of the Federal Government that something will be done towards the completion of this enterprise is hailed with delight. No doubt the near future will see a railway heading for the Bay, and will see also immense elevators where formerly there was but a port for the fur traders. Hopes for the future of the West beat high in western hearts and inspire youthful ambition.

THE FIELDS OF EVEN

By

ISABEL ECCLESTONE MacKAY

Oh, stiller than the fields that lie
Beneath the morning heaven,
And sweeter than day's gardens are,
Lie the gray fields of even!

The vapor rises, silver-eyed,
Leaving the dew-wet clover,
With groping mist-white hands outspread
To greet the sky, her lover.

Ripples the brook, a thread of sound
Close-woven through the quiet,
Blending the jarring tones that holds
A million stars within it.

And all the glory seems so near
A common man may win it!—
When every earth-bound lakelet holds
A million stars within it.

A common man, who in the day
Lifts not his eyes above him,
Roaming the fields of even through,
May find a God to love him!

WAR

BY GOLDWIN SMITH, D. C. L.

THE Hague Conference has hardly risen when again there is talk of war. Lord Cromer, a man who would not speak lightly, predicts war between England and Germany. England parades a vast naval force in the Baltic, challenging with her claim to the universal empire of the seas the jealousy of all nations. The elements of war seem still seething in Morocco. War even intrudes upon a new element, the air. Diplomatic intrigue which is evidently going on points to ultimate complications leading to war. Why should the nations persist in trying by force, at the expense of enormous carnage and loss, questions of right which force cannot settle, and to the settlement of which the Hague Tribunal points a rational way? The answer is partly that the nations often have little interest in the dispute, and nothing to say about it till war breaks out, when their passions are at once fired and burst into a furious flame. It is by personal influences, ambitions, and antipathies that many, perhaps most, wars are really brought on.

Great Britain has in the course of one life-time, apart from Indian and Colonial conflicts and mutinies, had four wars; the Afghan war; the Crimean war; the Lorcha war with China; and the war with the Transvaal Republic. In all of these cases personal or private influence may be traced. The Afghan war we owed to the personal aggressiveness of Palmerston and his hatred and fear of Russia, which were almost a craze and have not been shared by the best and wisest rulers of India such as Lord Lawrence. Palmerston forced the invasion of Afghanistan on Lord Auckland, the Governor-General of India, who was not a very strong man. The results were ignominious defeat, the total loss of a British army, and Afghan hostility for the future. Sir Alexander Burnes, the British envoy at Cabul, had perished. When Parliament, after the disaster, called for explanation, his despatches were produced and seemed to countenance Palmerston's policy and the invasion. But some years afterwards genuine copies came to light, and it was then found that the copies laid before Parliament had been garbled. Palmerston, however, was at the height of his power and could defy censure. John Bright charged him under a slight-veil of language with a criminal offence.

For the Crimean war three men were mainly responsible, each of them having a personal motive. Most responsible was Louis Napoleon Bonaparte, by grace of treason, perjury, and massacre, Emperor of the French, who with his gang, rearing reaction and retribution, sought to divert the thoughts and feelings of the French nation into a foreign war. The usurper wished also to obtain the countenance of the British nation and court; of the court as well as of the nation because his personal position was equivocal, it being very uncertain, to say the least, who was his real father. The Czar steadfastly re-

fused to recognize the Emperor as one of the august fraternity of Royalties by calling him "brother."

Of the other two, Palmerston was a friend and almost confederate of the French Emperor, always for war and bent on supplanting Lord Aberdeen, head of the ill-cemented coalition Ministry, who was always for peace. Sir Stratford Canning unluckily at this time British Ambassador at Constantinople, which at last became the point of danger, had received an affront from the court of Russia which refused to receive him as Ambassador. There can be no doubt that it was under his influence that Turkey refused to sign a pacific arrangement in which she was invited by the other powers to join. It was said that when the first shot was fired he exclaimed, "Thank God, this is war!"

The Czar, naturally testy, grew more so as the dispute went on, and must bear his full share of the blame. But in his temper too we have a personal influence. He had not been a bad friend to England. He had paid us a very friendly visit not long before. Sir Roderick Murchison, the geologist, whom he had invited to inspect the mining country of the Ural, was a man of the world as well as a man of science. He saw much of the Czar, who, he said, was a hearty friend of England, regarding her as the great conservative power in Europe, and worshipping Wellington as the first of men. Still, the Czar's temper, when roused, was an element of war.

The war had its first origin in the quarrel between the Greek monks under the patronage of Russia and the Latin monks under the patronage of France about the custody and exploitation of the apocryphal Holy Places. About this nobody in England knew much or cared a button. We should all have gladly acquiesced in a settlement "giving the Latin monks the key of the chief door of the Church of Bethlehem, and also one of the keys of each of the two doors of the Sacred Manger, and authorizing them to place in the Sanctuary of the Nativity a silver star adorned with the arms of France." Out of this momentous issue, the French Emperor doing his part, and all the powers of Europe being drawn in, ultimately grew complications which made the struggle one, not only for the key of the chief door of the Church of Bethlehem, but for the integrity of the rotten Empire of Turkey, the curse of all beneath its sway, and the scandal of Europe.

People in England looked on coldly while the diplomatists were at their tortuous work. As soon as war was declared, the flame of national passion broke out. Bright, having of course been for peace, was burned in effigy. Tennyson sang that God's just wrath should be wreaked on a giant liar; the most gigantic of all liars, traitors, and perjurers, being his ally the Emperor of the French.

The fruits of the war were abundance of bones on the heights of Sebastopol, plenty more in the depths of the stormy Euxine, a vast waste of the fruits of labor, and a treaty limitation of the naval range of Russia through which a few years afterwards she quietly walked. I think I may say that not many months after the war had passed before in England it was generally regretted.

The Lorcha war was the work of Sir John Bowring, literary man and traveller, the British representative at Canton, who was on bad terms with the Chinese authorities there for refusing him, with other British subjects, admission to the city; a matter on which he was possessed, Lord Derby said, with a monomania. He represented to the British Government the hauling down of the British flag on a Chinese vessel, which having exceeded her license, had unquestionably forfeited her right to fly it, as an insult to Great Britain. Palmerston was in power, and of course

there was war. Equally as a matter of course the people, who knew nothing about the matter, when war was proclaimed, treated it as a grand spree, and at the ensuing election turned Bright, Cobden, and others of their best friends out of Parliament.

Personal too in reality were the sources of the Boer war. It was brought on by a combination of the aims of a commercial company with the filibustering of the Jameson raiders. An emissary of the company, against whose character our Government was warned, crept to its ear. Canada may with good reason plead that she was lured into the war on a false pretense. She was told, and the statement is entered on the rolls of her Parliament, that the Transvaal Republic was under the Suzerainty of the Queen and was refusing to accord to her Majesty's subjects settled in that region adequate participation in its Government. The independence of the Transvaal Republic had been solemnly guaranteed by two conventions; it had been recognized by one British Minister after another; and at the trial of the Jameson raiders under the Foreign Enlistment Act the Lord Chief Justice had defined the position of the Transvaal as that of a foreign State with which her Majesty was in friendly treaty relations. He said:

"The position of the South African Republic . . . . is determined by the two conventions of 1881 and 1884. The result is that under these conventions the Queen's Government recognize the complete independence and autonomy of the South African Republic, subject only to the restriction contained in the convention of 1884, to the effect that the State should have no power to enter into any treaties without this country's consent, except as regards one or two minor States, one of which is the Orange Free State."

How the attack of a mighty Empire upon a little Commonwealth fighting for its life so gallantly and at the same time with the chivalry which extorted the admiration of an English General, will look in history may be easily surmised. The presence of Lord Roberts happily saved us from worse disgrace. By the populace, as usual, war was hailed as a spree, and worthily celebrated in London by the mob orgy of the Mafeking night.

The writer was in the United States when war was declared against Spain. There had been no audible call for it among the people. "It was," said Mr. J. M. Forbes, of Boston, a leading and most respectable member of the Republican party, "a war to keep the party in power." The American Ambassador at Madrid was evidently opposed to it. To create an ostensible cause for it, it was thought necessary to trump up the charge, now practically admitted to be false, of the blowing up of the *Maine*. But as soon as war was declared, the war spirit as usual broke out, and Spain was the object of the most truculent denunciation.

Bonaparte was a Corsican, a scion of the land of bandits, and his later wars were evidently wars of his personal ambition. His invasion of Russia probably was desired by hardly a soul in France or Europe but himself. He was totally without a heart. In his flight from Waterloo one of his suite, seeing him cast down, thought he might be mourning for the loss of so many of his companions in arms, and tried to comfort him by saying "Lord Wellington too, has had great losses." "He has not lost the battle," was the only reply. Brougham, who used to tell the anecdote, had it at first hand.

It is true that noble characters like that of Wolfe are brought out by war, in which they show chivalry and humanity as well as valor. But characters are also brought out which are not noble. Kinglake, who was a decided militarist, says:

"Too often it happens that the soldier, whatever his nation, commits dire excesses in fighting. He slays men although they reverse or even throw down their arms, thus refusing in truth to give quarter; he slaughters the wounded; and sometimes in a frenzy more wild,

though also less baneful, he goes and stabs at the dead; but, in general, after some interchanges of complaint and recrimination, a veil has been suffered to fall over the crimes of the battlefield." (Invasion of the Criea, iii, 312.)

The horrors of war people do not see. This was the scene which presented itself at Heilsberg in Napoleon's campaign at Eylau:

"As the light broke, the French were descried on the skirts of the wood in order of battle; but more even than by their well-appointed battalions and squadrons, the eyes of all were riveted on a spectacle inconceivably frightful between their lines and the redoubts. This space, about a quarter of a mile broad and above a mile in length, presented a sheet of naked human bodies—the greater part dead, but some showing by their motions that they preserved consciousness or implored relief. Six thousand corpses were there lying together as close as they had stood in their ranks, stript during the night of every rag of garment by the cupidity of the camp-followers of either army, ghastly pale, or purple with the blood which was still oozing from their wounds. How inured soever to the horrors of a campaign, the soldiers of both armies, even while they loathed it, felt their eyes fascinated by this harrowing spectacle, which exhibited war, stripped of all its pomp, in its native barbarity; and, by common consent, the interval of hostilities was employed in burying the dead, and removing the shivering wounded to the rear of the armies." (Alison, Hist. of Europe, x, 294.)

While England triumphed in the victory of the Alma, there lay on the field of battle, as Kinglake tells us, the ghastly and prostrate forms of five hundred Russian prisoners, left there with a single medical attendant and apparently no food. "All," says Kinglake, "were so stricken as to be unable to help to lift a body; very many were shattered in limb; very many still tortured by strong remains of life were lying on their faces with their vitals ploughed open by round-shot; but some were dying more quickly and others already lay dead. From time to time during those three days and with the utmost of their bodily strength, Dr. Thompson and his servant labored to part the dead from the living, to heave the corpses away and get them more or less under ground; but when at last succour came, our seamen had to lift out as many as thirty-nine bodies, some in part decomposed, before they could get at the living."

Sad, though perhaps in a less degree and sometimes inevitable, is the burning of homes. The correspondent of an English paper with the army in South Africa writes:

"In ten miles we have burned no fewer than six farm houses; the wife watched from her sick husband's bedside the burning of her home a hundred yards away. It seems as though a kind of domestic murder were being committed. I stood there till late last night and saw the flames lick round each piece of poor furniture—the chairs and tables, the baby's cradle, the chest of drawers containing a world of treasure, and when I saw the poor housewife's face pressed against the window of the neighbouring house, my own heart burned with a sense of outrage. The effect on the colonial troops who are gratifying their feelings of hatred and revenge, is very bad. They swarm into the houses, looting and destroying, and filling the air with high-sounding cries of vengeance."

For the writer a look at the contents of a field-hospital, which he chanced to see after an engagement, was enough. Not all the soldiers who slay and burn are fighting for their country. Some are mere mercenaries, slaying and burning for hire. Sir John Macdonald told the writer that there had been 40,000 Canadians enlistments in the American civil war.

That war will soon cease and give place to rational modes of settling questions between nations is more than can be hoped. But we may learn to think seriously of war as the curse it really is and to abstain from invoking or applauding it. There need be no detraction from the honor due to the genuine soldier, who goes forth at the bidding of his country, and is responsible neither for the cause of the war nor for its inevitable consequences. But we need not cultivate militarism.

GOSPEL OF THE HEREAFTER

BY

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SECOND PAPER: HEAVEN

WE are dealing with the great Advent Gospel of the Hereafter—the Gospel of Hades; the Gospel of Judgment; the Gospel of Heaven; the Gospel of Hell.

This month we discuss the Gospel of Heaven. I want to discuss with my readers these three questions:

1. What is meant by Heaven?
2. What can we know about the life in Heaven?
3. What is the way by which we enter Heaven?

I.

What is Meant by Heaven?

First we discuss what is meant by Heaven, and at the very start I want to strike the key-note of the thoughts that follow, in the words of Christ Himself, "The Kingdom of God is within you." Heaven is a something within you rather than without you. Heaven means character rather than possessions. The Kingdom of God is not meat and drink, but Righteousness and Peace and Joy in the Holy Ghost.

That is the thought which I am trying to keep before you all through these articles. Hades life is dependent on character. Judgment is a sorting according to inward character. Heaven and Hell are tempers or conditions of character within us. They are not merely places to which God sends us arbitrarily. They are conditions which we make for ourselves. If God could send all men to Heaven, I suppose all men would be there. If God could keep all men from Hell, I suppose no one would be there. It is character that makes Heaven. It is character that makes Hell. They are states of mind that begin here, and are continued and developed there.

I pictured to you last month a man in Hell here—that continued and developed would mean Hell there. I could picture to you sweet, unselfish lives that I have known, that are in Heaven here—that continued and developed would mean Heaven there. You know how one could be in Heaven here. Do you remember these wonderful words of Our Lord, "No man hath ascended into Heaven only the Son of Man who is in Heaven"? Not *was,* not *shall be,* but *is* always in Heaven, because always in unselfish love—always in accord and in communion with God. So, you see, a man carries the beginning of Heaven and Hell within him, according to the state of his own heart. A selfish, godless man cannot have any Heaven so long as he remains selfish and godless. For Heaven consists in forgetting self, and loving God and man with heart and soul.

§ 1. Do you see, then, the mistake that people have been making in discussing what is meant by Heaven?

In all ages—in all races—men have speculated about it, and their speculations have been largely colored by their characters and temperaments. The Indian placed it in the Happy Hunting Ground. The Greeks placed it in the Island of the Blest, where warriors rested after the battle. The Northman and the Mussulman had his equally sensual Heaven. And many Christians have as foolish notions as anyone else. Some think that they win Heaven by believing something with their minds about Our Lord's atonement. Some think they go to Heaven by soaring up through the air. Some of them, taking in bold literal meaning the glorious imagery of the Apocalypse, picture to themselves streets of beaten gold and walls of flashing emerald and jasper, and the wearing of crowns and the singing of Psalms over and over again through all the ages of eternity.

What is the fault in all such? That they do not understand what Heaven really means. They think of it as a something outside them which anybody could enjoy if he could only get there. They do not understand that Heaven means the joy of being in union with God—that the outward Heaven has no meaning till the inward Heaven has begun in ourselves. I need not point out to you that our immortal spirits would find little happiness in golden pavements and gates of pearl. People on this earth, who have their fill of gold and pearl, do not always gain much happiness from them. They are mere external things—they cannot give eternal joy, because that comes from within, not from without. It depends not on what we have, but on what we are, not on the riches of our possessions, but on the beauty of our lives.

The gorgeous vision of the Apocalypse has its meaning, but it is not the carnal, literal meaning of foolish men. It tells of the bright river of the water of life; of glorified cities, where nothing foul, or mean, or ignoble shall dwell; of the white robes of our stainless purity; of the crowns and palms, the emblems of victory over temptation; of the throne which indicates calm mastery over sin; of the song and music and gladsome feasting to image faintly the abounding happiness and the fervent thanksgiving for the goodness of God. They are all mere symbols—mere earthly pictures with a heavenly meaning, and the meaning which lies behind them all is this: *The joy of Heaven means the inward joy; the joy of character; the joy of goodness; the joy of likeness to the Nature of God.* That is the highest joy of all—the only joy worthy of making Heaven for men who are made in the image of God.

§ 2. It is not difficult to show this to any true man or woman who is humbly trying to do beautiful deeds on earth. Of course, if a man be very selfish and worldly; a man who never tries to help another; a man who smiles at these things as unreal sentiment; who tells you that hard cash and success in life, and to mind No. 1, as they say, are the chief things; a man who never feels his pulses beat faster at the story of noble deeds—you cannot absolutely prove to him that the joy of character is the highest happiness. You cannot prove to a blind man the beauty of the sunset sky; you cannot arouse a deaf man to enthusiasm about sweet music; and you cannot prove to an utterly selfish, earthly man that self-sacrifice and purity and heroism and love are the loveliest and the most desirable possessions—the sources of the highest and most lasting joy. But I feel sure that most of you who read this paper, with all your faults, have in your better movements the desire and the admiration—aye, and the effort, too, after nobleness of life, and therefore you can understand this highest joy of Heaven. You have had experience sometimes, however rarely, of lovely deeds, and the sweet, pure joy that follows in their train. Well, whenever

you have conquered some craving temptation or borne trouble for another's sake; when you have helped and brightened some poor life, and kept quiet in the shade that no one should know of it; when you have tried to do the right at heavy cost to yourself; when the old father or mother at home has thanked God for the comfort you have been in their declining years; whenever in the midst of all your sins you have done anything for the love of God or man, do you not know what a sweet, pure happiness has welled up in your heart, entirely different in kind, infinitely higher in degree than any pleasures that ever came to you from riches or amusement or the applause of men. Of this kind surely must be the pure joy of Heaven. Call up the recollection of some of those cherished moments of your life, and multiply by infinity the pleasure that you felt, and you will have some faint notion of what is meant by Heaven, the Heaven that God designs for man.

II.

What is Heaven's Supreme Joy?

Thus, then, we answer the first of our questions—What is meant by Heaven? Heaven means a state of character rather than a place of residence. Heaven means to be something rather than to go somewhere. But though Heaven means a state of character rather than a place of residence, yet it means a place of residence, too. And though Heaven means to be something rather than to go somewhere, yet it means to go somewhere, too. And from this the second question easily follows. What can be known about the details of that life in Heaven?

> "Oh, for a nearer insight into Heaven,
> More knowledge of the glory of Thy joy,
> Which there unto the happy souls is given,
> Their intercourse, their worship, their employ."

We do not know a great deal about it.

The Bible is given to help us to live rightly in this world, not to satisfy curiosity about the other world. But yet some glimpses of the blessed life have come to us, for our teaching.

The first thing to learn is that the chief joy of Heaven shall consist in that of which we can only dream in this life, of which we can have but a partial glimpse even in the Hades or Paradise Life—*the Beautiful Vision,* the clear vision and knowledge of God. All this life and all the Paradise life are fitting and training and preparing us for this consummation.

Wise theologians of old divided the happiness of Heaven into "*Essential*" and "*Accidental*" By *essential* they meant the happiness which the soul derives immediately from God's presence, from the Beatific Vision. By *accidental* they meant the additional happiness which comes from creatures, from meeting with friends, from the joyous occupations and all the delights of ever-widening knowledge.

But the Presence of God, the Vision of God, is the essential thing which gives light and joy to all the others. Without that Vision of God all would be dark as this beautiful world would be without the sun. Without that joy of God's presence all other joys would be spoiled, just as the gifts of this life would be without the central gift of health.

That is the central thought about Heaven in the Bible, the central thought of God's noblest saints of old, aye, and the central thought of some of the noblest amongst ourselves to-day.

Does it seem unreal, unnatural, to some of us? The writer can well believe it. Few of us do not love God well enough yet to desire Him above all things. Most of us, I fear, if we would honestly confess it, think more of the joy of meeting our dear ones than of the joy of being with God. But God is very gentle with us. "He knoweth our frame; He remembereth that we are but dust." He will

gradually train us here and hereafter, and one day we, too, shall love Him above all things. Oh! I do think that to know God as He is, with all the false notions about Him swept away, will make it impossible to withhold our love from Him. And if even our poor love for each other on earth is such a happiness, think what joy may come from dwelling in that unutterable Love of God.

III.

THE LIFE IN HEAVEN.

What can we know further about the life in Heaven, about what the old theologians called the *secondary* or *accidental* joys as compared with the supreme joy of the Beatific Vision?

We know, first, *There shall be no sin there.* It shall be a pure and innocent life. All who on earth have been loving, and pure, and noble, and brave, and self-sacrificing, shall be there. All who have been cleansed by the blood of Christ from the defilements of sin, and strengthened by the power of Christ against the enticements of sin, shall be there. There shall be no drunkenness nor impurity there, nor hatred, nor emulation, nor ill-temper, nor selfishness, nor meanness. Ah! it is worth hoping for. We poor strugglers who hate ourselves and are so dissatisfied with ourselves, who look from afar at the lovely ideals rising within us, who think sorrowfully of all which might have been and have not been—let us keep up heart. One day the ideal shall become the real. One day we shall have all these things for which God has put the craving in our hearts to-day. We shall have no sin there. We shall desire only and do only what is good. We shall be what we have only seemed or wished to be—honest, true, noble, sincere, genuine to the very centre of our being.

No sin there.

2. And that will make it easier to understand the second fact revealed to us. *No sorrow there.* "They shall hunger no more, neither thirst any more. There shall be no more curse . . . no pain, nor sorrow, nor crying, and God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes." That is not hard to believe. Sin is the chief cause of our sorrow on earth. If there be no sin there; if all are pure and unselfish and generous and true, and if God wipes away all tears that come for causes other than sin, it is easily understood.

But let us have no silly sentiment about it. It cannot be understood by any man who believes in the false popular doctrine of Hell that we deal with next month. There is a very real, a very awful, doctrine of Hell in the Bible, but it is far different from the popular notions.

It is silly to talk of "no sorrow in Heaven" to any who believe that at death, by God's decree, your erring boy has his destiny fixed unchangeable for ever—an eternity of infinite sin and infinite degradation and infinite misery, where he never can repent, never can escape, where after ages and ages his misery will be but begun. If anyone here can believe that and look forward to having no sorrow in Heaven—well, I think I would rather not make the acquaintance of that person.

§ 3. No sin in Heaven. No sorrow in Heaven. What else do we certainly know? *That the essence of the Heaven life will be love.* The giving of oneself for the services of others. The going out of oneself in sympathy with others. There at last will be realized St. Paul's glorious ideal. There it can be said of every man, He suffereth long and is kind; envieth not; vaunteth not himself; is not puffed up; seeketh not his own; behaveth not uncourteously. He is like the eternal God Himself, Who beareth all things, hopeth all things, endureth all things.

§ 4. We may well believe *that there will be no dead level of attainment,* no dead level of perfection and joy.

That would seem to us very uninteresting. If we may judge from God's dealings here and from the many texts of scripture, there will be an infinite variety of temperaments, of positions, of character. In the Father's house there are many mansions. Our Lord assumes that we would expect that from our experience here. "If it were not so, I would have told you." I suppose there will be little ones there needing to be taught and weak ones needing to be helped; strong leaders sitting at His right hand in His Kingdom, and poor backward ones that never expected to get into it at all.

And so surely we may believe, too, will there be *varieties of character and temperament.* We shall not lose our identity and our peculiar characteristics by going to Heaven, by being lifted to a higher spiritual condition. Just as a careless man does not lose his identity by conversion, by rising to a higher spiritual state on earth, so we may well believe when we die and pass into the life of the waiting souls, and again when at Christ's coming we pass into the higher Heaven we shall remain the same men and women as we were before and yet become very different men and women. Our lives will not be broken in two, but transfigured. We shall not lose our identity; we shall still be ourselves; we shall preserve the traits of character that individualize us; but all these personal traits and characteristics will be suffused and glorified by the lifting up of our motive and aim. As far as we can judge, there will be a delightful, infinite variety in the Heaven-life.

§ 5. What else? There shall be *work in Heaven.* We are told "His servants shall serve Him." We are told of the man who increased the talents to five or ten that he was to be used for glorious work according as he had fitted himself—"Lord, thy talent hath gained five talents, ten talents." What was the reply? "You are now to go and rest for all eternity." Not a bit of it. "Be thou ruler over five cities, over ten cities, enter thou into the joy of thy Lord." I know some men who are now retired after a very busy active life of work, and they hate the idleness, they are sick of it. No wonder the conventional Heaven does not appeal to them. Ah, that is not God's Heaven. "They rest from their labors." Yes; but that word "labors' means painful strain. In eternal, untiring youth and strength we shall be occupied in doing His blessed will in helping and blessing the wide universe that He has made. Who can tell what glorious ministrations, what infinite activities, what endless growth and progress, and lifting up of brethren, God has in store for us through all eternity. Thank God for the thought of that joyous work of never-tiring youth and vigor; work of men proudly rejoicing in their strength, helping the weak ones, teaching the ignorant and perhaps for the very best of us going out with Christ into the outer darkness to seek that which is lost until He find it. Do you know Browning's beautiful poem of the old monk who had spent his whole life in hard and menial work for the rescue and help of others? And when he is dying his confessor tells him work is over, "Thou shalt sit down and have endless prayers, and wear a golden crown for ever and ever in Heaven." "Ah," he says, "I'm a stupid old man. I'm dull at prayers. I can't keep awake, but I love my fellowmen. I could be good to the worst of them. I could not bear to sit amongst the lazy saints and turn a deaf ear to the sore complaints of those that suffer. I don't want your idle Heaven. I want still to work for others." The confessor in anger left him, and in the night came the voice of his Lord—

> "Tender and most compassionate. Never fear,
> For Heaven is love, as God Himself is love;
> Thy work below shall be thy work above."

Be sure that the repose of Heaven will be no idling in flowery meadows or sitting for ever in a big temple at wor-

ship, as the poor, weary little children are sometimes told after a long sermon in church. No, "there is no temple in Heaven," we are told—no Church. Because all life is such a glad serving and rejoicing in God that men need no special times and places for doing it.

IV.

SHALL WE KNOW ONE ANOTHER IN HEAVEN?

What else can we learn? Shall we know one another? Does anyone really doubt it who believes in God at all? What sort of Heaven would it be otherwise? What sort of comfort would there be if we did not know one another? Oh, this beggarly faith, that God has to put up with, that treats the Father above as it would treat a man of doubtful character. "I must have His definite texts. I must have His written pledges, else I will not believe any good thing in His dealing." That is our way. We talk very piously about our belief in God's love, but we are afraid to infer anything, to argue anything from the infinitude of that love. No, we must have God's bond signed and sealed. I do believe that one reason why we have not more of direct answers about the mysteries of the future life is because God thought that no such answer should be necessary—that His love, if one would only believe in it, is a sufficient answer to them all.

The Bible says very little about the next world. But it comforts the mourners with the thought of meeting those whom Christ will bring with Him. What would be the good of meeting if they should not know them? St. Paul expects to meet his converts and present them before Christ. How could he do so if he did not know them? Our Lord depicts Dives and Lazarus even in the lower Hades life as knowing each other. He says to the dying thief as they went within the veil, "Today shalt thou be with me." What could it mean except they should know each other within?

But surely the Bible does not need to say it. It is one of those things that we may assume with certainty. We know that Heaven would scarce be Heaven at all if we were to be but solitary isolated spirits amongst a crowd of others whom we did not know or love. We know that the next world and this world come from the same God who is the same always. We know that in this world He has bound us up in groups, knowing and loving and sympathizing with each other. Unless His method utterly changes He must do the same hereafter.

Do we want further proof? Think of the nature He has implanted in us. If we shall not know one another, why is there this undying memory of departed ones, the aching void that is never filled on earth. The calf is taken from the cow, the kittens are taken from their mother, and in a few days they are forgotten. But the poor, human mother never forgets. When her head is bowed with age, when she has forgotten nearly all else on earth, you can bring the tears into her eyes by mentioning the child that died in her arms forty years ago. Did God implant that divine love in her only to disappoint it? God forbid! A thousand times, no. In that world the mother shall meet her child, and the lonely widow shall meet her husband, and they shall learn fully the love of God in that rapturous meeting with Christ's benediction resting on them.

And yet, I see one clear difficulty rising in the way. I see some poor mother asking with frightened heart, what if I should miss my boy, or what if he who is dearer to me than Heaven itself should be missing in the land of everlasting joy? Ah, that is the hard question. I have heard it suggested that you would forget your boy. God forbid! I have seen it said to my horror lately by

a prominent English theologian that those in Heaven will have grown so absorbed in God that they never trouble about those who have disobeyed Him. Nay, a thousand times over—God forbid! If you grow like Christ it is more likely that you should say: "O God, let me go out of Heaven; let me sacrifice myself if so be that I should bring in my boy." Is it blasphemy to say this? But it is what the Lord Himself said.

I know there are further questions rising in men's hearts. Will our dear ones remember us? Will they, in all the years of progress, have grown too good and great for fellowship with us? There is no specific answer save what we can infer from the boundless goodness and kindness of God. Since He does not forget us we may be sure they will not forget us. Since His superior greatness and holiness does not put Him beyond our reach, we may be sure that theirs will not—their growth will be mainly a growth of love which will only bring them closer to us for ever and ever.

V.

How do Men Enter Heaven?

We have asked, what is meant by Heaven? What can be known of the details of life in Heaven? And now we come to the final question of all: How shall we enter Heaven? And if you have followed me thus far the answer is easy. Though there is a special place which shall be Heaven, yet, if Heaven means a state of mind rather than a place of residence, if Heaven means to be something rather than to go somewhere, though it means to go somewhere, too, then the answer is easy. We enter Heaven by a spiritual, not by a natural act. We begin Heaven here on earth, not by taking a journey to the sun and the planets, not by taking a journey from Canada up through the air, but by taking a journey from a bad state of mind to a good state of mind; from that state of mind which is enmity against God, to that of humble, loyal and loving obedience to Christ. It is not so much that we have to go to Heaven. We have to do that, too. But Heaven has to come to us first. Heaven has to begin in ourselves. The beginning of Heaven is not at that hour when the eye grows dim and the sound of friendly voices becomes silent in death, but at that hour when God draws near and the eyes of the spiritual understanding are opened, and the soul sees how beautiful Christ is, and how hateful sin is; the hour when self-will is crucified, and the God-will is born in the resolutions of a new heart. Then Heaven has begun, the Heaven that will continue after our death.

Do we believe that this is the right way to think of Heaven? For if so it is a serious question for us all. What about my hopes of entering Heaven? If Heaven consists of character rather than possessions, of a state of mind rather than a place of residence, if, in fine, Heaven has to begin on earth, what of our hopes of entering Heaven? Is it not pitiful to hear people talk lightly about going to Heaven, whose lives on earth have not any trace of the love and purity and nobleness and self-sacrifice of which Heaven shall entirely consist hereafter? To see men with the carnal notions about Heaven as a place of external glory and beauty and jasper and emerald, where, after they have misused their time on earth, they shall fly away like swallows to an eternal summer. They would be miserable there even if they could get there. They would be entirely out of their element, like a fish sent to live on the grass of a lovely meadow. Those who shall enjoy the Heaven hereafter are they whose Heaven has begun before. They who shall do the work of God hereafter are those who are humbly trying to do that will on earth. These shall inherit the everlasting Kingdom.

A MYSTERY PLAY

BY ARNOLD HAULTAIN

I HAVE found me a great amphitheatre; nature-made, vast and open. It slopes to the north and west, and all about it and about are green trees—green trees and shrubs and lowly plants. In the whole space I am sole spectator—save for little grasses that stand tip-toe to look and listen; save for little weeds that nod their heads; and a beetle crawling heedless over dry and shining grains of sand. In the orchestral centre, where, in ancient Greece should stand the lighted altar, there chances to be a little crimson maple; and behind and beyond rise verdant hills. Before me, as where should be the stage, stand, in green habiliments, beech and elm and fir; oak and cedar; lithe and virginal saplings, broad-shouldered pines, staid and stalwart—a goodly company, goodly and green, wondrous green; and for me they act and pose and sing. . . . . The drama opens.

II.

There is no fanfaronade. On the left against a dove-grey cloud the top-most twigs of a silver poplar rustle the signal to commence. Gently and with grace supreme, the boughs begin a cosmic song. . . . . They dip and fall, and lightly rise; take hands and touch, and smile, and sing again. Troop after troop takes up the measure, as the wind sweeps through the trees, and there is revealed to the eye and to the ear sound and motion obedient to an unseen power. . . . . The movement deepens. Great masses join the dance, swell the vespertinal hymn. Huge and cumbrous boughs sweep back and forth, melodious, eloquent; and from tremulous leaf to swaying limb rises a choric song, beautiful, wonderful. . . . . Of what is it that they speak?

III.

Presently, beneath the dove-grey cloud, the red sun momentarily shows. Gleams strike the amphitheatre, the stage. My neighbor grasses glint in the sheen, the beetle's wing-sheaths glow, the sand grains glisten, and, over-head, the veined leaves of the poplar, which before were black against the sky, suddenly become translucent to the light. The massed greens grow radiant; solitary boughs shake sunshine from their locks; the shrubs stand out overt; a divine gleesomeness fills all the wood. . . . . Whence comes the mystic impulse?

IV.

The evening falls. The wind dies down. A fitful breeze, now warm with summer's breath, now chill, strays aimless. The sun sinks. The green shadows grow black; and where before was a great leafage, is now a great gloom, in which even the white-stemmed birches lose their tapering limbs. Gone are the leaves of the poplar; the shrubs hide; the beetle creeps out of sight. A far-off rill mingles a bass maestoso sob with

its treble trill; and slowly, very slowly, a thin mist creates itself in every cranny of the dell. Only I am left, dull of hearing, miscomprehending, obtuse.

* * * *

Only a little scene in an unending play; for all through the night, and for endless days and nights, before man was, and long after man will be, these leafy persons uplift that solemn chant, enact that choric dance; now frolicsome and free; now plaintive; now expectant, patient, still. . . . . What is it that they hymn?

V.

It is but little that I, I and the heedless beetle, comprehend of this mighty but mystical drama. Some supernal power impels them, so it seems, and they hymn and praise this power; some hidden force, emanating in regions far beyond the sun, yet immanent in the grass-blade, in the leaflets, in the sand-grains at my feet. Often a darksome power, ruthless, blind; slaying horde on horde; spilling blood like water; scattering real pain and poignant agony like hail; yet often thrilling, joyous, tremulous with bliss—inscrutable, recondite, dark. It is formed and transformed into myriad shapes, outrunning time, out-living life; muted and re-muted, here into gross and ponderable matter, there into the filmiest air; anon revealing itself as exuberant life; again vanishing in so-called death; a breath; a spirit; the soul of eternal things—some hidden power they hymned.

The sun set.

VI.

In the silence I heard the soundless voice of that spirit of eternal things; that mystery inpenetrable as the dark, and, as the dark, impalpable; revealing itself as one with the shapes it took and one with the impulses they obeyed; in the grass-blade and the leaf, and in the wind to which they swayed; in the ponderous earth that, darkling, rolled through space, and in the subtle mind that holds this earth in fee. The vast and the far-off were embraced in the vision, for from the remotest star came rays that united me with it. The minute and the trivial were summoned from their hiding to prove themselves near and akin. Magnitude and proportion were swallowed up in unity; number and computation disappeared in a stupendous integer. Not a leaf shook, not a bud burst, but it was moved to motion and to life by forces infinite and remote, ante-dating sun or star, older than the milky way, vaster than the limits of vision. For in each leaflet of the boscage ran a sap ancient as ocean; and but yesterday, in the history of Time, that whole assemblage was something far other than it is. Bud and leaf were but manifestations of force, that mysterious thing that took hold of dew and sunshine and soil and transformed them into shape and perfume. And sunshine and dew and soil were in turn themselves but mutations of things, chemical elements or movements of molecules; and these again but mutations of things more subtile still—ions or electrons, infinitesimal and innominate particles; till ultimately, surely, we arrive at something immutable.—Something there must be behind all change; behind all appearances something that appears.

VII.

By degrees the great sky broke up into clouds. A half-moon, cut into fantastic shapes by the twigs, peered through the trees; and as I thridded the boles,—I, miscomprehending, obtuse, merely a larger ion in a small inane, finding my devious way by a doubly-reflected light—the scene was shifted, fresh actors called, and the great drama went on, unfolding forever a tale without end.

THE CIRCLE GOLD

By

AUSTIN ADDISON BRIGGS

Once I drew a circle round my heart,
In quest of Golden Love;
And said therein shall safely dwell
Memories of hearts that impel
Breaths kindred to mine as the bell
Which tolls to thoughts above.

Many pledged a jewelled faith—veneered
Its feeble frame to hide;
But Fate a hand to each did wave:
"Thou art mortal and for the grave—
This heart doth seek a love so brave
Death cannot aye divide."

Then came to me a princely sage
"Inspired am I to write:
'Blood of thy blood, soul of thy soul,
As meadow green to the green knoll
Each to each give and doth unroll
A love of day and night.'"

Then, garnered in the Circle Gold,
Hearts claimed me as my own,
And each did take the form of Truth,
With arms outstretched and eyes, forsooth,
Marked some Old Age; the others, Youth—
"Thee'll never be alone!"

Time slipped round the Circle Gold,
Sunbeams, harvest of Joy.
But Life seeds for a Reaper sly
Who scars the soul and floods the eye.
Evermore thundering: "Must Die!
"I rule as God's Envoy."

Out stepped a seraph in the night
The Circle fought in vain.
I made to go, Reaper forbid;
He called a halt; his lips were hid;
I breathed when his dark form was rid—
Felt long the vanquished's pain.

The Circle Gold still rules my heart,
Still yearns unto the sky;
So shall be till the race is o'er:
My Seraph mine, I yearn no more;
The storm at end, I reach the shore—
The life that cannot die.

AMONG THE MAGDALEN ISLANDS

BY FRANK YEIGH

ONE of the least known corners of Canada comprises the Magdalen Islands, thirteen in number, with their connecting sandbars that lie in the very centre of the Gulf of St. Lawrence, receiving the angry surf and tidal currents of the Atlantic from every side. Fifty miles to the west lies Prince Edward Island; ninety miles to the east, King Edward's oldest colony, Newfoundland.

One is apt to forget the existence of the Magdalens, with their six thousand souls, in reckoning the territorial assets of the Dominion; indeed, it almost requires a magnifying glass to discern the spots that represent them on the map, and few Canadians could probably pass a satisfactory examination as to their location.

The history of the Magdalen Islands is a varied and interesting one, as they were involved in the various conflicts between England and France and were frequently the subject of treaties and conventions between the two powers. After being bandied back and forward, they were finally ceded to England. In 1763 England annexed them to Newfoundland, to which they remained attached until, under the Quebec Act, they were joined to Canada and to the Province of Quebec, and as part of that Province they still remain. Before their cession to England they were, during the reign of Louis XV., set apart for the fishing trade of France, when they were only inhabited during the brief fishing season of the summer months. There was no permanent population, therefore, at the time of their passing into the hands of England.

A new chapter in their history was opened when, in 1798, they were given by George III., under letters patent granted by Lord Dorchester, to Sir Isaac Coffin, an admiral of the fleet, who had won the good-will of his sovereign by his bravery in defending the American coasts from invasion. It is reported that the old sea captain, in command of a man-of-war, carried Sir Guy Carleton (afterwards Lord Dorchester) to Quebec, there to become the Governor of Canada. Sailing by the scattered isles of the Magdalen group, the Captain hinted to his influential passenger that they might well be granted to him in recognition of his long services for King and country. Therefrom came the royal grant, with certain reservations, amongst others, that they should be held in free and common socage as lands held by Great Britain, and that every English subject should be at liberty to fish in their waters.

Thus it was that the Admiral, Sir Isaac Coffin, became the proprietor of the Magdalen Islands, creating a system of feudalism that sat ill on the sturdy and independent settlers who there made their home. The first permanent settlers were ten families of Acadians, who had made their way from Nova Scotia, from which they had been exiled in 1755. The ten families soon increased to one hun-

ETANG DU NORD, MAGDALEN ISLANDS

dred, as others found their way to the shores of the islands, and as they regarded themselves as a sovereign people, with no laws to bother about, and no means of enforcing them if they existed, they naturally grew restive under the efforts of the Proprietor to collect his rents. For a century the old records are full of complaints of high rents for bits of beach for fish-curing purposes; of the exorbitant price of salt; of the absence of roads; of having to send grain to Prince Edward Island to be ground, and the like. A Government report of fifty years ago says: "Formerly more or less of the people were so pure that no law or judicial institution was known or required. By the decision of the missionaries or a few of the older inhabitants, every difficulty was settled and determined, but the increase of population makes us stand in need of a gaol as a means of securing due respect for justice and good order." Thus the crying need of a prison came with the growth of population, though it is pleasant to state that the gaol of Amherst is oftener empty than occupied, and the hardy toilers by sea and land are, as a whole, a law-abiding, sober and peaceful folk.

As the inhabitants arrived from the Nova Scotian mainland they settled wherever they liked, despite the wishes of the Proprietor, and it was only in 1830 that any of them consented to pass title deeds. Up to that time they paid what they pleased by way of rent, but their tenure remained undetermined. Two kinds of titles were offered: a ninety-nine-year lease, and a concession, without any fixed term, at a perpetual and unredeemable ground rent, the rents averaging about twenty cents an acre. Trial succeeded trial between the people and their over-lord before the authority of the latter was recognized. Because of the original squatting, the lands occupied are to-day of all possible shapes and sizes, and in many cases the holdings overlap without anyone knowing to what extent. The islands are now attached to the County of Gaspé, Quebec Province, for judicial and other purposes, and a representative is sent by the Islanders to the Quebec Legislature.

The Magdalen Islands are best reached by boat from Pictou, Nova Scotia, from which port a mail steamer plies during the summer. The southern shores of Prince Edward Island are passed as the sun goes down, and by daylight the outlines of Entry Island—the first of the thirteen—are discerned through the mists. This is the doorway to the queer island world

ENTRY ISLAND, MAGDALEN ISLANDS

beyond, and a dangerous marine route it is. The Magdalens, like the Channel Islands, are guarded by nature with sunken reefs, dangerous sandbars, low and treacherous morasses, and untrammeled tidal forces. The uneasy sea dashes madly against the bases of great cliffs, the sheets of spray flying against the face of the rocks in all the fury of their storm-stirred spirit.

From the heaving deck of the vessel I caught fleeting glimpses of great sand hillocks, swept up by the furious tempests, and beyond them the rocky islets themselves, representing so many extinct volcanoes, their sandstone strata glowing in all the primary colors with which nature had adorned them, and yet so soft is the formation as to be crumbled with a finger pressure. Thus it is that the ocean in its eternal warfare is wearing away these obstructions to its sweep of wave, and with the patience of æons of time, is keeping up the eroding process.

Entry Island, like most of its scattered neighbors, is harborless. It is the highest bit of rock of them all, rising sheer from the sea to a height of six hundred feet. Gray and ghostly it looked as a filmy mist suddenly embraced it, and mysteriously large and ominously close as the atmosphere played tricks with the distances. There it stood like a massive sentinel at the eastern entrance to Pleasant Bay. Huge as it is in bulk, the geologists claim that it was once much larger than it is now, and that it may yet be pounded into oblivion, though ages will be required in the operation.

The mariner needs to be keenly alert in the Magdalen waters. With startling suddenness a fishing craft loomed up alarmingly near on the port side, its dark sail proclaiming it an alien, for had she not sailed from a Newfoundland cave? Farther afield the eye caught sight of a strange streak of white foam, telling of the ominous Pearl Reef, only eight feet below the surface at low tide, and thus showing its teeth in the breakers that are born above its submerged base.

Amherst Island was our first stopping place. The island resembles a human foot, with its great heel stretching toward the west, and its long toes of sand hills lying to the northeast. From the harbor the chief object is Demoiselle Hill, and later, when its summit was climbed, a wonderful sea picture was there unfolded. Eleven miles east and west stretched the island, though but a few miles wide. On the southwest the cliffs rose abruptly from the sea. In

A ROCKY HEADLAND

the interior lay low marshes and shallow lakes. Around were treacherous quicksands. At one's feet Pleasant Bay was dotted with the little crafts of the fishing folk, the low shelving beaches covered with nets drying in the sun. In the nearer distance a group of women were digging for clams, and a company of lads were romping with a mangy, wolflike dog. Around the village of whitewashed houses were the fishing flakes, from which many a pungent odor was wafted.

It was a genuine Atlantic breeze that blew from the hilltop of Demoiselle! How it filled the lungs with a salty purity, how the tongue tasted the tang of the sea, how the eye sparkled! How the nerves tingled under the blasts! And how it raised a crop of chasing whitecaps on the blue waters to the shores of the other islands on every side! This was a summer-day blow only. In the bleak winter the wind at times attains a speed of seventy-four miles an hour. Then it were well not to stand on the head of Demoiselle or any other peak of rock on the Magdalens. Then it is that the sea revels in its fury and batters the cliffs with relentless savagery. Demoiselle Hill bears the shape of a lady reclining—a sleeping beauty in a flowing robe. And the Cap-de-Moule shows the profile of a human face with distinguished nose and chin. Gladstone, so it is said, is also immortalized in the rock.

Westward from Amherst runs a wonderful sea road, for all the islands of this gulf group are connected at low tide by sandbars. These can be driven over if one chooses to charter a quaint wooden cart, called a *charette*, without springs or paint, and drawn by a shaggy little beast that negotiates the hills, either up or down, at a trot. The route is not altogether safe without a pilot, for dangerous quicksands abound, and woe betide the traveller who is caught therein or who wanders from the path in the night. Every receding tide changes the course of the way, and fresh seapools have to be avoided with each day's journeyings. It is a wonderful drive, nevertheless, for the surf beats along one side, and wreaths of wild sea grasses are swept around the

SAND BEACH ON GRINDSTONE ISLAND, MAGDALEN ISLANDS

horse's feet. Delicate mosses and dainty shells strew the way, and the wonders of the ocean world are revealed at every mile.

The dodging of the boat from isle to isle fairly upsets one's mental compass, until it seems as if the sun were careering madly around the heavens. The study of a map, while sheltered behind the smokestack, failed to remove the difficulty even when Grindstone Island was reached, and we came to anchor some distance from the shore. There are practically no wharves, or very few, among the islands, and what may be a safe anchorage with the wind in one direction is acutely dangerous with the wind in another direction. A striking instance of this fact is proved by the famous August gale of 1873—as "the Lord's Day Gale" it will go down to history. The Gloucester fishing fleet lay, as they thought, safely in Pleasant Bay, sheltered from the northeast gale, but when the wind shifted to due east forty-two of the craft were driven ashore at Amherst like so many chips. The old inhabitant will tell you that they lay so close on the beach that he walked over the decks of twelve of them, stepping from the one to the other without the need of a gangplank. One vessel was landed high and dry in a field.

"On reef and bar our schooners drove
  Before the wind, before the swell;
By the steep sand cliff their ribs were
    stove,—
  Long, long their crews the tale shall
    tell;
Of the Gloucester fleet are wrecks three-
    score;
  Of the Province sail two hundred more
Were stranded in that tempest fell."

Grindstone Island is shaped like a millstone. Its giant cliffs, red of color, bold in their defiant height, are ever a menace to the luckless sailor, and worn into countless caverns and arches, they present further evidences of the power of ocean in its work of disintegration. The base of the high hills of the island showed masses of crumbling lava that had accumulated from the outlets of volcanic action. The town itself is relatively an important centre of trade, especially as a fishing port. There one finds Augustine le Bourdais, the weather observer and telegraph operator. This

AMHERST ISLAND, MAGDALEN ISLANDS, FROM DEMOISELLE HILLS

legless man will tell you as thrilling an experience of the sea as one could hear—an experience of the tragic North Beach. He was mate of the brig *Wasp* of Quebec, which went to pieces among the islands in a blinding snow-storm in November of 1871. Le Bourdais was the only survivor of a crew of eleven, and having gained the shore as by a miracle, wandered thereon for five days, eating snow and finally taking shelter in an old hut, where he fell into a deep sleep until accidentally found by some fishermen. Both feet were so badly frozen that they came off at the ankles. There was no doctor on the islands at the time to properly amputate the limbs, but Le Bourdais had a strong constitution and lives to tell his story.

Wrecks by the score can be traced to the North Beach and East Cape alone during the memory of the present generation. It was at the latter point that fifty years ago the emigrant ship *Miracle* was wrecked, with a loss of 350 lives out of the 678 on board, and the bones of two hundred of them lie buried in the sands on which they were cast.

Another gruesome tale is told of a wreck on North Beach in more recent years, or rather of a coming ashore of a derelict, the English brig *Joseph*. In broad daylight, with all sails set, the vessel ran straight on North Beach. The inhabitants went on board, only to find five men lying dead in the cabin with their throats cut. The vessel's papers were missing and the name had been scraped off in most places. By a slight clue its identity was discovered, and also the fact that the mutineers had landed on Newfoundland and then cast adrift their boat with its grim freight. The tragedy afforded rich material, therefore, for Stedman's poem, and for his lines:

"Woe, woe to those whom the Islands pen,
In vain they shun the double capes;
Cruel are the reefs of Magdalen;
The Wolf's white fang what prey escapes?
The Grindstone grinds the bones of some,
And Coffin Island is craped with foam;
On Deadman's shores are fearful shapes."

An oddly assorted company were we on the little steamer. A group of commercial travellers formed part of the passenger party that gathered around the unadorned table in the saloon, together with a score of Islanders returning from a trip to the mainland. One was the postmaster, magistrate, merchant, and therefore the chief resident of House Harbor, who

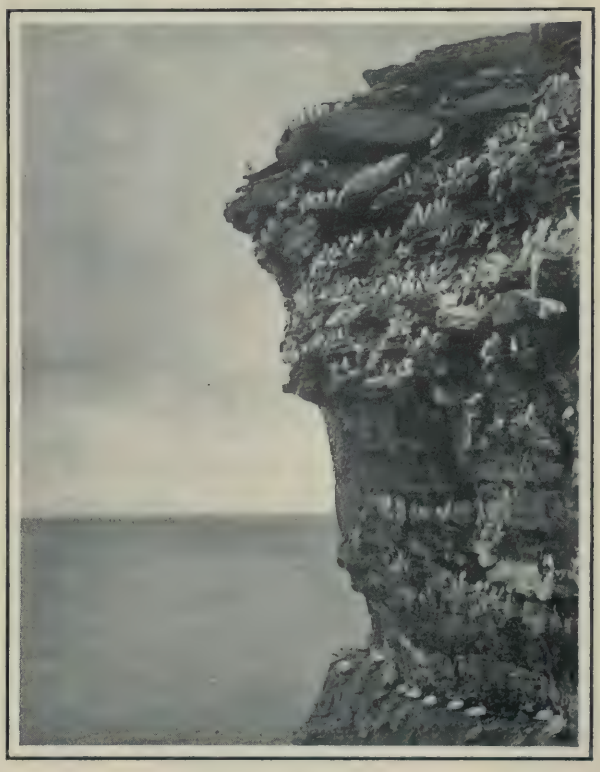
had been on an eventful journey as far away from home as Quebec. Judging by the welcome he received as we anchored off the harbor (and a fleet of small boats came hastening to take him and his freight ashore), our friend's importance was recognized in his own country. An Acadian he was, moreover, a descendant of those who were expelled from Grand Prè a century and a half ago. I ventured to ask his opinion of the great exile:

"Yes, I go troo Acadia an' it mak' my blood go sheever, b'gosh, when I tink of what happen' my people! They were all separate. My gran'-fadder on my wife's side was tell me all about it. There were eight brother and all were scatter. De wife was separate from de husban'. Every ting was burned up at Grand Prè. Tree of de brudder got together made little schooner and sailed to Magdalen Islands."

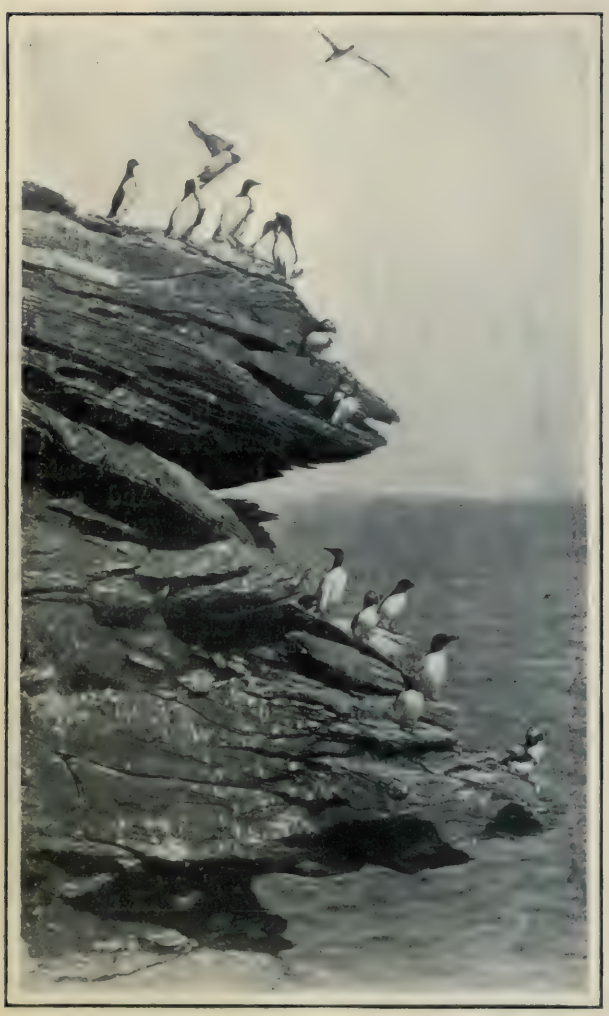
"Then you think your people were badly treated?"

"Well, I should so say! De soldier treated de people not like human at all. I do not know how to say it, but you know. We'en you come to tink of it to de bottom, then, b'gosh, you can't do without feeling little vex, eh?"

A quaint little huddle of houses in a cleft of the bare hills is House Harbor. A convent loomed extraordinarily large by contrast. The village itself stands at the south end of a great lagoon that stretches for ten miles to Grand Entry. The sand banks enclosing the water-way are so many ocean graveyards. as are the Doyle Reef and the Columbine shoals. The sail up the lagoon can only be safely made when the tide serves, and the meeting of the two tides is an interesting phenomenon of the great deep. After blending their waters and exerting their strength in flooding the far-reaching flats, they part company and rapidly recede by the way they entered. Grand Entry was reached by dusk, and it was a weird sight as the sailing craft from the near-by islands loomed up through the fog, and as mysteriously were swallowed up by its curtains of cloud. We carried a departmental store in freight, which was speedily transferred to the bobbing herring boats that clustered around the steamer. And as the big bearded fellows stowed away the barrels of flour or salt, an exchange of the news from the outer world was made. Only a week elapses in summer time in thus connecting with the



BIRD ROCK, MAGDALEN ISLANDS



A CORNER OF BIRD ROCK, MAGDALEN ISLANDS

greater world of life beyond the islands, but there remain the long months of winter when the islanders are isolated, except for the scraps of news that may reach them by cable.

Other islands there are, each with its history. Wolf Island bears a grim name, but not more grim than the dreary waste of shifting sand deserves, for it has been the scene of many shipwrecks. Coffin Island, with its steep rocks and menacing shores, is honored by the name of the Admiral Proprietor. Alright Island is a deserted stretch of sand dune and coarse grass—the grass on which the cattle and sheep of the islands largely subsist.

Deadman's Island lies hard by, bearing its gruesome name from a fancied resemblance to a giant human corpse shrouded for burial. The imagination is assisted by three rocky protuberances that stand for the head, chest and feet of the leviathan of rock half a mile long. Here again scores of cruel shipwrecks have been witnessed by the elements. Many a shipwrecked sailor has been cast up on the unfriendly shores of Deadman's Island; many a life has been battered away against its relentless walls. Tom Moore sailed past the isle one dark September night in 1804, and thereafter penned his poem based on the sight of the lonely place; but he made a trifling geographical error in placing it near Labrador, for some two hundred miles intervene.

Deadman's Island was once a great resort for the walrus, from which spot the fishermen would drive them to the sand beaches, and there capture and kill them. Jacques Cartier noted their presence when he discovered the Magdalens in 1534. "About these islands," he wrote, "there are several large animals resembling an elephant, which live as well in the sea as on land." All traces of the walrus, however, have disappeared, as have practically the seals. Whereas in former years twenty thousand seals would be caught in a season, now but a few hundred are captured, and correspondingly few fishers are engaged.

Farther afield in the Gulf rises the black and inhospitable cliffs of Bryon Island. It received its name from Jacques Cartier, in honor of Admiral Brion, under whose auspices he sailed on his first voyage to America. Only half a score of families live on this lonely bit of rock, amid its wild waste of waters, with neighbors a score of miles away in the Bird Rocks. The Little Bird Rock is steadily disappearing, and the same end may come to the Great Bird, but as yet it stands a mighty mass three hundred feet high, encircled by wicked and erratic currents, and swept by fierce autumnal and winter gales. The ten acres of its summit is a sky parlor for millions of sea birds, chiefly gannets. Here again Cartier observed the feathered throng. To him "the rocks were covered with more birds than a meadow with grass," and thirty years later Champlain, passing by their inaccessible cliffs, recorded that "vessels sailing by the islands send their boats ashore in calm weather, and a great number of birds are killed with sticks. They are as large as geese. Their beaks are very dangerous. They are perfectly white, with the exception of the tips of the wings, which are black. They are very expert in catching fish, which they carry on their wings to the top of the islands, where they eat them." So chronicled this observant explorer of three hundred years ago.

To-day the birds are apparently as numerous, though the Great Bird Rock has been occupied for thirty years past as a lighthouse station. Standing on the main thoroughfare between Canada and Europe, the rock was long a menace to the mariner, but with a light throwing its rays twenty-one miles, and equipped with fog-horns and explosives, it has no doubt saved many a craft from destruction by warning off the sailor who approaches too close to its precipitous sides.

The Bird Rock is, too, a rock of tragedy, apart from the wrecks it witnessed before the building of the lighthouse. The most recent episode was in March of 1897. Damion Cormier was in charge of the light. With his two assistants, Charles and Arsene Turbide, he started on the ice to hunt seals, leaving Mrs. Cormier alone on the Rock. When ready to return, a sudden shift of the wind caused a break in the ice flow, and their means of escape was thus cut off. Immediately afterward a storm of snow and sleet arose and the current made it impossible for them to launch their boat. Thus they faced a terrible death. One need not linger on the details. The next morning Charles Turbide became exhausted and died, though he had been fed with the warm blood of a captured seal. Damion Cormier succumbed the next day and his body was afterwards found by a sealer on the ice between Bird Rock and Cape Breton. Arsene Turbide kept on the ice and drifted with it for days, until, almost dead, he was cast ashore near North Cape, in Cape Breton. Climbing, or rather crawling some miles to the nearest house, he was in a dying condition, and only survived a few days. In the meantime the almost distracted woman realized the worst. Days elapsed before help came to her from Bryon Island, but she kept the light going and proved herself to be a true heroine.

The Magdalen group is a kingdom of fish, and its inhabitants are naturally fisher-farmers. The cod forms the staple harvest of the sea, but the herring and mackerel are no less valuable, and the presence in many coves of lobster factories, and the piles of lobster traps along the shores, tell of their presence in large numbers. The skate and dog-fish come with the herring and as their enemies, and the porpoise pursues them as well. The fisheries, as a whole, are relatively as sure and profitable as those of Newfoundland, but the scarcity of bait at times is a disturbing element. The total value of the fish products in 1906, for

instance, amounted to half a million dollars, cod, herring and mackerel being the chief catches. Six hundred and eighty-four boats, manned by 1,800 men, comprise the fleet of craft, while fifty lobster canneries are a material factor in the wealth of the isles.

Though the soil is not of the best, not a little farming is carried on. Some wheat is grown, but the coarser grains and vegetables do better. Many cattle and sheep are pastured, but most of the staple food of the people in the way of flour and pork is imported from the mainland.

When the day and hour came to leave the curious wind-swept isles of the Atlantic, it was with regret that the chance traveller bade good-bye to the stalwart, hospitable and courageous Canadians who inhabit them. A simple, honest and temperate folk are these island fishermen, and content and happy as well, they will tell you when asked. And what more can any man claim or want?

RED EVENING

By E. M. YEOMAN

O welcome thee, Red Evening, faring now
From thy bright palaces beyond the west,
Earthward, with quiet pageant, to bestow
Thy priceless riches—beauty, peace, and rest!
Oh, welcome, tranquil, splendor spread on high!
And welcome, pretty stars, whose trembling light
Comes to me through the gloom of falling night,
From thy far stations in the dusky sky!
But, oh! my love she saith that she can see
The hidden beauties come, Red Eve, with thee:
A seraph band, she saith, with quiet brow,
Of friends she lost, and mourned, and seeth now.

Do snowy angels haunt thy crimson halls,
Lingering from their lands of long delight?
She saith they gather when the dark night falls,
To keep fond watch with eyes serene and bright.
And looking pure up to the rosen sky,
She saith they ofttimes weep for what they see,
But smile again with thoughts of destiny.
And this she saith with lips all ruby dye.
She hath not eyes to see the shapes serene
That dwell within our native air unseen;
But well that in the gloom of mortal lot
Her heart hath lore to see where eyes may not.

A WOMAN'S WORD

BY MARIAN BOWER

THE Emperor Napoleon was in an amiable mood. He had twice pulled Junot's nose, had called Lannes an imbecile of a child, had been gracious to Bernadotte, who even already was slipping out of favor, and had spoken soothingly to his misanthropic brother Louis.

Finally, he had sent marshals, ministers, courtiers about their business, and had set to work on his own part in the nation's affairs. Soon Bourrienne's pen was flung over the sheet before him, and the second secretary and the third secretary were likewise endeavoring to keep pace with the rapid flow of words on which might hang a kingdom's fate.

"Quicker!" urged the Little Man from Corsica, who dictated as rapidly as he vanquished kings or mobilised armies "Grand ciel! are you not slow as a snail, Bourrienne?"

The first secretary redoubled his efforts, his brow moist, his arm aching. A silence fell on the room in the Tuileries—where the bees displaced the lilies on the ceiling and on the draperies which was only broken by the restless pacing to and fro of *le petit caporal* and the sound of his harsh Corsican voice.

At length Duroc, his Majesty's chamberlain, entered and informed the Emperor that a lady begged for a private audience.

"Who is she?" grunted Napoleon

"Mademoiselle de St. Lys, your Majesty."

"What does she want?"

"You remember, sire," returned Duroc, who was kind-hearted to those he liked, "her brother, the Marquis—"

"Awaits his trial. I shall send him to the fortress of Vincennes—and rightly so. Tell this woman that her brother will be fortunate if he escapes with his life, and bid her go home to her sewing. Women should not meddle in men's affairs. I do not like women who think that they can manage business—or their betters."

Duroc waited patiently until the Emperor had his say relative to feminine intrigues. The subject never failed to set Bonaparte's eloquence flowing. When this vigorous expression of opinion was ended, Duroc put in his word.

"Mademoiselle St. Lys," he observed, "is about to marry the Baron von Holstein-Courland."

Napoleon paused, stuck his thumbs into the arm-holes of his waistcoat. Peter von Holstein-Courland, though but first secretary at the Russian Embassy, was said to be deep in the favor of his master, the Czar. It was reported by the Emperor's army of spies that the young man sent accounts of the tone and trend of feeling in France straight to the Autocrat of all the Russias, and that, in return, Alexander the First told him as freely what were his personal opinions and preferences.

Now, it was important for the Emperor to know what line Russia meant to take in event of war being declared between France on the one hand and Prussia and Austria on the other.

The newly-crowned monarch of

France considered a moment, wheeled about, and then went down to the door of the room where he granted private audiences.

"Show this lady in," he commanded Duroc.

* * * * * * * * * * *

Marguerite de St. Lys entered the Emperor's presence, made the customary reverence, and then rising, looked at the new master in France with nearly as much curiosity as fear. She belonged to the Faubourg St. Germain—to the old nobility, that is—to those who at heart still longed for the return of the exiled Bourbon princes and who scoffed, as loudly and often as they dared, at the new Court and the new courtiers. Later, forced or persuaded, many of the old families accepted posts about Napoleon's person; but in the early years of his reign the Marquis de St. Lys was a notable exception to his class, and his disgrace had not long tarried after his apostasy.

Napoleon, in his turn, looked with interest at the slim, graceful girl, who had the air about her that neither velvet nor silk, nor jewels, nor yet lessons from Marie Antoinette's dancing-master, could give to the ladies with whom, for want of better, he had to surround Josephine and his newly ennobled sisters.

"You are younger, mademoiselle, than your brother" he began abruptly; for he was always curiously interested in the matter of a woman's age—perhaps because he thought it gave the dear ladies a pang to reveal it.

"Nearly twenty years, sire," Marguerite answered. "I am his half-sister."

"And your parents?"

"They were both guillotined, on the same day, during the Terror."

A little pause followed. Marguerite stood silent. Again the Emperor watched her closely.

"What do you want of me?" he asked at length.

"My brother's liberty, sire."

"Ma foi, mademoiselle," ejaculated the Emperor, but with a smile that changed the character of his face, for he liked his suppliants to be clear and brief in their petitions, "and why should I set the Marquis de St. Lys at liberty?"

"Because he has done no wrong, sire. Because Armand de St. Lys is loyal, honest, and when he gives his word he keeps it."

"You think so, eh?" grunted Napoleon, his chin suddenly sinking on to his chest, while he shot a lightning glance out of his piercing eyes.

"I affirm it, sire," Marguerite answered.

"Because it is convenient for you to think it: a true woman's reason for being certain," the Emperor mocked.

A tinge of color flushed Marguerite's cheeks; she lifted her head, remained still.

"And if I were to say to you that you were wrong?"

"I should hope to prove to your Majesty's sense of justice that it was he, not I, who was mistaken."

"And if I have proof that your brother, having sworn to serve me, had done his best to betray me to my enemies, what then?"

Marguerite smiled this time.

"You are but putting a supposition before me, sire," she answered. "It is so impossible that Armand de St. Lys could be false to his oath that it seems but mere protestation for me to answer."

"If I were to prove to you that your brother had betrayed me," Napoleon persisted, "and if I offered you his liberty, what would you give me in exchange?"

Marguerite looked up quickly, the dawning of an alarm in her blue eyes.

"Your Majesty," she faltered, "does not mean, cannot wish me to understand——"

"Answer me," thrust in Napoleon imperiously.

Marguerite hesitated a moment At length she looked up again. She smiled incredulously. It was evident that she had decided that she could not believe such a thing of her brother.

"Then, sire," she answered softly, "were the thing as you say—and surely it cannot be—I should consider my life yours."

"And since I do not cut off heads for the pleasure of seeing them fall, as my enemies are pleased to declare, what good, mademoiselle, would your life be to me? Have you nothing more useful to offer?"

"Only my services, sire, and I cannot think that they——"

"And your devotion?"

"I would serve your Majesty faithfully——"

"But you would not love me or my house?"

There was another pause, a longer one this time. Marguerite looked at the stern face, dark now and frowning with displeasure.

Napoleon put up his hand—it was small and noticeably white—threw back the lock of hair that lay across his forehead, and then, still waiting, still mutely demanding an answer, fixed his eyes on the girl whose brother was in his power.

Marguerite saw that she must say something.

"Sire," she pleaded, "I can promise to serve your Majesty faithfully."

Napoleon heard the reservation, flung round on his heel, strode so hastily down the room that he upset a chair. With an angry kick he flung it out of his way, and reached his writing-table.

"Mademoiselle," he cried out from there, "words cost so little, and your brother's life hangs on my decision."

The girl bowed her head. Napoleon, as abruptly as he had gone, marched back again.

"Mademoiselle," he demanded, "will you swear to do whatever I may ask of you?"

"Whatever a woman may honorably do, sire," returned Marguerite, with whom Napoleon's unscrupulousness was a fixed belief.

"I want no reservations," the Master of France called out.

"Whatever a woman may honorably do, sire," returned Marguerite again.

The Emperor thrust his hands into his pockets, walked to the door. It crossed the girl's mind that she was to be arrested then and there. But Napoleon only called for Duroc.

"The proces de St. Lys," he commanded as soon as his chamberlain appeared.

Duroc returned in a minute, a small packet in his hand. He cast a sympathetic look at the girl, which the Emperor perhaps intercepted, for he motioned imperiously to this faithful servant to leave him. As the door closed Napoleon spread a letter out on his desk.

"Come here, mademoiselle," he commanded. "Whose writing is this?"

Marguerite glanced at the sheet.

"My brother's, sire."

"Read what he has written."

The girl complied. Napoleon watched her—saw the color fade from her face, saw the veins suddenly stand out in her full, white neck.

"It cannot be!" she cried out. "My brother could not have written such a letter. Why, sire, it offers to betray your Majesty, with whom he has taken service."

"While you, mademoiselle," returned the Emperor grimly, "were ready to stake your life on his loyalty."

"I was, sire."

The past tense told all the tale. Marguerite stood still, abashed, ashamed, cut to the heart. She made no protestations, she neither evaded nor excused. The proof of her brother's treachery was overwhelming, and nothing she could do could make it less so. She waited, half-stunned, then, penetrating through her dismay, came the perception that

she was to be taken at her word, that service was to be demanded of her. She saw the Emperor fold the incriminating sheet, saw him shut his hand over it.

"A moment ago, mademoiselle," he began, "when, as you yourself said, you thought there was no chance of your being called on to redeem your word, you were prodigal of promises."

"I am ready, sire, to keep my word."

"Do me one service," cried out Napoleon, his voice no longer imperious but persuasive, "and when it is accomplished you shall lay this paper on that fire there yourself."

Marguerite glanced at the little heap of glowing ashes. That incriminating letter burned, the proof of her brother's treachery had disappeared. The Emperor, then, meant to set Armand de St. Lys at liberty in return for his sister's services. But what did Napoleon want of her? The girl looked at him apprehensively. As if to answer, the Emperor came closer.

"You are about to marry the Baron von Holstein-Courland," he observed.

"The arrangement is private as yet—but—yes, sire."

"You see," retorted the Master, "I know everything."

The girl came very near to declaring that his police spies, under Fouche's regime, pried everywhere, but she refrained.

"That is why I have granted you an interview, mademoiselle," the Emperor went on, "because you are going to marry this Russian secretary. Generally I have other things to do than to waste my time with a woman's unreasonableness."

"In what way, sire," inquired Marguerite, very slowly, very reluctantly, "do you wish me to serve you?"

"The Czar corresponds with the Baron in cipher, and it eludes the skill of our experts. We believe the Czar writes fully, freely, to the Baron. It is important for us to know whether Alexander is well disposed towards us and France, or is prepared to side with that Prussian woman and her weak husband the king. Get us that key——"

"But, sire, the Baron will never give it to me."

Napoleon let fly an expression savoring more of the camp than of the court.

"Mademoiselle, are you not a woman?" he demanded.

"I do not follow your Majesty," the girl faltered.

"Was not Delilah a woman?" the Emperor prompted impatiently.

Marguerite was obliged to understand. She stepped back, her eyes indignant, her cheeks aflame.

"Sire," she cried out "would you have me steal from the man who trusts me? Would you have me cajole his master's secret from a faithful servant?"

"For your brother's life."

The girl put out her hand, caught at a chair to steady herself. Her face was white. Her eyes were dilated, bulging almost. But she neither cried nor expostulated. It is probable that her calmness pleaded her cause as nothing else could. Napoleon was used to tears from women. He was wont to say it was their only argument—and certainly Josephine had accustomed him to them until she had long since arrived at wearying him.

"Look, mademoiselle," the Emperor went on, more gently, but without any symptom of yielding, as he saw her self-command. "Here is the incriminating letter. If this cannot be produced the charge against your brother falls to the ground."

"I cannot steal, your Majesty," Marguerite answered.

"But you can condemn your brother to death! I thought you came to plead for his life!"

"I did, sire," the girl cried out. "I ask it of you still, even when you have shown me how culpable he is."

" Fulfil my conditions, and you shall put this letter on the fire yourself."

" Sire," expostulated Marguerite, " how can you expect to be served faithfully if you exact treachery and deceit?"

Napoleon marched up to her, glared at her.

" Fine words!" he retorted contemptuously. " Besides, do you presume to teach me how to govern?"

The Emperor turned away, flung the letter on the table.

" Listen!" he decided. " I give you until to-day week. I forbid you to answer me now. Take time to think over what you are doing. If you come to me tomorrow or any day before this time next week, and say that you have decided to obey me, the trial of your brother shall be postponed until you have had reasonable time in which to keep your word. If you remain obstinate——"

" If I cannot thieve, sire."

" Then," answered the Emperor, " the law must take its course; and in the meantime, until you have made up your mind to obey, or to sacrifice your brother, I command secrecy from you. No one is to suspect anything. You are to go about your daily life just as before. There is a fancy ball for charity at the Hotel of the Duchesse de Guiche on Thursday. As it is a Bourbon house, a hotbed of my enemies, you would naturally, be present. See that you go."

Marguerite curtseyed.

" At least there I can obey your Majesty," she said. " However my heart may ache, the commands of your Majesty shall be fulfilled. I promised my services. I am bound to keep my word——"

" When it pleases you to do so," thrust in the Emperor.

" I shall be at the ball, sire," Marguerite repeated, and then she looked up, and impelled by that fearlessness which was always characteristic with her, added: " Though the—agents—of his Majesty may not recognise me in my mask and domino, I pledge the word of a St. Lys to be present."

Napoleon laughed sardonically.

" Then, mademoiselle," he decided, " to save my agents—as you call them—trouble, I further command you to send an exact description of your dress to me personally."

" Your Majesty," murmured Marguerite de St. Lys, " shall be obeyed."

* * * * * * * * * * *

There never was a day in its history when Paris did not dance. The giddy city danced into the Revolution, through it, out of it; and, Napoleon seated on the throne, the new Court made haste to outdo the old one in the number and splendor of its fetes. The Emperor, with whom nothing was too small for personal attention, commanded his family, his entourage, his capital, to be gay. It was the hour when he had but to indicate to be obeyed. Assemblies for Josephine followed, balls at the Hotel de Ville for the burghers and their women kind; hunting parties, picnics, water parties at the house of this marshal, at the house of that.

So the Duchesse de Guiche, who was still touched by the spirit of the time, and who was yet determined not to follow the lead of " the interlopers," found that charity was as ample a garment to cover frivolity as for the accepted vices, and announced that her house in the Rue St. Joseph would be thrown open, not that her friends might divert themselves, but that they might contribute to her grace's favorite work of beneficence, " The Guiche Institution de Jeunes Filles."

The dances—so the great lady took care to proclaim—the lights, music, wines, were to be but incidentals; the collection made at midnight was to be the real point of the gathering.

But the Duchesse mixed a yet stronger leaven of worldliness with her benevolence. The Emperor had re-

cently patronized a fancy ball where his sisters and some of the beauties of his Court, dressed to represent the twelve months of the year, danced a quadrille. Therefore Madame de Guiche chose four girls, all of the same height, to carry round the alms bags, and making a parade of concealing their identity, dressed them as the Seasons.

Together the four danced one of the favorite set figures of the period, and then, masked still, set about their business. Summer, aglow with skirts the color of the rose, caught under the arms with a girdle of gold, with a full five-pointed star holding down the veil of white gold-spangled gauze that concealed her hair, her little white silk mask showing nothing but her eyes, dangled her bag, crying, "For the poor, good sir," "For the needy, virtuous, dear madame." And the silver pieces clinked into the satin receptacle, rose-colored too, for there was hardly a guest present who did not want to show the "upstarts" at the Tuileries what the Faubourg could do for its own; and the Duchess her kind, that the amount of the collection was to be made public.

At length Summer, with her bag overlaid with a golden spider's web, paused before two men, whom rumor, travelling through the high white rooms, had whispered to be the envoys of the intriguing Neapolitan Queen Marie Caroline, sister of the murdered Marie-Antoinette.

"For the poor, monsieur," Summer asked.

The taller of the two men dropped his offering into the bag; his companion put out his hand, and said:

"Take what you will, mademoiselle," showing a handful of money.

The few words had drawn the girl a little apart from the throng; the squat little man no sooner saw that than he bent quickly forward.

"Mademoiselle de St. Lys," he whispered imperiously, "a word with you alone."

The man spoke the clumsy crippled French of a foreigner; he had moreover the heavy Italian accent. Marguerite hesitated. No one knew what it was costing her to be gay, ready, gracious, and her disguise had hitherto been a sort of consolation to her. The fact that she was known at least to one man made her feel, suddenly, forlorn, alone, so very helpless.

"I think you mistake, monsieur" she plucked up courage to return, hoping, after all, to escape from her own identity.

"We do not," curtly contradicted the little man. He planted himself before her, his legs apart, his hands in his pockets.

"Then, said the girl," changing her ground, "I fail to see how a stranger can possibly have occasion to speak privately with me."

"Nevertheless——" the taller man began.

His companion thrust himself in front.

"You would do well to comply, mademoiselle," this mask said, "for your brother's sake."

Marguerite's breath came in a gasp, her hand shook, she dropped her bag; and it was so full that a little shower of coins rained on to the polished floor. The tall man stooped to pick them up, the squat man kept his eyes on Marguerite's face.

She knew instinctively that these two men were more than mere guests at the ball. They might be Bourbon emissaries; they might be, as rumor had already indicated, Neapolitan agents. A dozen alternatives of that description were not only possible but probable in those days, when fantasy, not commonplace, seemed to be the law of existence.

At length, when the last silver piece was returned to the rose satin bag, Marguerite found that she must answer.

She wanted to decline further speech, but she dared not. It was a time when no woman, placed as she

was, could shut her eyes to the fact that at any hour of the day or night she might be called on to play a part in what would afterwards be alluded to as history.

So she answered.

"There is a little space screened off on the balcony outside the principal window in the anteroom. In a quarter of an hour I will go in there if these gentlemen care to precede me."

The two men bowed.

The girl bowed.

" We must not be overheard," the little man went on.

Marguerite drew herself up. Her instinctive courage was coming to her aid again.

" Monsieur," she declared proudly, " has ample time to examine the space behind the screen. It will be at least a quarter of an hour before I am free. I must first present my bag to the Duchesse."

She turned away without waiting for a reply. Her little sandalled feet travelled down the great salon, her high-waisted skirts fluttered as she walked, her musical voice rang out with the oft-repeated formula. But while she played her part, upheld by the same pride that had sent those nearest and dearest to her with a smile to the guillotine, she had rarely been nearer tears. Three days had elapsed, and though she had hoped against hope, Napoleon had not only shown no disposition to alter his terms, but Duroc had presented himself daily to ask if she had not changed her mind.

By day, by night, the terrible alternative was with her, before her. Either she must betray the man who loved and trusted her, or she must sacrifice her brother. Again and again she cried in her heart that the burden was too heavy for her; again and again that eminently Gallic quality of practical common-sense told her that the weight of a load was no argument for its removal.

Thinking all these sad thoughts over again, Marguerite took her place in the little procession of four while the band played, and the double row of masks, all along the great salon, looked on. She waited until Spring, veiled as she was, but with silver spangles instead of gold, with skirts of green hemmed with yellow buttercups and May-flowers—violets were studiously omitted, since they were the Bonapartist emblem—her girdle of silver instead of gold, lifted up her white bag; until the Duchesse, her face alone visible of all those in the room, had said a few gracious, friendly words; and then Summer, in her turn, raised her bag, heard the same graceful expression of thanks, and bending low, wheeled about.

It was her chance of escape unmarked, while all the assembly looked on at Autumn and Winter.

Marguerite de St. Lys hurried through the anteroom. She looked apprehensively to the French window, left suggestively ajar. She pushed back the sash, entered the little screened-off space. Such little retreats had been arranged all round the house. For the first moment this one seemed empty. She walked into the centre of it, stood erect. At least she had kept her word.

She let her eyes wander out into the silent garden, cut off from the street by the high wall; she caught a glimpse of the smoke of a link; she looked upwards to the calm, still night. The hush, the peace, the contrast to the warring, intriguing world in which she lived, held her motionless for quite a little while; then her eyes fell, came back to earth to find that she in her turn had been watched, and by the smaller of the two unknown men.

" Monsieur," she cried out, " it seems to me that you entered very silently. Did I not promise to come —and alone?"

The little man grunted, made no apology for his suspiciousness, waved

his hand to his companion, and with that gesture directed him to stand sentinel by the window.

The girl saw herself between the two. She knew that she was as much alone as if the rooms beyond had not a single guest in them.

She drew herself up.

" Monsieur," she demanded, "what do you want of me? I cannot stay long, or my absence will be discovered."

The little man came nearer, almost thrust his black mask against her white one.

" Mademoiselle," he began—and as the girl heard the heavy intonation she said to herself, " Surely he is Italian,"—" I know that your brother has been arrested by the tyrant."

" By the Emperor of the French, Monsieur!"

" I know that the tyrant offered you your brother's life on certain conditions."

" You know!" the girl gasped. " Who are you, monsieur?"

The little man took no notice of the interruption.

" I know," he went on, " that you hesitated to comply with those conditions. I have others to propose to you instead. Go to the Tuileries tomorrow, say that you will serve this adventurer in any capacity that he will name. We will prepare a false key for his cipher, that will not harm your betrothed with the Czar. Then find out what Napoleon fears, what are his aims. The trend of his instructions will tell you that. If he uses you once he will use you twice. Whatever you learn, bring to me at a place I will appoint, and besides setting your brother at liberty, you will help the lawful king who is kept out of his own by this adventurer from Corsica."

The halting voice ceased. Marguerite stood with her head bowed. Again her brother's life was offered her. Was she twice over to send him to his death?

" Mademoiselle," the little man reminded her, " I want your acceptance of my offer."

The girl raised herself quickly. This Italian had no doubt that she would agree. Did treachery, then, seem less treachery to these men who ruled peoples and kingdoms than to her, a simple girl? If they could countenance it, why not she? The convenient argument but darted into Marguerite's mind. The next instant Mademoiselle de St. Lys dismissed such juggling.

She faced the little man.

" Monsieur," she returned, " if you know so much of what passed in the Emperor's room, you must know more. I promised to serve his Majesty whenever, however, I honorably could. As long as he spares my brother's life, I am bound to him. Does not that answer you?"

" Napoleon," rounded off the little man, " will send the Marquis to his death, and you, mademoiselle, will not have saved your brother when you had the chance."

The girl's composure came near to forsaking her.

" You are cruel, monsieur," she cried out. " Is not my duty hard enough?"

" I speak the truth," her tormentor answered grimly. " Reflect! will it not stay with you all the days of your life that you let your brother die?"

Marguerite bent her head.

" Will you not remember equally that you might have saved him?"

" I cannot bear it," the girl gasped. " Have you no pity?"

" I show you the way."

" Ciel!" cried out the girl. " If betray anyone I must, it shall be him I love rather. For that I shall suffer myself, and the heartache of a lifetime will perhaps weigh against a treachery that I could not help."

" Is that your answer, mademoiselle?" asked the little man, abruptly.

" Yes, monsieur," returned the girl.

She turned, pushed past the man

by the window, entered the lighted salon again.

The two men left behind exchanged significant glances.

The following morning, instead of the customary visit from Duroc, Marguerite received a command from the Tuileries exactly at mid-day.

The girl had no alternative but to obey. The night had brought no peace, no certainty. The thing that she had cried out that she would do had grown more hateful, more base to her mind, all through the sleepless hours of the night. And fruitlessly her thoughts had revolved in the same painful circle. Her brother's life—or her love and honor?

Marguerite found that her visit was expected by the palace officials. Duroc met her at the foot of the staircase, escorted her to the anteroom, where those who hoped for an audience with the autocrat generally waited. This time it had no other occupant. Marguerite sank wearily into a chair. The sun came through the long windows, and she thought of her brother pining in the gloomy fortress from which she could draw him out this very day if she would.

She began to watch the inner door anxiously. She did not know whether she wanted it to remain shut or to open. A new fear struck her. Napoleon might have changed his mind, might have summoned her to tell her that it did not suit him to wait until the week was up. Was she prepared to tell him that she consented to obey? Was she prepared to be true to herself and her principles? Her heart began to beat with sickening throbs. She grew hot, she grew cold. When the strain had become almost intolerable, the door into the Emperor's cabinet opened.

"Mademoiselle de St. Lys," called out the chamberlain on service for the day.

Marguerite rose. At first she almost tottered, and then, as the greatness of the emergency lent her a kind of courage, her steps became firmer, her chin lifted.

The door closed behind her. She looked up, saw the sallow-cheeked little man whose name was a terror to the whole of the civilised world, bending over a great map. She saw Duroc beside him, heard the Emperor sharply contradict him—the one alone, perhaps, of all his followers who had a real place in his heart.

"Thou art as foolish as a babe, Duroc, and as stupid as an owl," Napoleon finally decided, as he petulantly pushed the map away from him. It slid off the table, fell on the floor with a sharp rattle. The Emperor smiled as he saw it crumpled at his feet, for it was the map of Prussia. He thrust his hands into his pocket, walked down the room, his eyes fixed on Marguerite, who, after her reverence, stood still awaiting his leisure.

He came up to her. She was almost as tall as he, their faces were almost level. The Corsican glared at the pale, heavy-eyed face.

"Humph!" decreed the sovereign. "Pride! pride! Women always weep or rail. You storm, mademoiselle, and it makes you just as ugly as if you shed bucketfuls of tears!"

He half turned, wheeled as abruptly, flung out his hand, caught Marguerite's ear, pinched it until it was crimson.

Though every scrap of color left the girl's face she still kept calm, silent. She was terribly frightened, but she would not cry out. She did not know, as Madame Junot would have known, or the wife of Marshal Lannes, that this was a mark of peculiar favor. Duroc did, and he smiled as if he were excellently pleased with himself.

In his own good time Napoleon released the reddened ear, pushed his thumbs into the arm-holes of his waistcoat.

"So, mademoiselle," he commented, "you are still obstinate. You will not buy your brother's life. Ma

foi! it is a cheap bargain. An extra kiss, a few more endearments, what are they to a woman?"

The cynicism braced Marguerite de St. Lys. She did not know how near she had been to yielding. Now she turned on her sovereign, and for once indignation mastered her ingrained respect for authority.

"That," she declared, "is a subject I cannot presume to discuss with your Majesty!"

Napoleon laughed again, shook his head.

"A spitfire, also it seems," he ejaculated.

He walked down the room. He motioned to Duroc. The chamberlain was prompt to obey. Se produced a sheet of paper.

The Emperor, in his impatient way, snatched it, brandished it before the girl.

"Mademoiselle," he asked, "do you know this?"

"My brother's letter, sire."

"The only proof of his guilt."

"Yes, sire."

"Take it, then. There is the fire."

The fateful sheet of paper crinkled between the girl's fingers, the logs blazed brightly behind her. Yet Marguerite hesitated. She was afraid of a trap.

"Sire," she cried out, "my brother is all I have. And yet it seems to me that not even for him or for you can I betray the Baron von Holstein-Courland."

"Yet," put in Napoleon, "last night you would not betray me. Whom, mademoiselle, do you propose to sacrifice?"

As Marguerite heard, as she understood that her interview with the Italian envoy was known at the Tuileries, she let fall an exclamation.

Napoleon grunted with approbation. He marched up to her again.

"So you would not sell my secrets," he rehearsed; "so you had promised to serve me, and you would keep your promise; so if you decided if a man must be betrayed it was not to be I. Sac-a-papiers! a woman keep her word when it incommodes her!"

"Sire," stammered the girl, "how do you know all this?"

The Emperor laughed again; again he pinched the little ear.

"Because, little fool," he returned, shaking her playfully, "I was your Italian envoy; because, little imbecile, the second man was your friend Duroc there, who has done his best to break my ears worrying me about you and your paltry affairs."

For the moment she stood dazed, bewildered, aimlessly folding and unfolding that incriminating sheet of paper, while the Emperor watched her with amusement.

But he soon grew impatient—no man ever wearied more quickly of play—and bending forward, shook her arm.

"Ma foi, mademoiselle, do you want me to keep that letter, after all?" he asked.

Marguerite understood. She backed before the Emperor, reached the fireplace. Then she made a deep curtsey, and with both hands laid the paper between the iron dogs. She watched the sheet curl and shrivel. She waited until the charred brown fragments fell down among the red ashes. Then she rose, walked back again the whole length of the room.

"Sire," she said, her voice low, vibrating, her eyes shining. "Command me. A week ago I promised you my services——"

"But not your devotion, mademoiselle," thrust in the Emperor.

"No, sire," answered the girl. "Now I can offer you both—my services and my devotion—if your Majesty will accept them."

Napoleon bent forward; for the third time he laid hold of that convenient ear. This time Marguerite de St. Lys was not afraid.

THE MASTER

BY MINNIE E. HENDERSON

THEY were standing together in a sunny spot by the window as they spoke.

"Yes, I am to sing before him to-morrow. Just think of it, Jack, singing before the most truly great and wonderful Morris. They call him the Master."

She was young and pretty and her glad looks were surely contagious, but the face of her companion did not share much of the brightness.

He was a tall, slim, good-looking young chap with a strong, though boyish face and eyes naturally bright and almost eager but just now looking a trifle wearied and pained.

Slight and erect she stood before him with the sun shining on her bronze hair lighting it with threads of gold and her glistening blue eyes radiating, with the rest of her features, the gladness in her heart. Was it not something for which to be glad: to sing before a man who had been the greatest singer of his day? Meg's little heart was dancing all over her small body.

"I declare, Jack, you look as grumpy as an old bear instead of being pleased at my success as you should be. Think of what it means to me. It's only one in a hundred he consents to listen to." She looked somewhat petulantly and impatiently at him as she spoke.

"Imagine me Mademoiselle Sylvia," she laughed, recovering her bright tone and sweeping him a graceful curtesy.

The young fellow almost shuddered but pulled himself together and placing his hands on her shoulders said impulsively:

"Meg, can you not be dissuaded? Can't you understand what it means to us all—to me to lose you?"

"Lose me!" she ejaculated. "How can it possibly make any difference? Will you not be prouder to know me as Mademoiselle than just plain Meg?"

"No, a thousand times no," he exclaimed. "Oh, Maggie," he cried, "I can't let them have you; I want you all for myself. Am I nothing to you anymore? Does all this come first; the hooting crowd who cry for your voice and care nothing for you?"

The girl reddened slightly and then paled as she moved slowly from him.

"I'm sorry you look at it in that light, Jack. You must not be selfish. When one has a talent it is surely wrong to hide it. And then we are young. Surely I may sing for a few years while I am young. You are full of foolish fancies to-day, Jack," she added lightly. "You must come with me to-morrow when I go to hear my fate."

But his face did not clear wholly, and Meg dancing around in her glee knew nothing of the ache that pained him. Jack Staunton was a sensitive man and it hurt him to think of one whom he held so far above criticism, and revered, set up before the wagging tongues.

He bade her good-bye rather solemnly; but she tossed him a gay kiss from the doorstep and then ran lightly in. She sat down at the piano and for an instant looked worried, but the next minute was singing.

The next day they walked together to Morris's house, which stood in the suburbs.

They were ushered into the studio, a dim red room, and almost instantly the master stood before them, a tall erect figure with dark eyes which glowed fitfully from beneath his heavy brows. His hair was white and thin, for the Master was old, and while the effect of the whole face was stern, there was that about the sensitive mouth with its slight sad droop at the corners that was tender and kind.

Meg took her place to sing while Staunton stood by the window, his face half turned. The Master stood back in the shadow listening and watching. When she began, a little nervous, but true, his eyes were fixed searchingly upon her face. When she finished he was gazing at the young fellow by the window. Even as the Master spoke his eyes were watching him.

"You can sing," he said slowly, not missing one expression in Staunton's face. He never wasted words. Had Meg not been so blinded by the few words that meant so much, she might have noticed something akin to pity in the Master's eyes. Staunton had not turned his head or that look might have lightened some of the misery in his heart that the Master's words had brought.

"You will come to me again tomorrow, Miss Merilles," and he added in a tone that reached her ears only, "alone." She assented, surprised but glad. As she prepared to go Staunton turned from the window slowly, to accompany her. When he reached the door Morris held out his hand and his firm grasp caused the young fellow to look up in surprise.

Going home Meg chattered incessantly. Staunton walked beside her silently. Only when he prepared to leave her he clasped her two little hands in his strong clasp and impulsively raised them to his lips. Meg did not hear a low, low "good-bye." She laughed a little gay laugh as she pulled her hands away. "Silly boy," she said, "run home now and you must not come to-morrow, because I go to the Master's house alone."

The sun was shining brightly just before setting the next day as Meg walked with a light steady step to the Master's house. The spring fluttered and gleamed in her young heart as only the spring can do. The sun had set when she reached the house and when she entered the dim red room it seemed almost dusk.

The Master was there waiting, and greeted the young girl kindly as he bade her rest in a small easy chair by the piano, he seating himself on the piano stool.

Most people were afraid of Morris, and Meg had not come without some fear and trembling. Now, almost ere she knew it, she was telling him all her girlish hopes. Then he led her on to speak of her people and the objection some of them had to her going on the stage. Then she rose and sang.

When she had finished he said:

"And the young man who was with you yesterday, he loves you?"

"Yes, I think so," Meg replied slowly, looking at the Master in surprised confusion.

"Does he wish it?"

Did he? Meg bent her head before the Master's gaze and drew her brows together impatiently. Why should he above all others, he who had told her she could sing, question her as to this? But she did not know and the Master did.

"Listen, child," he said, and his voice sounded strangely far away. "I think I understand. Let me tell you a story, my story; for your sake

and his, perhaps for my own. Sit down there."

She sat down quietly in the low chair while he sat by the piano and rested his head on his hands.

Patiently and wonderingly she waited and at length he spoke.

"It was a long time ago. I was a boy then, even as he is, and you remind me strangely of her. But then I had the voice, a good voice they told me, but she stood very still, even as he did yesterday, when they praised me.

"One night I had been singing at a concert at home, our home was in a small town, and as we walked home her little arm was tucked in mine. A man, musician from a near-by city, walked behind us with several others, and we chatted about the various operas which I but slightly knew but with which he was familiar.

" 'You have a splendid voice for grand opera,' he remarked. 'Ever think of going in for it?'

"It was the first real stimulant I had ever received and I almost gasped at what to me, at that time, seemed so far out of reach. I don't recollect my reply, but I remember feeling a little hand tighten on my arm. I thought it was surprise; I know now it was a little heart clasp seeking to tighten and hold me fast.

"It was arranged then that I was to sing before a great teacher in the city, and if he judged it wise, to go abroad and study for some time.

"She was very brave about my going and tried so hard. I think I understand now something of the effort, to be glad. I kissed her goodbye one night in the spring of the year, and she smiled through her tears as I left her.

"We corresponded somewhat irregularly. I was very busy and interested and seemed to have time for only short hurried notes telling of my growing success. Her letters were dear little violet scented things, full of the pleasure she and the home folks felt and the gossip and prophecies of the neighbors. There were always three little rows of kisses at the bottom which I fear were but rarely returned—poor little kisses.

"The time passed quickly with me. I had finished my studies and now travelled from place to place in Europe singing in Grand Opera. I was a success, an undoubted success. How intoxicating it was to stand and sing before a breathless audience of thousands. How my heart thumped madly when from the wings I heard their applause.

"Gradually as I travelled my letters arrived in large bundles and finally my address becoming so uncertain they stopped altogether. I was almost too busy to miss them. I had not intended to neglect, but I seemed to be at the command of the public and managers. The change came over me gradually, so gradually I did not notice it until late one night.

"I had taken a slight cold and my voice towards the end of the opera grew quite husky. The people were not slow in noticing it and their enthusiasm died gradually. At the end the house was almost still save a small mixed clapping and the rustling of a restless, dissatisfied crowd. It smote upon me like a chill and then I realized what it would be when I should lose my voice. I felt then what it was to be the favorite of the fickle public. My voice, I knew, would be all right the next night and they would applaud as loudly as ever; but as I stood in the little back room alone the first touch of my life-long loneliness crept like a shadow over my heart and then I thought of her—I wanted her.

"When I reached my hotel that night the boy handed me a bundle of letters that had followed me uncertainly from place to place. I went to my room, and sitting at my desk hurriedly opened the bundle. The first, I saw at a glance, was from her and I touched it as I had never

touched one before as I opened it. It was dated six months back."

The Master's voice was very low now, and the girl leaned forward breathlessly.

"There were only two small sheets written as if by an unsteady hand. The whole story was there though, the whole story of a hungered love and starving little heart. She was ill now, very ill, and wanted me. She had known so surely that night so long ago (yet it was only five short years to me) that my voice was coming between us.

"I searched hurriedly for another letter from her but there was none; but at the bottom of the bundle I found what I dreaded. It was very brief. All day she had read clippings about the operas which they had brought her and toward evening had gone to her long sleep quietly. As I looked forth from my window that night, far away across the chimney tops I could see where the fresh green grass rested lightly, pray God, over her. There would be violets somewhere near I was sure, and I could almost smell the June rose which I knew would bloom just above where they rested her fair young head. I knelt by my window as by her grave with only the stars above me, and in them I seemed to read with all clearness God's reproach and hers.

"I never sang again. They said my voice had gone to pieces."

The young girl who listened was sobbing now, and the Master's head had dropped low on the keys. She rose slowly and knelt beside him.

"Oh, Master!" she sobbed.

He raised his head in a few minutes and rested a hand on her hair.

"Child, child, what do you know of the weary empty years? Pray God you never shall.

Then he continued more clearly:

"I have told others they could sing, and have seen them go forth. Perhaps with them it was different. I might have sent you had he not come with you. But I watched his face, child, when I told you you could sing, and in it I saw the pain, the same pain I knew had dwelt in a heart long ago, a pain of my making, and I could not let it be.

"Go to him, child, go and sing on a real stage, the song of your love, and feed your two young hearts so long as God spares you to each other. Tell him the Master spoke truly when he said you could sing and has sent you."

Reverently she pressed her lips to the kind withered hand, and, rising, moved softly to the door. There she paused and looked back, but the Master was sitting with his head bent low. Quietly she stepped out and closed the door.

ART AND THE WORK OF ARCHIBALD BROWNE

BY E. F. B. JOHNSTON, K.C.

A WELL-KNOWN writer in an article which appeared lately in a magazine devoted to Art, makes the following observation:

"There is always a higher degree of interest in the work of an artist who looks at nature in an individual manner than in the productions, however skilful they may be, of a man who follows the traditions of a school and allows himself to be guided by set conventions rather than by his personal impressions. The individual observer, if he sees acutely and is sincerely anxious to record intelligently what he sees, adds something worth possessing to the sum-total of the art of the country in which he lives; and if his powers are equal to his intention, he may well become an influence in many other parts of the world. . . . It is his rightness of vision that gives authority and value to his art, for this capacity is the foundation of all fine achievement and the source of all poetic inspiration."

These remarks are well worthy the consideration of every artist. The mere recording of traditional impressions is of no value to the world, and requires no effort beyond mechanical skill. What becomes important is the individual rendering of the subject portrayed by the painter, without regard to how it may have been treated by others before, and without subjecting feeling and expression to the circumscribed conventionalities of a cult or school. The man who breaks away from traditions and makes for himself a path through the mysterious intricacies of nature, knowing what to avoid and what to assimilate, soon finds himself far away from the beaten track. He is on the right road to discover and express the magic which is to be

MR. ARCHIBALD BROWNE

Painting by Archibald Browne THE RAVINE

found only in the depths of an unexplored region. It may happen that his pilgrimage may be limited, owing to the fact that his vision cannot penetrate beyond a certain distance, but he has at least felt and expressed some of the wonders which are to be found only by leaving the public highway, worn commonplace by the feet of the thousands who have travelled over it from time immemorial. And as his vision enlarges and his sympathies become more sensitive to the workings of nature, so will the language of his art become more expressive, and the message he has to convey will be intensified by his nearness to those secrets which can never be wholly discovered or revealed. The highest order of genius has fallen short of the perfect revelation. The artist of mere traditions speaks only of externals, but the diligent searcher after truth will find some new thought, overlooked by others, and will thereby contribute to the world's stock of things beautiful, an original creation, which, in a limited way, is to be prized as highly as are the revelations made by the great masters. Gold and precious stones are not to be picked up on the streets and highways. Men must dig and delve and grope, often in the dark, for them. And so it is with the truths of art. The painter possessed of marvellous facility may produce without much thought or effort pictures that to the ordinary eye prove very pleasing, but to him who looks deeper than the surface, they are only the handwriting of commerce. Lacking in character and devoid of thought, such works merely repeat the headlines of the orthodox copy-book written at the proper angle, with the necessary letters dotted and crossed. We look in vain for the idea which ought to underlie the outward expression, and find

Painting by Archibald Browne THE RED MOON

neither thought nor sentiment in the work of those who do not understand that all real art must be more or less subjective. Do painters as a rule reach that plane where form, composition, and even color, do not constitute art in any sense of the word? One in a thousand may, but the artists are few indeed, who, looking beyond the purely objective, find a language which tells of things hidden to the ordinary eye, and which to most people is an unknown tongue. The Beyond in art is within sight of but few of even the great masters. Of modern men, Millet saw it and was in close touch with the mysteries of the hidden fire. Turner felt the warmth of the unseen flame, and Corot lodged close to the heart of nature. Israels sees and feels the outer lines of the magic circles of human sympathy, and records in many of his works the tragedies of life as Shakespeare did by another method. Constable felt the dramatic force of nature in its irresistible power as well as in its pastoral mood, and Mauve, in his simple melodies, struck a note in harmony with nature's softest music. But tens of thousands who preceded men like these, and thousands who are to-day following in the footsteps of the great magicians, content themselves too often with songs without music and tinkling sounds without pathos or meaning. They do not strive for more than the outward likeness, and the inner thoughts are a sealed book. Tennyson finely expresses the idea I am endeavoring to convey:

"As when a painter, poring on a face,
Divinely thro' all hindrance finds the man
Behind it, and so paints him that his face,
The shape and color of a mind and life,
Lives for his children, ever at its best
And fullest."—

And so in landscape as in portraiture, must the painter look behind and beneath the horizon of mere con-

Painting by Archibald Browne THE DAY'S AWAKENING

ventional beauty and "divinely thro' all hindrance" search out the secret of how and why the mysteries of nature exist, and how he can best express his individual thoughts regarding them so as to impress others with their magic.

Taking these principles as the true criterion whereby an artist should be judged, it would be unfair to say that the painter who falls below this standard is not an artist. But the worker who is content to plough his furrow on the surface, and has no thought of the gems lying deep in the bosom of nature, is only a day laborer in the vineyard. For him there is no rich harvest of great truths hitherto unknown, no inspiring taste of the champagne of art, and he goes on, day by day, pretending to enjoy himself with the beer and skittles of a monotonous life, and satisfied with an art even more commonplace.

Striving to free themselves from the "leaden chains that bind men down to earth," there are a few patient, thoughtful men amongst us who are making an effort to reach beyond the mechanical art of transferring color from palette to canvas. Each in his own way is endeavoring to tell us something which has been revealed to him in the research he is earnestly making, and, even if he falls short of his goal, he will have succeeded in unlocking some secret drawer which contains truths unknown to us and which will live after the hand that produced them has ceased its work. Amongst those is the subject of this article—Archibald Browne.

Not content with things on the surface, he is delving after truths in his art with a conscientious and earnest desire to accomplish more than a mere recorder of external impressions. He is becoming an expon-

ent of ideas and not words. I remember some of his earlier efforts. They were faithful transcripts of what he saw before him, but they gave but little evidence that he felt what he saw. For some years he struggled on under very adverse circumstances, but the spirit of art was strong in his mind and the real object of art began by degrees to dawn upon him. He found that the picture of a meadow with water or a hillside with trees was not art at all. The majesty of nature, the sunlight and shadow playing with each other through the woodland, and the spirit of light and air, were lacking in his landscapes, and he apparently commenced to feel that, whilst he got color and arrangement, he missed the one thing needful—the spirit of his subject. Reversing his method, he began to look at nature and paint pictures from a subjective point of view. What was in and around and behind all these meadows and trees and hillsides? This was the problem he set himself to solve, and in the attempt to work out the solution he has made great progress. There is yet much for him to learn, and no one appreciates the fact more than does Mr. Browne himself, and although he is bound to advance very far in the true direction, he knows, and every true artist knows, that the distance from the end of all efforts, instead of decreasing, appears to grow with the progress he makes.

Painting by Archibald Browne

BEWITCHMENT

Mr. Browne is one of the few Canadian artists who strive for feeling along the path of poetic expression. Mr. Atkinson, sympathizing with the grey and gloom of rainy days and low masses of clouds, finds pleasure in the sadder strains of nature's melody. He, too, feels the poetic side of nature's moods. The moonlight, broken by dark cloud shadows, appeals to his mind. The sheep straggling at dusk into the fold, and the old mill with its wheel making songs in a minor key, afford him subjects on which his sympathetic brush loves to dwell. But Mr. Browne avoids these motifs, and he is happiest when he is painting the silvery mist or the shimmer of the sunlight through the light green of the hazy willow. He feels that nature sings to him in a tender voice, and his sympathies are awakened by the lighter breezes and the quieter dreams of the mother of all Art, rather than by the dramatic effects of gloom or grandeur. A few years ago, he painted with much realism. Form and detail were to him the main element of his picture. There

Painting by Archibald Browne NIGHTFALL

was no envelopment. Atmosphere played an insignificant part in his work. He had not reached that condition of mental art which now teaches him that a picture without the spirit of its subject is like a piece of skilful mechanism producing certain results, but always the same in endless monotony. What was wrong with his landscapes? There were the details as he noted them, faithfully reproduced. The color appeared to be that which his eye saw. The trees stood as nature had planted and clothed them, but something was missing. He set his mind to the task of discovering the lacking elements. He found that he was painting objects only externally. There must be some mood to be expressed, some sympathy which would affect the vision in looking at his picture, in the same way as it did in viewing the subject from which he copied. Then he sought to give expression to the mood and not the object, and he soon learned that truth and beauty can be reached only by the subjective operation of nature on the mental vision, and through that to the canvas. His mind, as well as the eye and the hand, became employed, and to-day he is painting not what he sees but what he feels. He has found atmosphere and the value of tone, and undeniably, he is finding his way to that knowledge and feeling which make towards the production of a picture that alone is worth painting. Progressive, thoughtful, and industrious, there is no reason why he should not go on until his work stands on a high plane and firm foundation, worthy to survive him and to be added to the gallery of lasting Canadian art.

Painting by Archibald Browne

THE FAIRY POOL

In composition, Mr. Browne is very successful and his color is delightful. The tone of his later pictures is of high quality. Tone is a term often misunderstood and as often misapplied. It pervades all nature. There is no want of harmony in the natural world. It is only when man steps in with mastering power in the interest of civilized progress, that the face of nature loses tone and becomes artificial. It is the province and duty of the painter to recall and reproduce the natural condition in his pictures, to see that nature comes back to us in her various moods, to portray the sentiment, the greatness, and the tonality of nature itself, and to do this, he must have thought, sympathy, and an earnest and capable mind in the work before him. All parts of an undisturbed forest, mountain, river or sea are in harmony with each other and with the whole. Any jarring element throws the scene into confusion and destroys the unity. And so it is with a picture: want of tone destroys its unity, and the feeling of those who know little or nothing of art is that there is something wrong, something wanting in the work before them. To the intelligent observer, it is the absence of tone, an element which goes to the root of all painting. In regard to this quality, Mr. Browne is struggling for its appreciation, and endeavoring to give to his pictures that subtle expression and effect which tone alone can supply.

Words of a personal character are not necessary in dealing with an artist and his work. The painter, not the man, is the important matter, but it may be of interest to learn that Mr. Browne developed very early in life a taste for art. Born in Liverpool, of Scotch parents, and educated in Scotland, he lived his boyhood years at Blantyre. Here his mind was impressed with the great natural beauties of the valley of the Clyde at this point, and his pictures indicate a tendency to revert to the type of landscape which is constantly met with in that part of Scotland. To turn aside his inclination for painting, he was, much against his own wishes, apprenticed as a clerk to the City of Glasgow Bank for five years, and he served half of this period before the noted failure of that institution happened, and then he continued for some time thereafter in another bank in that locality. Twenty years ago he gave up his position and came to Canada, and after a few years in commercial work, he severed his connection with business and took up his brush, determined to work for art alone. Encountering many difficulties and without the advantage of the training of the schools (which lack is often, in the opinion of many, a fortunate thing for an artist), he fought his way more or less unaided, and it must be a great satisfaction to him to feel that he has accomplished much and that the future has been opened to him by the "strength of his own right arm."

ON AN OLD BOOK REBOUND

By E. E. K. LOWNDES

An old, worn, shabby book, it was to thee;
No more:
But unto me,
'Twas written o'er and o'er
With childhood's lore;
Pictures and memories of that golden age
Gone evermore.

'Twas taken, of its old clothes dispossessed,
And in new livery dressed;
And unto thee,
It seems more fair to see;
But unto me,
It is the body with the spirit flown;
It is the canvas with the picture gone.

THE DECOY

BY JAMES MARTIN

I'LL tell you the whole story, Watson, and you can judge for yourself.

"Last Saturday I advertised for an errand boy, and from among the many applicants engaged one, and took the names and addresses of two more in case the first shouldn't prove suitable.

"The boy—Marks was his name—began his duties at noon on Monday. About three o'clock I had occasion to send him on an errand that should have taken him perhaps ten minutes. I never saw him again.

"The following morning, thinking that young Marks had tired of his position, although he had been with me only a few hours, I went to the address which had been given me by Spiers, the second boy. I saw his mother, who promised to send him to my studio the moment he should come in.

"A short time afterwards the boy turned up, and, being a bright, intelligent little fellow, I engaged him, and he went about his work with a will. At noon, he went to lunch, but, *never came back.*

"To make my story short, I will simply add, that young Elliott did precisely the same thing. There's the whole affair—make what you can of it."

"Well, Merivale, I must say that the affair is most mystifying. Three boys, within a few days, leave your office, and are never seen nor heard of again."

"Yes, and I feel a sense of responsibility in the matter, in consequence of their having been in my employ at the time; and I can't throw off the feeling that I have, innocently, of course, sent them to whatever fate has befallen them."

"Nonsense, man; you are not to blame."

"I know that; still, the thing is there and, like a nightmare, can't be shaken off."

"Yet your experience hasn't daunted you, for I understand you are still on the lookout for a boy."

"No, sir! No more boys for me! You may be sure that I'll do my own errands—at least for a while."

"Then what is the meaning of this?"

Watson took a copy of the *Chronicle* from his pocket and pointed out the following item:

Wanted.—An errand-boy. Light work and good wages. Apply, Alfred G. Merivale, 10 Boone street, city.

"That is one of the advertisements inserted by me last week," said Merivale, handing back the paper, "and which has been the source of all the trouble. I wish to heaven I had had nothing to do with them!"

"But, my dear fellow, look at the date of the paper, the 14th—yesterday!"

"So it is—you are right, but I did not ask that it be put there; through error they must have repeated the advertisement."

"Then what have you to say to

this?" said Watson, producing a *Times*, which he handed to Merivale.

"The papers must have gone crazy!" exclaimed the latter when he had finished reading. "Two advertisements are almost identical, the only difference being that this last has omitted my name. I can't understand it."

"You have had nothing to do with the insertion of this one either?" questioned Watson, in surprise.

"Never went near them — didn't know there was such a paper as the *Times* in existence. The whole affair is uncanny."

"Most astonishing!" said Watson. "Who occupies the suite of rooms up-stairs?"

"A man named Brittot, a Frenchman, I think, who is some kind of an agent. He has been there only a couple of weeks."

"I see," said Watson, his jaw falling. "And a dealer in fancy goods is downstairs. It occurred to me that perhaps there was another photographer in the building, and if so, the thing could be explained; but your statement knocks out that theory."

"Curse the building!" cried Merivale, vehemently. "I wish to heaven I had never entered it!"

"Why, what's wrong with it?"

"I haven't had an hour's luck since I've come into it. When I started here as a photographer my hopes ran high, but, confound it, Watson, I haven't made more than fifty dollars in all that time."

"You can hardly blame the building for that. You must be patient and wait for custom, and not forget that you are only a beginner."

"I understand that, but what I have told you is only one of my troubles. The day I moved in my best camera was smashed by a box of books falling upon it; a week later the water pipes burst and destroyed a lot of my stuff; and a fire broke out, luckily while I was present, otherwise I should have been on the street."

"Hard lines I must admit."

"But the end of my misfortunes had not yet been reached. A few days ago, an infernal dog, belonging to the Frenchman upstairs, ran in and jumped through a finished portrait for which I was to receive twenty-five dollars"

"You took action against the dog's owner, I suppose?"

"No, but like a fool, made a simple complaint; allowed the matter to drop, and what do you think happened?"

"I have no idea."

"Next day the dog was found dead in the yard. Brittot accused me of having killed him, and swore he'd get even with me, if he had to wait a 'damn month,' as he put it."

"So you've made an enemy?"

"Yes, and that's about all I've made since I've been here. Now, on top of all my other misfortunes these disappearances have been piled. I can only hope that the end has been reached and that I shall be spared further trouble; but something tells me that the worst has yet to come."

"Not at all, man. The worry connected with this last affair has run you down a bit, but that will pass away. What is this you call the man upstairs?"

"Brittot—confound him!"

"Well, I think I shall go up and have an interview with Mr. Brittot," said Watson, rising.

"What on earth will you do that for?"

"He has charged you with having killed his precious dog. He has sworn to have revenge. Very good. I'll do a little quizzing."

"Watson, you don't mean to say that—"

"That what?"

"Oh, confound it — it's too foolish!"

"What's too foolish? Let us hear it."

"An idiotic notion has just struck me that you are crazy enough to connect Brittot with the disappearance of the boys."

"And suppose I have done so? My mind's my own."

"Yes, but — Watson, it's ridiculous."

"Never mind whether it is or not. I'm going to smoke a cigar with Mr. Brittot, and—quiz him."

As the door closed on Watson's retreating figure, Merivale went to his desk where he remained writing for some time. Throwing down his pen at length, he laid over the written page a sheet of blotting paper, and as he passed his hand over the latter he remarked:

"Yes, Watson's a clever fellow and a good friend, but he's away off in this matter."

He had just finished the address on the envelope when the door opened, admitting a visitor.

Merivale rose quickly and came forward.

"Well, Mr. Marks, have you received any tidings of your boy?"

"No, I have not," answered Mr. Marks, a sullen frown darkening his face.

"Take a seat, and let us talk it over," invited Merivale.

Marks looked straight into the photographer's face and remained standing.

"Listen to me, Mr. Merivale," he said. "I haven't come here this time as a friend—I'll be plain about that. I didn't come in to sit down and talk friendly like, as I have done several times since my poor Tommy was lost. I want you to answer a question or two, and look here, I want no more lies!"

His voice had gradually risen, and the last word came in a shout. Merivale looked surprised rather than offended.

"No more lies, Mr. Marks? I confess that I don't understand you."

"Then I'll make myself plain. My poor boy answered your advertisement and came here to work for you, trusting you as he would any business man in a like way. He comes here, as I have said, and from that day to this, I have neither seen nor heard from him."

"I know that, Mr. Marks, and although I'm a poor man, I'd give a good deal if I could find and restore him to you."

"You would, eh? Then, see here, my fine fellow; you must let me know where Tommy is, or, as sure as there's a sky above, you'll rue the day you laid hands on a son of mine!"

"Good heaven, man, what do you mean?"

"Just what I say, and I say it plain enough. I see through your game, although you think a poor workingman couldn't do such a thing with a clever fellow like you. But I do, I tell you!"

The man was thoroughly worked up and looked with fierce eyes at the photographer. The latter's face had grown pale as Marks' words were flung into his ears. But his voice was calm as he said:

"My dear man, do you mean to hint that I was the cause of your son's disappearance?"

"I don't hint, but say it straight out!" the man replied, in a loud, rough voice.

"Well, all I can say is that your grief and anxiety must have unsettled your reason."

"I'm as clear in my head as you are, and you're likely to find it out before you're many days older. Mine is not the only boy that has disappeared after being in this cursed place a few hours." He took a step forward. "Where is young Elliott, and Spiers?"

As he put this question he looked into Merivale's eyes as though he would read his soul.

"Unfortunately, I cannot say," replied the young man. "They came

here to work, but, having gone to lunch, never came back. You have already been told this; as to what has become of them I know absolutely nothing."

"You lie!" shouted the angry man, as he flung a newspaper on a table close by. "You lie, and the truth'll come out as sure as you stand before me. Read what that newspaper says, and you'll see that your game is up."

He strode to the door, then turned.

"The next time you see me, you'll look down from a prisoner's dock!"

The last words were accompanied by a shake of his fist, and the door slammed behind him. As he flung himself out, Merivale took a few quick steps forward, but checked himself; picking up the newspaper he looked it over with eager eyes, and found the following:

"The strange disappearance of the boys, Marks, Elliott and Spiers, may be explained, and the mystery surrounding the affair solved in a day or two. The police have a clue which, it is expected, will lead to sensational developments."

* * *

II

When Watson left Merivale's studio, he walked upstairs, and to the left saw a door with a pasteboard sign tacked to it, on which was printed:

EUGENE BRITTOT,
Agent.

He opened the door, walked in, and found himself in a rather bare apartment — a cloth-covered table and three chairs being the only furniture. A black-whiskered man, of middle age, wearing glasses, was seated at the table reading a newspaper. He rose and greeted Watson in a cultured voice which had a faintly foreign accent.

"Good afternoon," he said, with a wave of his hand towards one of the three chairs. "You are one of the gentlemen from the court, I presume?"

"No, you're wrong there," said Watson, taking a seat. "I've come to see you about the renting of a few houses, and your name was given me by a friend. Here's my card."

"Ah! a thousand pardons, Meester Watson! I did expect a gentleman at five o'clock"—looking at his watch—"but it is only half-past four. I know him not personally and thought you were the one. Now, sir, I am at your service."

"You smoke, Mr. Brittot?" said Watson, offering his case.

"Ah, yes—thank you."

"Now to get down to business. To begin with, I have been referred to you by one of your neighbors—Mr. Merivale."

A quick change came over the bland, smiling face of the Frenchman. A heavy frown drew his brows together, but was gone in an instant.

"Ah, yes—the artist downstairs."

"Just so. Well then, I have a chateau or two in the country for which I would like to find good tenants, or, if you can come across a buyer at a good figure I would sell outright."

Mr. Brittot expressed his willingness to do his best to meet the wishes of his client, and the next ten minutes were taken up with business matters.

"By the by," said Watson, finally, "your friend downstairs is coming out with me in a day or two for the purpose of photographing the property, and you may as well come with us and have a look over it."

The frown came back to Mr. Brittot's face, and he moved uneasily in his chair.

"I would prefer to go alone with you, Meester Watson, if it would make no difference to you."

"Why can't the three of us go together?"

"Well, sir, I will be frank with

you. I do not like Meester Merivale, and he has reason to know it. I cannot understand why he referred you to me, but I would prefer to have nothing to do with him."

"Well, really, I don't know much about him, but in business matters I've always found him to be all right."

Again the frown returned, and an angry light came into Brittot's eyes.

"He is cruel!" he said, with emphasis on the last word.

"Cruel? Why, he has always appeared to me to be quite gentle and kind."

"He hides it well," said Brittot. "He hides it so well that no one would suspect it. But I should not talk so—I would not, yet when I remember—well, I lose my temper."

"He must have earned your dislike by some act of his that touched you very deeply, Mr. Brittot?"

"Well, I will tell you. My little daughter had a beautiful dog that she loved very much. He used to accompany me to my office sometimes, and one day he went into Mr. Merivale's place and—my little girl never saw him again. Her grief and her tears made me feel very hard towards the cruel man and — I hate him!"

"Did Merivale kill the dog?"

"Yes, but denied having done so. He complained, and said that a picture had been destroyed, but kill the dog! Oh, no; he wouldn't do that! He couldn't hurt a fly!—Bah! He is a hypocrite — a cruel hypocrite. Have you seen to-day's paper, Meester Watson?"

"No, not yet."

"Have you heard of the disappearance of the three boys who had been engaged by Meester Merivale?"

"Yes, it's the talk of the town."

Brittot handed the *Chronicle* to Watson, and pointed out the article which told the story of the Philadelphia boy.

"Well, what has this to do with Merivale?" said Watson, laying down the paper.

"It has everything to do with him, Meester Watson. He is under suspicion—a very great suspicion."

"Merivale suspected of having kidnapped the boys! Nonsense, man—it's ridiculous. I'm a journalist and hear many strange stories, but this won't go down. No, sir."

"Ah, you are a journalist? Then you can follow my argument: The boys answered Merivale's advertisement, did they not?"

"Yes."

"And were engaged to work for him—young Marks first of all. The same day he disappeared, did he not?"

"Very true."

"The others were engaged by him, and they also disappeared, did they not?"

"That's a fact."

"Well, so far, Meester Watson, is not this case and those reported in the *Chronicle* very much alike?"

"I admit that."

"Then look at this," and he took from his table a *Times,* dated the 14th, and laid his finger on the advertisement which called for a boy to apply to No. 10 Boone street.

Brittot watched Watson's face very closely as the latter read the item.

"Am I not right?" he said, as Watson lowered the paper.

"I can't see it yet."

"Why, my dear sir, he was endeavoring to find more victims! The fool—he went too far there!"

Watson remembered that Merivale had denied having inserted this advertisement, but did not mention the fact to Brittot, although it had nearly slipped him.

"Look, Meester Watson," continued the Frenchman, "this man does very little business. He is poor—anyone can see that. Well, a poor, unsuccessful man will sometimes do strange things to obtain money. He

is offered, we will say, a big price for each boy or man whom he may be able to cajole or force into the service of some rascal, who becomes rich on the toil of his victims. Do you follow me?"

"Yes, but although I don't know much about Merivale, I don't believe he would engage in any such business. Why, he is fretting over the affair as though it touched him very deeply."

"Ah, he is a good actor. You should have seen him when I charged him with having killed my little girl's dog. He said to me: 'Not for a hundred dollars would I kill the poor animal; he ruined my picture, but I did not even strike him,' and he looked so sad that anyone would believe he was telling the truth. But I know he killed him. Yes, he is cruel and—a hypocrite."

Watson rose to go.

"Well, Brittot, I hope you are wrong, but, anyhow, it looks as if the mystery would soon see its end. I'll let you know when I shall be ready to go out and see the property, and, of course, I won't ask you to go with Merivale."

He went downstairs and entered the studio. The photographer had just finished reading the newspaper article and sat staring at the opposite wall as if in a waking dream. Watson glanced at the paper which had fallen on the floor.

"Have you been reading about the boys, Merivale?" he asked.

"Yes."

The single word was spoken in a hoarse, half-smothered voice.

"Why, what's the matter?"

Merivale looked up with a haggard face.

"Don't you know whom this paper points to? Have you read it?"

"Yes, but can't for the life of me tell who it hints at," said Watson.

"It indicates *me*!" shouted Merivale, jumping to his feet. "It wasn't enough that I should meet with trifling misfortunes since I came into this cursed building; it wasn't enough that I should go on from day to day earning a mere pittance, but now I'm charged with a crime of which I am innocent, and will be compelled to stand in a criminal's dock. Good God, Watson, I shall be ruined."

He stared at his friend in a helpless, despairing manner.

"Hush, not so loud!" said Watson, "that fellow upstairs will hear you!"

"I don't care whether he does or not—the whole city will soon know it."

"Listen, Merivale, — that fellow Brittot is no more an agent than I am. I'll swear it."

"How,—what is he then?" cried the photographer.

"If I don't make a big mistake the man is—a detective!"

Merivale dropped into his chair and buried his face in his arms on the desk.

* * *

III

"My dear Watson, it's as plain as day," said Mr. White, editor of the *Chronicle*, as the former sat opposite with a disconsolate look on his face.

"I can't believe it yet;" and Watson shook his head, "but if the trial should prove him guilty beyond a doubt, then I'll lose faith in my power of reading the hearts of my friends through their faces."

"My dear fellow, some men go through life wearing such a mask, that those who have known them for years never see the real face behind it."

"Well, if Merivale is guilty, I must at least give him credit for the magnificent impenetrability of *his* mask."

"How long have you known him?"

"A short time—only a few weeks. He was introduced to me by an ar-

tist named Badgely—one of the cleverest fellows I have ever met. I came across the latter in the Bohemian Club, and upon my word he astonished me. That fellow should have been an actor instead of an artist. I have seen him, in the twinkling of an eye, add ten years to his face, and change it so completely, that one could scarcely believe it to be the same man."

"*He* could wear a mask, too. eh?"

"Egad he didn't require one. He was an all-round clever fellow into the bargain, and as a mimic, he was simply superb. I haven't seen him for several weeks, but he was always a will-o'-the-wisp, roaming about from one place to another. And Merivale and he were such chums. Look here, White: I've seen Merivale lend him ten dollars, and I knew, for a positive fact, that the lender himself needed that very money to pay for some stuff he required in his business. No, by George, I can't bring myself to believe that Merivale is guilty."

"You are too good-natured, Watson."

"No, it's not that, but I have eyes and can see, and I'll swear it's a confoundedly queer chain of circumstances alone which has roped in the poor fellow. However, time will tell whether I am right or wrong."

"I must say that he feels his position very keenly."

"Oh, yes—I've been out of town, and haven't seen him since his arrest. How did he come through the preliminary trial?"

"Broke down completely. A constable was in the box giving evidence concerning a dog which Merivale is alleged to have killed in a barbarous manner, when suddenly the prisoner broke into hysterical laughter. It created quite a scene, I assure you."

"The constable was speaking about a dog, you say? And did its owner give his evidence?"

"He was out of town at the time, and the trial was adjourned until this morning, when the man—Brittot I think is his name—will appear against Merivale."

"Yes, I have met the fellow, and didn't like him. The court-room was crowded, I suppose?"

"To the doors; and do you know what struck me most as I stood looking around upon the sea of faces?"

"The morbid taste of the crowd, perhaps?"

"No, it was the fact that three-fourths of the audience was composed of women. Isn't it a curious thing that a young and handsome male prisoner—a murderer, perhaps—can draw a crowd of timid, tender women, and — excite their sympathy?"

"It is strange, and can be accounted——"

A knock, followed by the abrupt entrance of a reporter, cut off the rest of Watson's sentence.

"I beg your pardon, Mr. White," said the man, excitement beaming from his face, "but my news must excuse my intrusion."

"What is it, Burns? You are excited!"

"And with reason, Mr. White. Merivale is innocent and has been acquitted!"

Watson sprang to his feet.

"What did I tell you, White!" he exclaimed.

"Innocent and acquitted!" said the editor, ignoring Watson's jubilant outburst. "And who is guilty? Has he been caught?"

"No, but the police are on his track," replied the reporter. "It's a man who had rooms over Merivale's studio—a Frenchman named Brittot."

"Great Scott! I thought that fellow was a detective."

"The strangest part of the affair hasn't been told yet," continued the reporter, excitedly.

"What is it—speak out!" directed Mr. White.

"The three boys have turned up and are now at home, safe and sound!"

"And Brittot—what of him?"

"Well, his rooms over Merivale's studio were searched, and, on the table, was found a note addressed to the police authorities."

"Addressed to the police authorities!" echoed Watson.

"Yes, and the gist of which went like this: He, Eugene Brittot, had kidnapped the boys with the intention of placing them on board a vessel bound for a South American port. They were to work on a coffee plantation in the interior of the country, with many others who had been taken in a similar manner, and were to be kept in a state of practical slavery by the owners, whose agent Brittot was. For some reason which he didn't divulge, he had decided to release the boys. He wound up by stating that 'that fool Merivale' had nothing to do with the affair."

When the reporter's story had come to an end, Watson reached for his hat.

"Where are you going?" asked the editor.

"To see poor Merivale, and congratulate him," said Watson.

"Then I'll go with you, and you must introduce me."

Two weeks later, Merivale sat at his desk, writing.

When his letter was finished, he placed over it a sheet of blotting paper, and, as he drew his hand across it several times, he said:

"Yes, poor Watson is a clever fellow and a good friend, but he was away off in this affair." Then he read over the letter, which ran:

"My dear Badgely,

"The scheme has worked to perfection—I am simply inundated with work. I now use my old flat as an office and show room, and your flat —Brittot's flat, ha, ha, ha!—as the studio. Men, women and girls crowd into the place every hour in the day, and I have hardly a minute to myself. Very different tale two or three weeks ago, eh, Badgely, old boy? Do you know, my conscience stung me about twice: first, when poor old Marks broke down and cried; and again, when that good fellow Watson told me that he thought you were a detective. I was entirely overcome —with laughter, and had to smother it in my arms on the desk. My dear fellow, you are a brick to think up such a scheme for the purpose of advertising me and my business, and which has won for me the sympathy of every blessed man, woman and child in the city. Come to town any time you like and claim your reward —a partnership; and, let me tell you, it'll be worth having.

"Come right away, old man.

"Yours most sincerely,

"A. G. MERIVALE."

A NEW DEPARTURE IN DOMESTIC ECONOMY

BY GEORGE GREENWOOD

THE establishment of such institutions as the Women's Domestic Guild of Canada has done much towards the removal of many of the difficulties hitherto encountered in this country in procuring reliable domestic help. The Guild was established at Montreal about three years ago, and since that time financial assistance has been extended to hundreds of girls and young women in England, Ireland and Scotland, who have come out to Canada and been placed in Canadian homes. While to-day it is a matter of common knowledge that Canada as a field of golden opportunities for those who have the courage and enterprise to grasp them bulks large in the eyes of England, this fact, now so patent to all, was a short time ago just beginning to impress itself upon the British mind.

Hitherto interest in Canada over there has been sluggish and fitful, with no decided trend, but suddenly England, as it were, discovered Canada to be a land of promise. Information about us was eagerly sought for, English magazines and periodicals had articles on Canada, the daily press devoted large space to our affairs, and many letters from the public seeking exact information as to conditions here, showed how real an interest we had at last awakened.

It was at this psychological moment that Mrs. E. F. Francis, in answer to a question asked in the columns of Weldon's Magazine, an English publication, wrote a letter giving a few facts with regard to the many openings at good wages existing in Canada for competent domestic help, and offered to give further information upon the subject to such as should ask for it. The response to this letter was remarkable. The answers were from persons in many walks of life, all showing the keenest interest in this country; but by far the greater number of replies came from the better class of domestics. Here then, on the one hand, was proof positive that in Great Britain there were many competent domestics of the best class anxiously looking for a share in our larger opportunities, while, on the other hand, the crying need of our Dominion was an adequate supply of just such home helpers. It was in the endeavor to find a means to fill this need, to aid those anxious workers to help themselves, that the Women's Domestic Guild came into existence.

The Guild home comprises comfortable quarters at 71 Drummond St., Montreal, in the centre of the retail

A Refined Type of Girl
From the Women's Domestic Guild

A Capable Scotch Lassie
From the Women's Domestic Guild

shopping district, and is easily accessible to its patrons. There, upon their arrival, Guild domestics are received from the old country, and there they obtain board and lodging free of charge for a period of twenty-four hours after their arrival; and afterwards a charge of sixty cents a day is made.

In order to enjoy the privileges of the Guild, both employers and employees must belong to it, the Guild being made up of these two classes, employers on the one hand, and employees on the other. All Guild parties brought to Canada come by the Dominion Royal Mail Steamships, special arrangements, looking to their care and comfort, having been effected by Mrs .Francis. From the time of its sailing until the vessel's arrival, a matron, specially selected for that purpose, is in charge of the party, and upon its landing the party is met by a trusted member of the Guild staff in whose charge it remains until the Guild home is reached. Once arrived there, the work of distribution at once begins.

Some idea of the extent of the Guild's work may be gathered from the fact that during last year it furnished some three thousand free meals and fifteen hundred free lodgings. That it has not furnished more than this number is due to the fact that those seeking employment are so rapidly placed in situations that only a relatively small proportion of them remain in the Guild for more than a few hours.

The Women's Domestic Guild is thoroughly equipped for the work it is doing. At the headquarters in Montreal a special "Guild" room is reserved exclusively for the use of Guild members of the domestic class. It is provided with a piano, a convenient table with writing materials, and there are books and papers for the members, while comfortable chairs and a "cosy corner" complete the equipment. Other conveniences and comforts of various kinds are at the disposal of those who have come, perhaps as complete strangers, to Canada, and the result is that a good impression of the country is given at the outset. That means a good deal to the young women, who otherwise would feel very alien and ill at ease. There is also a special reception-room for those who are seeking help. It is no ordinary room. Characteristic paintings by Vogt adorn its walls, while Maurice Cullen, a talented Can-

A Pretty Devonshire Type
From the Women's Domestic Guild

adian artist, finds representation in a wide range of subjects. Cut flowers are very much in evidence, and on the mantel are Japanese vases and several examples of rare bric-a-brac.

Since the Guild was started, less than three years ago, it has found situations for over fifteen hundred girls, many of whom are still in the situations first found for them. This is largely due to the effort made in the first place to bring out only those who are likely to prove desirable.

The Guild has fifteen or more agents in Great Britain and Ireland, who receive the applications of girls desiring to come to Canada. After careful investigation of the references of these applicants at their source of origin and verification of same, the references, which are usually accompanied with the photograph of applicant, are then sent to Montreal in advance of each party, and are on fyle at the Guild office where they may be consulted by patrons.

It is a well-known, although lamentable fact that the great majority of girls in Great Britain who would gladly come to Canada for service are unable to do so because they do not possess the means, and it is to such as these that the Guild is of great assistance. The Guild stands between the would-be servant in the old country and the would-be employer in this country, and acts as

A Trusty Scotch Maid
From the Women's Domestic Guild

a guarantee of good faith on the part of both. Some of the girls are able to pay their own passage out, but most of them have to depend on the money that is advanced for the purpose by those on this side who are eager to obtain help that can be depended on. The Guild protects the employer, undertaking to supply a satisfactory girl; and, on the other hand, it likewise protects the girl, promising to her a satisfactory situation. The girl pays for her passage in subsequent work, and the Guild is maintained by a small fee which is paid in by both the employer and employee. Of course, it is not possible to find a "jewel" in every instance, and chances have to be taken on both sides. But experience goes to show that the average Guild girls are away ahead of the average domestics obtained in the usual way. They are more willing, are not so dictatorial; they know their place and keep it, and do not feel or try to live above it.

The Guild is not a charitable institution, but it performs an important economic function, and has solved the domestic problem in many Canadian homes.

THE BACK DOOR TO THE NORTHWESTERN WHEAT FIELDS

BY RODEN KINGSMILL

HUDSON BAY juts down into the midst of the continent almost to the borders of the vast plain that constitutes the greatest wheat-producing area on the face of this earth. The wheat belt is under two flags, but American and Canadian grain growers seek the same market. If Canadian wheat goes through the United States on its way to Europe, why should not American wheat travel through Canada to the same destination? asks the Canadian Westerner. He holds that in considering the question of trade routes, it is absurd to take into account such artificial barriers as the international boundary across the prairies. National pride and prejudice, he says, may sometimes be allowed to interfere with the natural course of events, but he holds that this does not apply to trade routes. The appeal to a man's pocket is too direct. If the shortest and cheapest way from the great international grain belt to the European markets is by way of Hudson Bay, the bulk of northwestern grain, both American and Canadian, for export, must gravitate to it. Why? Look at this table:

	Miles.
Churchill to Liverpool, via Hudson Bay	2,960
Montreal to Liverpool, via St. Lawrence	3,000
New York to Liverpool, via " "	3,040
Winnipeg to Liverpool, via Hudson Bay	3,626
Winnipeg to Liverpool, via Montreal	4,228
Duluth to Liverpool, via Hudson Bay	3,728
Duluth to Liverpool, via New York	4,201
St. Paul to Liverpool, via Hudson Bay	4,096
St. Paul to Liverpool, via New York	4,240

Trade seeks the shortest and cheapest routes, says the Canadian West-

RUINS OF FORT PRINCE OF WALES, FORT CHURCHILL HARBOR

ICEBERGS IN HUDSON STRAIT

erner. Trade by ship through the Hudson Straits and over a 480-mile railway line to connect Fort Churchill, on the western side of Hudson Bay, with the existing railway systems, he asserts, will be cheaper and speedier. Those who hold that there is danger in the navigation of Hudson Straits are not popular with the Westerner; but there are such and they have not failed in getting an audience. Twenty-five years ago Sir John Macdonald, the Prime Minister of Canada, commissioned an expedition to explore the Bay and Straits. The report of that commission was pigeonholed. The story runs at Ottawa that the report was quite favorable to the establishment of a Canadian-British line of steamers to ply through the Bay. At that time, though, the newly-organized Canadian Pacific Railway was floating its first blocks of stock at a discount. Behind the Canadian Pacific was the Canadian Government and neither government or railway company was particularly anxious to have the interest of the English investor diverted in the direction of any possible competitor. To-day the Canadian Pacific Railway, strong and successful, is only one of three Canadian transcontinental lines. Yet Hudson Bay navigation is one of the most insistent demands of the West. Minnesota and the Dakotas want it, while Western Canada alone will grow this year 100,000,000 bushels of wheat Last autumn, through the blockade in the Great Lake ports, the two Canadian transcontinental lines found it impossible to handle an 85,000,000-bushel crop. What is the likelihood of even the three railway systems which gridiron the Canadian West being able to cope with a crop of 300,000,000 bushels? And a crop of this volume will come in ten years. There is a well-defined limit to the capacity of rail transport. Even though the billion-bushel prediction recently made by a member of the Canadian Government may be a trifle rosy, the fact is that grain production in the Canadian West is bound to increase enormously within the next few years, and will eventually demand transportation facilities beyond the limits of probable railroad development from the prairies to the seaboard. Railroads cannot profitably be built for the grain trade alone, and when the production of grain goes beyond a certain point, a cheaper means of transport becomes necessary. Perhaps it will be furnished by the Hudson Bay route.

Within the last twenty years the Canadian Government has sent out three expeditions to examine the con-

ESKIMOS IN UMICK, HUDSON STRAITS

ditions, and the verdict is that the straits are navigable for about four months in the year. The explorers say no difficulty is experienced from ice.

The bay is more than a thousand miles from north to south, by about half that distance from east to west. H. M. Macoun, of the Canadian Geological Survey, who made a careful examination of the bay, says that it is nowhere very deep, averaging something over 360 feet. No rocks or shoals exist in the parts through which ships would sail going from Churchill to Liverpool.

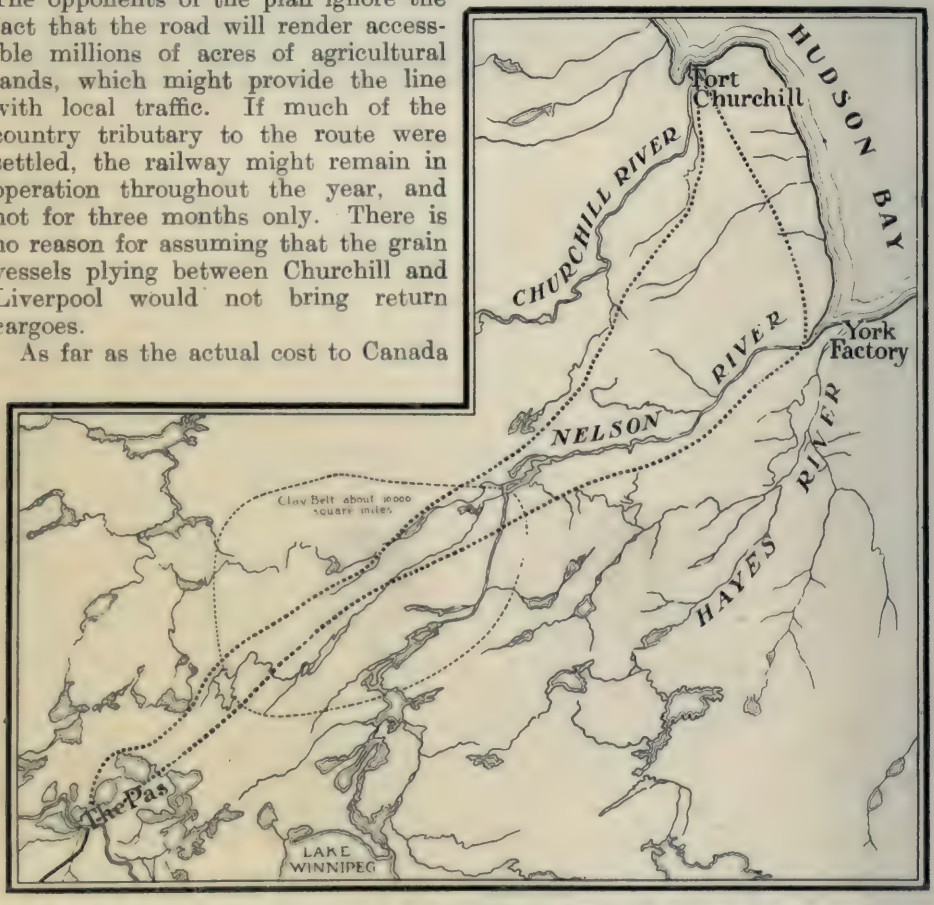
Churchill is the oldest settlement west of the Great Lakes. It was in 1688 that the newly-organized Hudson's Bay Company founded a post at this splendid harbor. On the west side of the port the company built Fort Prince of Wales, and it was no toy fortress. The length of each side of its ruins to-day is 312 feet, three of the sides being of granite. The walls are thirty-four feet thick and sixteen feet high. In 1782 the fort was captured and partly destroyed by the French admiral La Perouse. To-day, across the inlet from the fort at Churchill, live forty whites at the Hudson's Bay Company post.

The Canadian railway companies look with little favor on the Hudson Bay navigation plan. They question its feasibility. They point to the short season, the lack of return traffic and the dangers besetting vessels in the Hudson Straits. The railway, they say, would be used for a single purpose during a limited period of the year. It would practically depend for its income on the transportation of wheat and cattle during the short period of ice-free navigation. Not more than seven or eight weeks would be available after harvest for shipping out the crop. Such conditions would necessitate the imposition of excessive freight charges if the road is to earn operating expenses and interest. The opponents of the plan assert that fourteen cents a bushel would be the minimum rate which the system could charge on wheat. The present rail and Great Lakes route exports wheat to Liverpool for twelve cents. Other difficulties are raised. A large staff of employees would be required for only three or four months in the year. Whence would they be drawn at a season when the general demand for labor is heaviest all over America? What would be done with them when the road closed down for the winter? Lessening traffic on other railways and the cessation of many kinds of outdoor labor which occurs at that time of year would not improve the situa-

tion. What would be done with the road's rolling stock during eight or nine months of every year? Difficulties as regards the sea portion of the route are put forward. What would be the use of the vessels for the greater part of every year? Marine insurance charges would be heavy, and, as westbound traffic would be light, the wheat cargoes would have to bear the bulk of the cost of the return voyage.

These are the apparent obstacles. The opponents of the plan ignore the fact that the road will render accessible millions of acres of agricultural lands, which might provide the line with local traffic. If much of the country tributary to the route were settled, the railway might remain in operation throughout the year, and not for three months only. There is no reason for assuming that the grain vessels plying between Churchill and Liverpool would not bring return cargoes.

As far as the actual cost to Canada goes, the Government's idea is to pay for the construction of the railway by the sale of public lands. If there is to be no addition to the national debt the Eastern Canadian's conservatism in matters of finance will not impel him to oppose the demand of the Westerner. The Westerner can have just now anything but real money, says the Eastern Canadian. And he points out that up to date the Westerner has had a good deal of that article from the East.



MAP SHOWING TWO DIFFERENT ROUTES FROM THE PAS TO FORT CHURCHILL, RUNNING THROUGH THE CLAY BELT

THE
PROSE OF DARBY AND JOAN

BY NEIL ARMSTRONG

THEY had spent a very busy life, this Darby and Joan. They had been ambitious too, and might even be said to be so still, at least, Joan thought so of Darby. She had glanced often out of the window that afternoon, as she had on many others, at Darby working in the fields, and her face as she did so was one of mingled sympathy and righteous provocation.

" It is now when the last of the children have married or left, and we have just ourselves to see to, he might make it easier, but no, he must put more grain in this year than he's ever had afore," and Joan went on trudging about her work.

She said as much to Darby at supper; not that she hadn't said it many times before, but perhaps Joan hoped by the aid of importunity to still dissuade him from putting in much corn.

" If Thaddeus comes home it'll all come in handy," observed Darby, halving his egg, and putting one portion within his mouth.

" If Thaddeus was comin' he'd a likely come so as he could help with the spring's work. I don't look for Thaddeus to come home at all. He'll settle out there in the Northwest like everybody's boys, just as fur from home as he can git."

Joan had been despondent that day.

" How long hez it been since you wrote?" asked Darby.

" Two or three weeks."

" Well, mother," said Darby, cheerfully drinking his tea, " suppos'n you drive out to the village to-night; maybe there'll be a letter by now, I'll hitch up!"

" Well," agreed Joan, and went about her dish-washing with a brisker step.

There was a letter, and Joan, bringing it home in the early twilight, met Darby coming from the barn with his hands full of pails.

" Any mail?" inquired Darby, the asking of the question being the sole indication of his eagerness, as became the reserve of an old Ontario farmer.

" There's a letter," answered Joan, so Darby tied the horse, that they might read it the sooner, and sat stiffly down in the kitchen between his empty milk pails.

What an enduring composure is shown by these older people, long tempered by toil and trouble! With elaborate deliberation Joan's shears cut a neat edge on one side of the letter. Darby put his hands together in a patient way he had, and watched Joan draw the paper from its envelope.

" Just one loose-scratched sheet, as usual," exclaimed Joan with maternal disgust, and holding it up with the tips of her fingers.

The letter was a masterpiece of its kind—non-committal, and it read thus:

Lumsden, Sask., May 2nd, 1907.

Dear Folks,—

" Was rather pleased to get your letter. You will be having spring by now in good earnest and enjoying it in proportion. You are having spring earlier than we,

everything being late out here this year.

"No, I don't expect to come home this summer; think I shall stay out here for a time. Dad must take care and not put in too much crop. He is too old to work hard, and besides has no need—as he is well fixed.

"Came out here to Lumsden two weeks ago; have a job, and expect to stay by it for some time, so address me at this place until I write differently. It is a very quiet place here, not much going on socially; not much of a village, and the houses in the country of course rather far apart, as always among ranches. I believe this is all the news I have this time. Your affectionate son,

Thaddeus.

There was a very loud ticking of the clock, as Joan folded the slip into its envelope and pushed it to the corner farthest removed of the table.

"He don't say as he likes it, does he?" It was Darby who finally broke in upon the ticking of the clock.

"No," answered Joan, rather curtly, "he never hez said one way or the other in any of his letters. He couldn't be that gratifyin', nohow."

"He's never mentioned the wages he's been gittin' in any of 'em either, has he?" asked Darby again, reaching with the slow movement of limbs stiffening with age for his swill pail. Joan, observing this movement, replied with the sharpness of strong pent up feeling.

"Never, not he, nor much of anything else that we want him to mention."

Darby dangled the pail between his knees in a meditative way. At least he spoke in his low, thoughtful tone

"If we was only sure he wuz doin' well, I don' know as we'd ort to complain. We've got a good home and money in the bank. Time was when if we had had that an' each other we'd a thought we wuz purty well fixed, an' fur my part. I'm willin' to think so yit."

Joan appreciated the underthought of sentiment.

"Fur my part too," she agreed with a softness so entirely at variance with her former sharp tone, that Darby, feeling somehow an added bond of sympathy between them, went off to the barn a good deal comforted.

But Joan noted his stooping shoulders as he went out the door, and said within herself.

"He's worked hard, hez Darby, and oughtn't to be left alone to take care of hisself in his old age, and no little grandchildren around to amuse hisself with neither as he gets old. Our children seem possessed to all scatter off as far as they can possibly git themselves."

"I've done well by Darby, too," mused Joan, "if I do say it myself. He's always kind of taken my wits fur a standby. I dunno as there's ever been a tangle I hevn't undid fur him either, some how or another."

Joan fell from musing into hard thinking, her eyes staring into the oven where her feet were warming. What her thoughts were would have been hard to guess only that they seemed of a quite absorbing nature. Darby would probably have said they were likely to be energetic; Joan's thoughts through life had been apt to be of that nature.

Whatever the depth and strength of her affection for Darby, Joan's method for showing it was strictly quiet and practical; she spoke no more of Thaddeus or even the work, but laid her husband a breakfast the next morning which should have been refreshing to a king.

"I really don' know," said Darby at last, smoothing his waistcoat, "as I can eat any more, but I declare that fish is prime good."

"Then take another piece, an' enjoy it," quoth Joan in her kindest tones. So Darby did, and finally went off to work in a quite cheerful frame of face, at least.

Joan did the dishes in a twinkling. Increasing age and stoutness sometimes lagged her steps, but not this morning. Joan had more than the dishes on her mind. In less than an

hour she was down at her kitchen table with writing materials. First she drew out an envelope and wrote thereon Thaddeus' name and address. Then she wrote two or three sheets of news—all the things Thaddeus would be pleased to hear. The next came more slowly and with some thought. It ran like this:

"As you say, father should not try to do so much, now that there is no need, so I've been planning a kind of holiday for father and me next winter. You know we old folks have not much pleasure outside of our children and to see them doing well. But father has always wanted to go on a trip to the Northwest, and any more I think I should too, so I have made a plan which will kill two birds with one stone. You will have a winter's job in some town, and father and I will come out to keep house or rooms for you. It will be a pleasure for both and not very expensive neither. We can manage all right here. We could make a sale of the stock and put the money by to invest in again when we liked, and maybe if we liked it we could stay out west."

"Now," said Joan, as she sealed and stamped her letter, "we'll see if that'll bring him out of his shell. Maybe it will and maybe it won't.

It did work. Darby coming home from shoeing his horses at the village some two weeks later brought a letter.

"It's from Thaddeus," he said, throwing it on the table beside his wife. Joan was peeling potatoes, and it was late.

"You read it Darby, I'm in a hurry," she said. So Darby put on his "specs" and drew out three sheets.

"Why it's a long letter this time," said he. Joan smiled inwardly, as he read aloud

Dear Folks,—

Don't you be doing any such thing. A trip to the West in the summer time is all right, but don't ever you think of leaving a comfortable home in Ontario and coming out here to rough it at your age."

"Wot's the lad mean?" questioned bewildered Darby.

Joan explained, adding, "You know we wuz talkin' about not long ago."

"Wot's the woman a-drivin' at anyway?" thought Darby, but it was proof of his regard for his wife's ability that he read confidently forward without more questioning:

"Why you'd be frozen to death before spring and starved out. Now here at Lumsden, and it is spring too, all they have got to feed a fellow is rhubarb." ("And he hates that," murmured Joan in an undertone of pleasure.)

"As for myself I mean to work here the summer, but winter marks my exit from this place. I shall hibernate elsewhere to some milder climate, perhaps California, where I can hope to see out of a window pane once in a while and have something to look at other than the four walls of a room eight by ten square, for months at a time.

"No, you'd better stay in Ontario, you old people, and live comfortably in your old days."

"I wonder if it is as bad as that," said Darby, wiping his specs. "He don't want us to come out, that is it," remarked Joan, dropping the potatoes into the kettle.

When he had finished with the letter, Darby fell to reading the "daily," and Joan to getting the dinner and thinking.

"Darby," she said, as she finally poured out the tea at table, "If Thaddeus stays out there we mus' do something."

"Well, wot'll it be?"

"Well we can scarcely git hired help these days, an' we can't work like we've been a-doing. It means rent, don't it?"

"It means the place'll go to ruin then."

"Better than that, Darby too. We'll have enough to keep us, an' if the children don't care for the property, much good there is fur us to care too much."

They ate in silence for a time.

"I hate to give up all the things we've worked fur," said Darby dolefully. "The fruit's just gittin' all growed up, and the barn and house house fixed real comfortable."

Joan thought a while.

"Why not stay just where we are

and build a snug little house for a tenant. We could afford to give them a good show an' you keep the oversight of things."

"Hu-hu," answered Darby absently, and at the end of the meal went out to his work with the added stoop in his shoulders that made Joan's heart ache.

"He is discouraged, is Darby," she remarked to the plates and tea-cups.

"An' I can't say as I'm ready to encourage 'im, but this letter of Thaddeus' makes me more hopeful. I've got what I wuz tryin' to git—Thaddeus opinion of the West. Now if my plan fur gittin' 'im home only works as well. I'll write to-day."

The paragraph that followed the sheet of news in this letter took a very great deal of time indeed. Joan thought and thought again. Finally she said half aloud.

"Now, there's just two reasons why Thaddeus don't want to come home. He's either bent on more wanderin' and thinks he can really git rich quicker there if he sticks to it, an' if that's the reason I'm doubtful if I can move 'im just now, anyway."

"An' the other is, he ain't got rich in no time, as he expected, nor had so very good a time neither, bein' much too proud to come home till he does. Since he's his mother's son, I'm half inclined to believe it's the last. I've a notion I'd do the same, mos' sure I would at his age, anyway. In this case, wot I'm to do is to make his reasons fur coming home greater than his reasons for staying."

So Joan pondered again. At last she wrote her paragraph and it proved to be quite as extraordinary a one as the other had been. It read something like this:

"Father and me won't think of going West since you advise not. But I guess there'll have to be a change before long as father won't stop work as long as he sees it here to do. So maybe we'll get a tenant on. Perhaps we could get that little house of Fraser's for not much and build it into a better one next season. I've been thinking one of the girl's men might come. It will be a good enough chance for them, since John's only got a town job and Thomas is starting on a rented place, anyway. It would be having someone of the family around, and there's the dear little folks too. If we get Thomas, I'm sure he wouldn't rent for less than five years, anyway. I think I'd rather have Thomas, for, although John's a great deal more accommodating, Thomas will look after things sharper and keep up the place, especially if he has any idea he may ever own it. Then, even if he is a little hard in making a bargain, he's straight and honest keeping it, and that's where more easy-going folks sometimes get into trouble. I only wish you wuz coming home to save this bother. Perhaps if we decide on Thomas he might make shift to help father a little with the harvest this summer.

The Merton girls are to be at Styles' all holidays. They have got to be pretty fine-looking girls, besides well-educated too, they say. I see Jim Storey driving down there full tilt first thing last Sunday."

At tea-time Joan brought out her letter and gave it to Darby to read.

"Wot's all this rentin' to John or Thomas?" he very naturally asked in surprise.

"Well, I wuz just thinkin'," said Joan innocently, "an' wrote what I wuz thinkin'. Don' you like the idea?"

"Why I don' know as we could do better since Thaddeus's bent on stayin' out there, but I don't know about Thomas instead of John; mebbe you're right, though."

"Well it ain't like signin' papers at all, my writin' that to Thaddeus."

"O' course not," assented Darby "Seems to me I recollect Thaddeus never liked Thomas extra well."

"Oh, no," answered Joan carelessly enough but with a twinkle in her eye, "Thomas was always givin' good advice and makin' out as he could manage better on a place and make money faster an' all that."

But Darby had caught the twinkle.

"Wot you up to now, Joan?"

"Why I'm trying a little plan with Thaddeus that's all."

"Wot's Jim Storey and the Merton girls to do with it anyway?"

" Nothin' at all, only Jim always did rival it with Thaddeus, and them Merton girls—well they might be called the inducements I throw in."

" Inducements!" exclaimed Darby, holding his potato suspended half-way on its road to his mouth. " Joan, you aren't a match-makin', are you?"

" No, Darby, I ain't and never will, but to talk of some fine purty girls and one's rival to a fellow who don't see no great variety of girl kind in that big wanderin' West is inducements and ort to be."

" That's true, or would have been in our day, at any rate," remarked Darby.

One night in the first of June Joan, with a broad smile on her face, came down to the barnyard where Darby was feeding the pigs.

" Wot's up?" asked Darby, noting the smile.

" Can't tell you till the pigs stop squealin'," called Joan, in a kindly shout above the din.

Darby smiled and cracked one or two of the greediest pigs back to their places, thereby securing its portion to the " runt."

" There, now, you can talk up here," said Darby, so they went to a crude old seat under the beech that shaded the lane.

" Why it's a letter from Thaddeus. He's a-comin' home."

" W-e-ll!" said Darby in a long drawn out tone of pure satisfaction.

" How'd you do it? Was it that plan?"

" Mebbe, I don' know, but something seems to have changed his mind sudden like. Here's the letter," cried Joan, joyfully taking it from the envelope, and then read:

Dear Folks,—
Thought I had a through job here till after harvest, but find I haven't. Have a good notion to come home for a few weeks, anyway. Perhaps I will be in time for some of the summer work. Don't know where I shall go after that, but intend to visit you first. Can't say just how long before I'll be through here, but expect me near the first of July.
Your affectionate son,
Thaddeus.

" Well, he don' speak of stayin' at all, objected Darby, "nor he don't own up to wantin' to come back neither."

" Not he, nor don't expect him. He's a bit proud is Thaddeus. He is givin' more to doin' an' actin' than to ownin' up in words."

" I rec'lect that's been something your way," remarked Darby slyly.

" I don' see but what you've fared well enough, Darby," Joan replied, with a smile.

What pleasure this Darby and Joan felt that summer night sitting side by side in their older years, thoroughly happy and satisfied, watching their plump pigs go grunting from the trough, listening to the wind in the beech above, and thinking of Thaddeus' return!

CONTENTMENT

By J. EDGAR MIDDLETON

Green are the hills of Arcady,
Green and supremely fair.
Sweet is the wood-bird's mellow note,
Ah!—would that I were there!
But sighs are vain and wishes fond.
Why struggle to be free?
If I am well-content, the gods
Bring Arcady to me.

THE PATH UP THE HILL

By HELEN MERRILL

Ominous each little sound,
Gold leaf dropping to the ground;
Startled cry of timid bird
In the trembling woodland heard;
Black crows driven from the sky
By a sudden wind on high,
Skirmishers undone they trail
Back to shelter in the vale.

Now within the forest olden,
Falls the sunlight faint and golden,
Shining at the close of day
Through the tree-tops' lattice grey;
By me the brown Autumn stands,
Dead leaves in her dusky hands,
And the sunset fires throw
On her face their fading glow,
And the dying red light gleams
In her dark eyes dim with dreams.

* * *

Books for Girls

ONE of our friends in the Province of Quebec very courteously sends a letter which will interest many of those who read this department. The writer says:

"In one of the numbers of The Canadian Magazine of 1906, the question was asked in Woman's Sphere, 'Where is the Miss Alcott of this generation?' It seems to the writer that she has already been discovered in Miss Lyda Farrington Krause whose pseudonym is Barbara Yechton. Her books have always had a charm and fascination for me—and many others to my knowledge—and are like Miss Alcott's in that they are stories of home life told most naturally. They are written in a fluent, easy style and each time they are re-read they seem to hold a fresh interest and charm and, as each character appears it is like renewing the acquaintance of an old friend. The most charming of her stories are 'We Ten; or the Story of the Roses,' the sequel: 'A Lovable Crank, or More Leaves from the Roses,' and 'A Young Savage.' They appeared serially in The New York Churchman, and are published by Houghton, Mifflin and Company of Boston."

An accompanying sketch of Miss Krause tells us that she is a daughter of the late Thomas Murray Krause, of the Danish Island of St. Croix, where she was born. Her mother was of an old English family and was born in Devonshire. Since receiving the above letter I have heard several readers of Miss Krause's stories (or Barbara Yechton's) speak with friendly admiration of their fresh and natural attraction. It is to be hoped that they will soon find a Canadian publisher and become known to our girl

readers. I have not yet had an opportunity to become acquainted with these stories but hope to do so before Christmas, for it is a problem each year to find suitable gift books for girls—stories which are sweet and wholesome, which introduce no insufferable young prigs, but give us a lovable humanity with its faults and striving. If our Quebec correspondent has shown us a path to such flowers in the garden of fiction, then we are indebted indeed.

More than once, it may be, I have protested against such deplorable trash as the Elsie books, which vitiate the childish intellect, and yet which are crammed into nearly every Sunday-School library in Canada. How can one expect a girl to grow up with taste for the pure, fine things of literature if the childish imagination is spoiled by this silly drivel, in which children of tender age give spiritual advice to their elders, while the former are laden with silks and jewellery? The Elsie stuff and similar productions are in the worst of taste, and it is positively painful to see Canadian girls, who ought to have the best nourishment, given such dregs for their literary fare. It is not desirable that small persons should read Emerson or Carlyle; but there is surely, in this book-blessed country, a selection of literature which would interest and amuse the youthful reader, without descending to maudlin sentiment.

Not long ago, on a glorious summer afternoon, I came upon a happy trio of mother and two small daughters who were seated on the edge of a picturesque ravine reading Hiawatha. The children were wrapt in enjoyment of the building of the canoe, and will ever hereafter associate the yellow water-lily with the lightsome floating of Hiawatha's boat.

"I suppose," said Mrs. B——, with a twinkle in her eyes as she invited me to join them, "that some women would say I am a bad housekeeper because I shut up the house for the Saturday afternoon and take the girlies off to the woods. But we do have such good times."

I was asked to the supper of sandwiches and lemonade, and we had more Hiawatha, for the small persons demanded "the part about Mudjekeewis." It was a delightful adventure, with a chapter from "Puck of Pook's Hill" added thereto.

Little ears are wonderfully sensitive to magic rhythms, the childish imagination is one of the most thrilling pleasures in the world. Yet we give Canadian children the abominable colored caricatures of the Saturday papers as humor and art, the silly stories on the funny page as literature. Then we helplessly wonder why boys are rude to the old and helpless and girls become enamored of the matinee actor. The reason for much social distress may be found in the formation of childish tastes and habits. If Canadian children are given trash to read and vulgar pictures to look at, of course they will grow up with no enjoyment of the simple and noble pleasures of life, no appreciation of "the things that are more excellent." This small article on "Books For Girls" appears to be in danger of becoming a sermonette, but I have just thrown away half-a-dozen "comic" supplements which burdened the Saturday papers, and the fleeting glimpse of their atrocities is afflicting me still. Nothing in the world does more harm than a bad book; no friend can be more unfailing than one which opens the windows of life to the light from the East.

* * *

The Satin Gown

FOR many a year the satin gown has been in retirement, being considered almost vulgar, while lighter and duller fabrics have been favored by Dame Fashion. However, a change has come in the spirit of the ruler of that subtle thing called the "style" and satin has come back to counters and carriages. A red satin

gown, like a crimson plush sofa, has long been considered a hopelessly common-place and bourgeois manufacture, but even red satin may be used before the winter is over and we shall probably be exclaiming: " So dainty! There's really nothing like satin!" Such is the fickle world of fashion which would make haste to array itself in sackcloth if it were assured that such would be worn in Paris and considered the smart attire in London.

White satin seems a heavily elegant gown for the debutante, but such, we are informed, will be the raiment worn by many of the girls who attend their first ball next December. There is no doubt that the fashionable woman who takes up the satin fad with all earnestness will seriously lower her bank account, for satin is not a fabric which is " charming and so reasonable." Cheap satin is an unpardonable offence and will be flaunted in all its cottony horror only by those who are hopeless followers of fashion. Wherefore, if we are to indulge in satin, whether in the form of luxurious lining or outer array, we must think of the dreary word " economy " early in the season.

* * *

A Heroine of the Post-Bag

THERE have been all sorts and conditions of literary heroines during the last ten years, most of them either tiresome or disgusting. Few of the women who have enlivened or depressed the " best sellers " have been worth an hour's consideration or a week's remembrance. But in a new novel which gives a restful picture of Yorkshire village life there lives and breathes a young creature of such delightful mien that she will not be lightly forgotten. Pamela Searle is a kind of princess in plain linen gowns, the descendant of gentle folk, who acts as post-girl in the small community and carries the mail-bag in such distracting fashion that every man in the neighborhood suddenly thinks of some letters he must write. Pamela is no impossibly beautiful Christmas-card or dentifrice-advertisement young woman such as Mr. Robert Chambers gives us for heroine, putting such inane rubbish into the radiant being's mouth that his novels become a burden. Pam is of another order, possessing brains and sensibility as well as a subtle beauty which holds us, even on the printed page. It is curious that, while nearly every popular novelist gives his heroine a loveliness such as he would have shattered ancient Troy all to pieces, the reader of his productions finds it almost impossible to form any vivid fancies about the lady. Not so with Pamela Searle, the princess of the post-bag. Her attraction is of the mischievous, tender kind which haunts you in a bewildering fashion until you are fain to speak to the girl with the wistful, laughing lips and ask her if by any chance she has a letter for you. The least of Pamela's golden freckles is worth the artificial complexions of an army of obvious and irritating Chambers heroines. Perhaps the most lovable feature in Pam's character is a royal kindliness which longs to bestow a four-leafed shamrock on every unhappy creature. She is not one of those limply amiable persons of a feather-bed mentality—not a bit of it. Pamela is graciousness itself with a merriment which makes the post-girl's progress a kind of holiday procession. What the village will do without her, one cares not to imagine.

The book in which this refreshing young heroine dispenses smiles and correspondence is "The Cliff End" by E. C. Booth, whose second novel one will read with hope that here is, indeed, a novelist to whom art means more than the matinee girl's patronage. The Yorkshire dialect may be somewhat of a drawback to the colonial reader's enjoyment, but one soon becomes accustomed to the north country speech and then the view is

worth all the climbing through dialect burrs. There is a clerical character who ought to be in the collection of typical British parsons, so masterful is the delineation. There has not been such an English novel since "Joseph Vance," and we look hopefully for its successor.

* * *

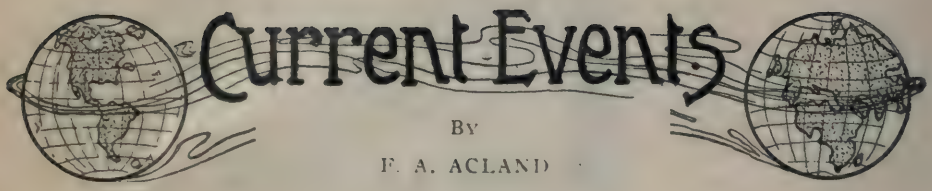
The "Never Worry" Maxims.

IT is curiously significant that this age abounds in advice not to worry. This condition shows that we must be a nervous, fussy lot of people, who need to have little cards hung around the walls with all manner of ornate wisdom engraved thereon, exhorting us not to fret, not to be in haste to acquire wealth and, above all, to wear a smiling countenance. There are circumstances however, in which such counsel is irritating even unto torment. There are moments when the little texts merely annoy.

THE QUEEN OF ROUMANIA ("CARMEN SYLVA") WITH A FAVORITE BLIND GIRL FROM ONE OF HER CHARITABLE INSTITUTIONS

There is certain trouble which must bring worry, so long as we are human beings, with mortal limitations of outlook. There are tragedies in the face of which the "don't worry" advice is on the verge of cruelty, when the truest sympathy is silence. One thing we may all do—keep our troubles from the curious world, which is usually bored by their recital. Worry over trifles belongs to a small nature, but worry over a crushing care is something that few of us may escape. Not many can realize the truth of Warren Hastings' favorite saying:—"'This, too, will pass away.'"

Jean Graham



By

F. A. ACLAND

ONE cannot be quite sure whether Mr. C. F. Hamilton's proposal that Canada should have a king was written for his own amusement or for that of the public, but some American journals, at least, have taken the idea seriously and believe there is really an agitation afoot for importing a member of the royal family or otherwise securing some fit and proper person to wear a crown once more on the American continent. It may not be out of place therefore to assure our neighbors that while the article proved genuinely entertaining, the cause it professed to espouse is by no means widely entertained, and if their sense of humor had been developed as fully as Americans proudly suppose it to have been, they would not have been imposed upon. It is, no doubt, true that the office of Governor-General is anomalous and to some extent incongruous with the democratic spirit of the continent and of the age; but it has the sanction of usage which is already becoming ancient and it is a pleasing, practical and picturesque emblem of our attachment to the mother land. To attempt to seriously modify the office or the mode of filling it would be to endanger the whole delicate fabric of inter-Imperial relations; to go further and undertake to make kinglets, as it were, of the younger sons or brothers of the reigning sovereign would be to burlesque the throne of England. The absurd finale of poor Dom Pedro is a sufficient warning, were any needed.

* * *

It is suggested somewhat more seriously that in the not distant future the population of Canada will be so large that the present arrangement will be derogatory to our dignity, and even that Canada must become by mere weight of population the actual centre of the Empire. This takes us into the region of prophecy and dreams. Fortunately it is not necessary that the present decade or, perhaps, even the present century, should provide against the contingencies of time. Twenty-five years ago the population of Canada was somewhat under five millions; to-day it is somewhat over seven millions. In the same period Great Britain, which has supplied us with most of that increase, and has at the same time fed with a steady stream of population the United States, Australia, New Zealand and South Africa, has nevertheless added also to her own numbers a population greater than that contained in the Dominion to-day. It will be long, at that rate, before the population of Canada overtakes that of the parent land.

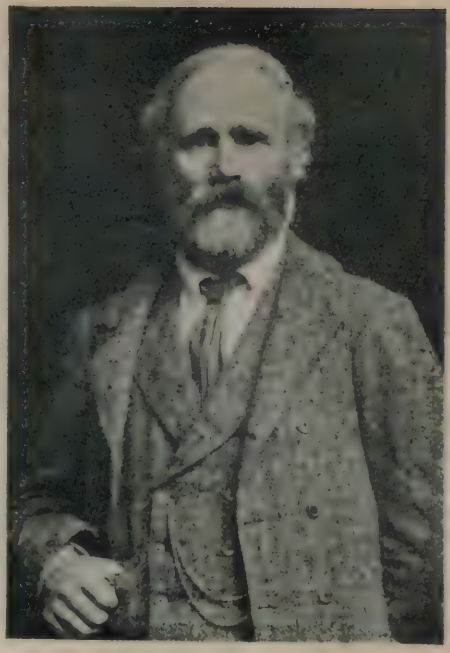
* * *

We must remember it is true that the period of growth in Canada did not begin until perhaps ten years ago,

and was not greatly marked until even later, while there are many indications that the present rate of growth will even increase in the future. But this is all uncertain. The tendency of the Western prairie is to big farms and a frairie population of four or five millions farming on the grand scale of the Westerner is a more attractive prospect that three or four times that number of people meagrely sustained by small farms. In a few years, too, immigration may turn elsewhere. For the first time in the history of the United States the emigrants were last year larger in number than the immigrants. As to looking for a vastly larger population from the natural increase, it may be said that the natural increase is at present a theory only on the American continent, save in the Province of Quebec.

* * *

Turning from the visionary to the practical, it is most satisfactory to note the extreme and apparently universal cordiality, entirely irrespective of party, with which the appointment of Prof. Adam Shortt, of Queen's, to the Civil Service Commission has been received. The appointment of Prof. Shortt and his colleague, Mr. Larochelle, was announced on September 1st, the day on which the new Civil Service Act came into force, and the new regime may be said to have commenced from that day. It represents a carefully planned scheme for lifting the civil service of Canada out of the region of politics and placing it on the higher plane of merit, so far as this may be practical, and the first appointments to the commission are generally taken to show the earnest desire of the Government to get the best possible good out of the new Act. Prof. Shortt represents to a rare degree the combination of those qualities of the scholar and the practical man which would appear to be desirable in the position to which he has been appointed, and he is also peculiarly



MR. KEIR HARDIE,
THE BRITISH LABOR LEADER, WHO RECENTLY CAME TO CANADA ON A VISIT

fortunate in having secured an extraordinary measure of public confidence, the latter being due largely, no doubt, to the great success with which, by the machinery provided by the Lemieux Act, he had adjusted during the last eighteen months a large number of exceedingly difficult industrial disputes. Mr. Larochelle is less widely known than Prof. Shortt, but there is no general suggestion that he is not a fitting colleague for that gentleman. It will rest now with the Board of Civil Service Commissioners to bring the public service of Canada up to a state of efficiency in every way worthy of the great interests in its keeping.

* * *

The recent visit to Canada of Mr. Keir Hardie has called attention once more to the striking, if not startling, successes of the British Labor party in securing Parliamentary representation at the last general election. Mr.

Keir Hardie is himself, perhaps, the most interesting and certainly one of the most forceful members of the party. It is impossible for the average citizen to accept his dictums on society and politics generally, but he must, at least, be accepted as an outstanding evidence of vast changes that are looming everywhere on the social horizon; and this, too, must be said for him and for most of those who think with him, that the basis of the agitation they promote is humanitarianism rather than selfishness, idealism rather than materialism, and as such must serve as an incentive to all those who are less extreme, less optimistic, perhaps, and who believe themselves to be more practical, to redouble their efforts to alleviate the miseries that follow in the wake of modern civilization. Mr. Keir Hardie's remedies are crude and hasty, but his fearless and indomitable spirit and the overwhelming intensity of his convictions compel attention. Socialism, his panacea, is, as most of us believe, impracticable without a revolution in human nature, and how shall this be accomplished when two thousand years of Christianity have left human nature where it is? Yet the eager zeal and splendid optimism of men like Keir Hardie, illogical and unreasoning as they frequently are, succeed often where the churches have failed, and appear to be really awakening the public conscience to a keener sense of duty, and are thus, perhaps, after all laying the foundation of that uplifting of human nature which is essential to an amelioration of present injustices.

* * *

Quite lately, it may be added, the British Labor party effected a change in its constitution that seems to indicate an increased degree of cohesion and, presumably, a greater measure of success at the next general election. In 1906, when fifty-four Labor members were elected, one only came in under the auspices of the Parliamentary Labor Committee; fifteen of the remainder were elected by the Miners' Federation; the rest independently of either organization. The Parliamentary Labor Committee was backed by the trades organizations generally, less the powerful Miners' Federation. This latter body has now decided to throw in its lot with the trades unions generally, and the united body will have a membership of nearly a million and a quarter. The next general election in Great Britain is not likely to give so vast a majority to either party as the present Government possesses, and it is well within the region of things probable that, with the larger numbers which growth and increased unity may bring the Labor party, the latter may hold the balance of power.

* * *

In the meantime, the present British Government has amazed the world by its radicalism and by the thoroughness with which it is setting about great social reforms which are in themselves little short of revolutions. The Licensing Bill and the Old-age Pension Act particularly typify the new legislative spirit, and it is to be remarked that even Mr. Redmond, the Irish leader, has a word of praise for the latter measure, and few pieces of legislation not specially devoted to Ireland have won approval from such a quarter these many years. Mr. Redmond admits that seventy thousand old persons in Ireland will receive immediate benefit under the Act. The Irish Universities Act, too, has been accepted by Mr. Redmond in a conciliatory spirit, and, on the whole, the radicalism of Mr. Asquith's Government seems to have brought about distinctly better relations between Great Britain and Ireland. The question yet remains to be settled how the country will stand the great new financial burden cast upon it, but, in the meantime, so long as it can keep aloof from war,

the expenditure will, no doubt, prove to be supportable.

* * *

Wonder is sometimes expressed at the apparently greater degree of purity in civic life which prevails in Great Britain as compared with Canada and the United States, though there have been some striking exceptions of late. One substantial reason for the difference is found in the fate that in England awaits detected "grafters," to adopt the popular phrase. The case of the guardians of Mile End, a division of London, is a notable one. The members conspired with one Calcutt, a contractor, to cheat the ratepayers by giving Calcott contracts at exorbitant figures and receiving back doles from the contractor. We have heard of such things in Canada. The whole board appears to have been implicated, including two ex-chairmen, one of whom had been three times mayor of Stepney. The whole party was sent to jail for terms varying from nine months to two years, and was, in addition, mulcted in fines ranging from £25 up to £250. This should help to prevent grafting there.

* * *

As to war, the matter is canvassed more actively than ever as between Germany and Great Britain. Statesmen in each country begin to allude more or less covertly to the matter, always asserting that such a war would be a crime, yet tacitly admitting that crime is possible—on a national as on an individual scale. Mr. Lloyd-George, deprecating the idea that Germany could have as a motive for war with Britain the hope of possessing some portions of the outer Empire, declared that "nothing will alter the destiny of communities like Canada, Australia, South Africa and India." If we take this statement literally, it is very true; nothing will alter the destiny, but how shall we know that destiny? If we assume that Mr. Lloyd-George meant to declare that these communities are for all times fixed as members of the British Empire, he is a stronger Imperialist than has been generally believed. The declaration is safe enough, we may believe without difficulty, in the case of Canada; but it is somewhat daring in the case of India and South Africa, particularly in the case of the latter country when we remember what it cost to guide destiny into a proper course a few years ago. As to Australia, Premier Deakin is evidently not satisfied to rely on destiny, or wholly even on that strong ally of destiny, the British navy, but seized the occasion of the visit to Sydney of the United States fleet to appeal to Australians to begin immediately to build a navy for the Commonwealth. Meanwhile the action of Germany in recognizing Mulai Hafid, the usurping Sultan of Morocco, in face of the efforts of France to control the situation in Morocco, is precisely the kind of act that may one day upset all calculations and force a war at which the civilized world would revolt.

* * *

New Zealand continues to struggle gallantly, even desperately, with the most difficult phases of the labor problem. Compulsory arbitration has been generally accounted a failure because of the extreme difficulty of enforcing an award to which the men object. The Government is undertaking, however, in a bill recently introduced, to strengthen the principle of compulsory arbitration in this respect, and the measure contains most drastic features looking to the enforcement of awards. The bill applies not to public utilities alone, as in the case of the Canadian Act, but to a vast number of other industries, though not to all; and a strike is forbidden not merely until after an investigation looking to settlement has taken place, as again in the case of Canada, but under any and all circumstances, subject to a

PROF. ADAM SHORTT, WHO HAS BEEN APPOINTED TO THE CIVIL SERVICE COMMISSION

penalty, in the case of every worker who is a party to the strike, of £10, and an additional fine of £1 for each week during which the strike may continue, and he be a party thereto. The corresponding penalties for a lockout are £200 for the initial offence, and £50 a week during its continuance. Moreover, the bill proposes penalties not only for aiding and abetting a strike or lockout, but for publishing any expression of approval of the same. It is in the collection of penalties, however, that the new bill is most severe. The fine will not be optional with imprisonment, this having been considered impracticable as well as undesirable, but, if the penalty remains unpaid, the amount will be deducted by the defaulter's employer from the wages of the striker as soon as he shall be earning any, and the defaulting worker may be followed from one employer to another until the fine is paid; while if the employer fails to deduct the amount of the penalty from the man's wages he can be sued for the same by the inspector of awards in the magistrate's court. If a judgment against a union or association is not satisfied within a month the individual members will be liable up to the amount of £5 each. No such drastic labor legislation has been anywhere previously attempted, and it is not surprising to hear that in some quarters it has been denounced as tyrannical. Yet it is not clear how compulsory arbitration can be in any other way enforced. It is doubtful if any Government could administer such a law as is now proposed, and it is probably but a final attempt to prop up the impracticable system of compulsory arbitration before definitely abandoning it in favor, it may be, of the milder and more conciliatory, and certainly not less successful, law of Canada.

The WAY of LETTERS

Nay, all that I strove to do;
However it end, was done
For You, and The love of You,
The Golden-Throated One!
Arthur Stringer.

An autograph verse from Arthur Stringer's poem "The Three Voices"

IN this age, when even the plots of our novels seem possessed by the demon of hurry, it is a surprise and a relief to pick up a book which goes slowly and which, by a strong hold upon the interest, compels its reader to go slowly, too. Of such nature is "The Cliff End," by E. C. Booth, a delightful book, a book which insists on taking you for rambles through a sunny stretch of Yorkshire coast and has leisure enough to stop and admire the scenery and laugh good-naturedly at the dry humor of the rustics; every single one of whom we know as a personal friend before it is time to say good-bye. This, to some, may promise dullness, but here dullness is impossible, since, during all the time we spend in gossip with the Ullbrig folk, our interest is firmly held by the main thread of the story —as delightful a love idyl as may well be imagined.

In the United States "The Cliff End" is published under the title of "The Post Girl," a name which describes the somewhat unique occupation of the heroine. Pam, with her parentage shrouded in mystery, is simply one more proof of the fact that an old situation, in proper hands, is just every bit as good as a new one, if not better. In fact, it is not until we have finished the book with a sigh of regret that we may remember having heard before of young village girls who are above their surroundings, and who turn out to be ladies by birth. The beauty of Pam's case is that we do not care in the least what she turns out to be, and neither does the lucky young musician who falls in love with her, and neither does anybody who has spent five minutes in her frank, sweet company. But though Pam is easily first in our affections, the boarder at the "Cliff End" is a good second; we

find in him a delightful friend from whom we are loath to part, and from the first we look upon his attachment to Pam with approval. It speaks well for the author's confidence that he depends very little upon plot and almost altogether upon the real interest we feel in the personalities he creates for us, and it speaks still better for his power that this confidence is justified. What plot there is, is of the most natural and unstrained kind, rising spontaneously out of the human frailties of the characters. Pam, in a fit of jealousy, hides a letter which she knows is from the lady to whom her lover is, presumably, engaged; she is immediately repentant, but restitution becomes unexpectedly impossible, and complication after complication arises in the natural order of things. The fact that the letter which Pam has hidden contains her lover's release without dishonor to himself is one of those little ironies of which fate seems endlessly capable, but in this case a good story is not needlessly spoiled by a dark ending, and the lovers find their way into each other's arms before the curtain falls.

Any notice of the book would be incomplete without mention of Father Mostyn, the Vicar of Ullbrig, a character as unique as it is enjoyable. Nowhere else in fiction do we remember to have met anyone in the least like him, and yet we know him immediately in the way we know Mr. Micawber and Colonel Newcombe and all the dear and incomparable people of our book-world. In fact, we feel that not to have read "The Cliff End" would be a loss in more ways than one, and further books by the same writer will be awaited with much more than usual interest. (Toronto: The Macmillan Company of Canada. Cloth, $1.25.)

MR. CY WARMAN,
AUTHOR OF "WEIGA OF TEMAGAMI"

* * *

Indian Songs and Stories

A happy field for short stories was discerned by Mr. Cy Warman, who enjoys a wide international reputation as a writer, when he began to take advantage of the wealth of color and romance that distinguishes the customs, characteristics and legends of the Northwest Indians. The chief result of Mr. Warman's travels and observations in remote districts of the Northwest is the publication of a volume of short stories under the title of "Weiga of Temagami." The title applies particularly to the first story. No writer who

does not possess wide sympathies with Indian character could have produced a series of tales, all so excellent and so imbued with the spirit of the wilds.

"The Cross of the Cree" is a good example of Mr. Warman's art in this particular branch of literary work. It is the tragic tale of an unfortunate Indian maiden who was a victim of a pernicious custom affecting giving and taking in marriage amongst the tribes of Saskatchewan. A number of songs on Indian themes, written in Mr. Warman's best style, are interspersed among the stories, and they add much to the attractiveness of the volume. A word should be said for the book from an artistic standpoint, for it is unusually well set up, and the decorations and illustrations are excellent as well as novel. (Toronto: McLeod and Allen. Cloth, $1.50.)

* * *

More Animal Stories

Another volume of short stories comes from the pen of Mr. Charles G. D. Roberts, who is becoming one of the most prolific of Canadian writers. As the title, "The House in the Water," might indicate, the book is composed of a series of brief accounts of the ways and customs of some of the furred creatures that haunt the forest fastnesses. The first story, which gives title to the book, deals with the life of a beaver colony in a New Brunswick lumber wood. Having many indications of careful and accurate drawing, the picture presented of a beaver dam and much of what its construction entails is full of interest and information. Stirring incidents and adventures are interwoven to good effect. Other animal stories follow, all written in Mr. Roberts' best style. The last story, "Sonny and the Kid," is a capital appreciation of canine devotedness. It shows in a somewhat pathetic way how the good intentions of an animal might be easily misunderstood, and ends with an admirable account of how Sonny proved his nobility and faithfulness. (Boston: L. C. Page and Company; Toronto: William Briggs. Cloth, $1.50.)

* * *

A Book on Loyalty.

Loyalty is a word that is so much abused, and the genesis and spirit of loyalty is so much misunderstood, that it is reassuring to learn of a gentleman in a position of influence having regard to these facts with sufficient seriousness to write a book on the subject. The volume is entitled "The Philosophy of Loyalty," and is a result of a series of lectures delivered on various occasions by Josiah Royce, professor of the history of philosophy in Harvard University, and author of "The Religious Aspect of Philosophy." The book is intended to be an appeal to any reader who has a fondness for ideals, and who may also be willing to review his own ideals in a somewhat new light and philosophical spirit. Prof. Royce regards loyalty as the heart of all the virtues, the central duty amongst duties, and in his presentation and elaboration of his theory he has produced an extremely interesting work. (Toronto: The Macmillan Company of Canada.)

* * *

Notes

—One of the handsomest volumes of verse that have come from the press of a Canadian publishing house for some time is entitled "The Wing of the Wild Bird." The author is Dr. Albert D. Watson, who is author also of "Sovereignty of Ideals" and "Sovereignty of Character." While not displaying particular poetic feeling, the verses are rhythmic and of lofty conception. (Toronto: William Briggs. Cloth, $1.00.)

—Admirers of books written by Alice Brown are likely to consider the treatment of her latest novel, "Rose

McLeod." as being both fresh and untiring. The characters introduced are of a kind that become more interesting as the succeeding chapters are read. An outstanding person is the heroine's father, who poses as a professional labor agitator. He arrives in America about the time that his daughter, Rose, is endeavoring to become one of a family circle on the plea of being the widow of the brother of Electra, a member of the household. Much amusing incident is due to Electra, and this because of her New England conscience. Other persons that mean much in the story are an American art student, recently returned from Paris; his eccentric brother, whose physical condition caused him to become a gardener; an old lady possessed of a fund of wit, and her lover, an old man of comely mien. The climax of the love affair of this aged couple is decidedly different from that of Rose and the gardener, and yet both, so far as the reader is concerned, have a satisfactory wind-up. (Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin and Co. Cloth, $1.50.)

—"Popular Fallacies" is the title of an invaluable book by A. S. E. Ackermann. It is in itself a storehouse of knowledge, and by reference to it many ignorant and harmful notions might be set right. (Toronto: Cassell & Company. Cloth, $1.80.)

—"The Romance of Medicine" is the title of an extremely interesting book by Dr. Ronald Campbell Macfie. It is a romance founded on fact, and the author shows the imaginative aspect and romantic character of medical discovery. He has also presented the facts with scientific accuracy and in their correct historical context. The volume is therefore of interest to the medical profession as well as to the general public. (Toronto: Cassell & Company. Cloth, $1.80.)

—"The Romance of the Reaper," by Herbert N. Casson, which ran serially in one of the leading magazines of the United States, has been published in book form. Mr. Casson is a Canadian who, in this work has made a decided impression in the field of journalism. The book, although it gives the history of a great American industry, reads like a fabulous tale, full of wonder and huge achievement. (New York: Doubleday, Page & Company. Cloth, $1).

—Volume forty-three of that excellent art publication "The Studio," contains a brief appreciation of Miss Laura Muntz of Montreal, a clever Canadian painter, and reproduces also photographs of two of her paintings. The number is full of material of great interest and value to all persons interested in the progress of art. There are articles on many of the leading schools and artists of the day, with excellent reproductions of their work, together with notes and observations on masters who have passed. Other fine arts, besides paintings are considered in a most attractive way. (London: The Studio Publishing Company, 44 Leicester square).

—Bible lessons for schools, to form a series, have been written by Miss E. M. Knox, Principal of Havergal College, Toronto, and published by the Macmillan Company of Canada at forty cents each. Apart altogether from their religious aspect, the lessons are valuable in the amount of information they contain bearing on the Scriptures.

—Mr. Ray Palmer Baker of Hamilton has shown his appreciation of the purpose of the Quebec Battlefields Fund by offering to the fund the profits during May, June and July from the sale of his volume of verse entitled "Cronyn Hall." The book contains several other poems, but the chief one is intended to serve as an introduction to a more pretentious work to commemorate the struggles and achievements of U. E. Loyalists. (Toronto: William Briggs).

Within The Sanctum

COMING close at this autumn time of year to a familiar scene of boyhood, imagination was keen in its reversion of the senses to a fanciful appreciation of those things that appealed most to one of tender years. It was therefore easy to forget that time and tide wait for no man, and that joys of to-day are sorrows of to-morrow. For the old mill, the old brook, and the old hillside were still there, but surely they are like some persons who have always been old and who seem to never grow older. The mere anticipation of threshing day had aroused so keen a play of imagination, a retrospect so realistic, that nothing would do but a visit to the old haunt on the day that had been so many years ago the day of all days for that picturesque community. And with dwelling on the prospect and near approach to the scene came a mental rehearsal of joys that had been full of wonder and enthrallment years ago and that even now possessed alluring qualities equal to those of a dramatic play or great theatrical pageant. The brook and the mill and the village on the hill had their parts to take in the preparation for a proper appreciation of the chief glory of the occasion, and, although they seemed to have stood serenely still, it was not so of the unfenced woodland and the cows that used to pasture on the highway.

With the motor going at full regulation speed, and the village, with the farm beyond in sight, these things were almost overlooked, and the ear involuntary turned to catch the first boom of the thresher. Perhaps the wind was in the wrong direction, for no sound was heard save the whirr of the speeding motor and the contact of gravel with rubber tires.

Already the picture had been well sketched from memory, and now all that it required was to fill in the details and get models for careful drawing. Still, it was a convincing picture as it stood. The dwelling was low and long and deep. It was of stone, with low-trailing outbuildings and a spring-house hard by. The barn was likewise low, with low, rambling stables, pens and other log and frame structures forming a right angle in one corner of the yard.

Coming up the lane the ear catches the first sound of the threshing, but the light hum of the machines against a keen memory of the deep booming of an earlier day is the first painful reminder that time has changed the spirit as well as the face of things and that modernism, with philistinic hand, has come our way. And yet, has romance ever been appreciated in its own day? The horse-power thresher, with its attendant charms, was a great modern, utilitarian device compared with the primitive flail of our grandfathers; but now we see it as those who used it should have seen.

It is but ordinary courtesy to enter the house first and pay respects to the mistress, to admire the maidens who have gathered to help with the cooking and the quilting but, most of all, to provide partners for the rustics, who are already thoughtful of the evening's festivities. What a charming picture will be composed by these daughters of the neighboring farms! And with what zest they will

engage the duties and the pleasantries of the day! Can they ever be forgotten: Betsy Butson, Hannah Hogarth, Susan Sanderson, Lucy Lovelace, Kate Karney, Anna Anderson?

The cooking will be a tremendous, and withal joyful undertaking, for there will be an abundance of everything needed. And so the air will be redolent of spiced hams, roasting fowl, boiling beef, apple dumplings, pumpkin pies, alderberry pies, apple pies, mince pies, and what not else? Thus the passage through the kitchen will reveal an enormous spread of many things edible, but most tempting for the moment will be the pan of harvest apples resting on the tree trunk near the pump. The harvest apple had almost a royal prerogative at all threshings, and it took second place only to the cider, to which it was a natural stepping-stone.

But what strange quiet prevails about the house on this particular threshing day! No unusual stir is apparent, and there is no lavish display of viands. Listless of expression, the mistress gives formal welcome. No bevy of wholesome maidens greets the eye, but the hired girl proceeds with the preparation of a meal as if it were the most oppressive of all household tasks.

Poor Betsy and Hannah and Susan and Lucy and Kate and Anna! They have all gone, and no daughters of neighboring farms may take their places. For quilts are now so cheap at the stores that the old-fashioned kind are not worth the time of making, and carpets cost little more than the price of weaving, not counting in the trouble of sewing the rags together. Thus, there is no more quilting or sewing of rags.

But there will be the dance at night?

No! The dancing is now done in the winter, on waxed floors in the public hall. "Sir Roger de Coverley," "Money Musk," the cotillion, eight-hand reel, cut-out jig, schottische, and minuet are no longer danced, and carpets do not conform to the requirements of the waltz, two-step, and three-step.

But the threshers must be fed?

Oh, yes. Still it is no longer a formidable task. Circumstances have changed, simplification has set in.

Be thankful the harvest apples will still be there in the pan on the tree-trunk near the old pump. No? The tree that once spread its spacious limbs across the farthest corner of the orchard is almost dead, but it still bears a few "scrubs," and for those who are so inclined there is liberty to go and partake.

Perhaps the cider will form the missing link between the present and the past, but, alas! cider is now almost an unknown quantity. Easy means of transportation and the opening of markets abroad have called on the orchards to meet the demand, and the apples go barrelled to foreign parts. We might have noticed by the wayside that the cider mill is now a neglected ruin, and have remembered that to-day apples are sold by the orchard instead of by the bushel.

However, it was, after all, the threshing that had called us forth Unconsciously we already see in their places men from the nearby farms, and the cider jug coming back for its second filling. Again we listen for the great hum of the threshing machine and, above it, in fancy we hear the long-drawn whistle of the driver, Mark Martin, coming like the soft sound of an old, almost forgotten song. What a rare accomplishment it is to produce that whistle well, and what an expert Mark Martin was at it! Mark would be there still, for no threshing could be complete without him. He used to stand in the middle of the ring formed by the horses, and with the long-lashed whip in one hand, and the whistle on his lips, he was the envy of youths and the pride of every maiden for miles around. The horses seemed

to know him, and when his whistle broke forth above everything else they would settle down to an even rhythmic stride, proud of being able to step smartly over the twirling drive-bar and not touch it.

Poor old Mark Martin and his horses and his whistling! Mark is gone, and no man may take his place. The horses are gone too, and no horses may take their places. The whistling is only a picturesque memory, and the screech of the engine cannot restore it.

Notwithstanding these ruthless changes of time, the wonder and fascination that were felt as a child still lure on with amazing tenacity, even in face of a new, high, tin-roofed, stone-based barn that now replaces the low, rambling structures of a former day. This new building is approached with strong hope that the mental picture will be realized in at least some of its main features. But the picture becomes less vivid as the actual scene gradually unfolds. Nevertheless there is enough imagination left to place Harry Harper at the mouth of the thresher, and Billy Butson cutting the bands. No five men in any mow could throw sheaves on to the table too fast for Billy, and Harry Harper could feed to the full capacity of any machine. But there will be happy rivalry in the effort of the men in the mow to crowd Billy with sheaves, and happy rivalry likewise in Billy's effort to choke the feeder. Old Charlie himself will be carrying the buckets of grain into bins and checking them off on a tally card nailed to the granary door. No: the imagination can scarcely go that far, for old Charlie passed from the scene long ago, even before the scene itself began to change.

Poor old Charlie! And poor Harry Harper and poor Billy Butson! They are all gone, and no others may take their places. The thresher cuts the bands and feeds itself, and therefore there is no longer any happy rivalry between the men in the mow and the two that once stood at the intake; and the machine now delivers and records the grain it threshes.

But we must see young Charlie at the head of the carriers. Ah, that is the place for robust manhood! What were the other stackers compared with the one who faced the dust and chaff of the first handling? To make a well-shaped, stable stack was a pride in which all shared alike, but the brunt of the undertaking fell upon young Charlie.

Poor young Charlie and the other stackers under him! They are all gone, and no others may take their places. For the machine now belches forth its own straw and dust and chaff, and makes a stack of its own proportioning.

We had come forth to regain the spirit of a great festival of the farm, but we went back wondering at the change that time had wrought. We know now in a slight way what revolution machinery, transportation facilities and the acquisition of foreign markets have brought about in the social life of the farm. We have not attempted to learn what economic changes they have also caused. We wonder whether the present is so unromantic and so unpicturesque as it seems, and whether in time to come men will not look back on this generation and find interest and entertainment in our primitive ways. This much we do know, that nothing can be fully romantic that is new, and nothing can be wholly picturesque that is not old.

The Editor

What Others are Laughing at

NOTHING DOING.

Rip Van Winkle returned from his long sleep looking fresh as a daisy, and made his way to the village barber shop, not only because he needed a hair-cut and shave, but also because he wished to catch up on the news.

"Let's see," said he to the barber, after he was safely tucked in the chair, "I've been asleep twenty years, haven't I?"

"Yep," replied the tonsorialist.

"Have I missed much?"

"Nope, we bin standin' pat."

"Has Congress done anything yet?"

"Not a thing."

"Jerome done anything?"

"Nope."

"Platt resigned?"

"Nope."

"Panama Canal built?"

"Nope."

"Bryan been elected?"

"Nope."

"Carnegie poor?"

"Nope."

"Well, say," said Rip, rising up in the chair, "never mind shaving the other side of my face. I'm going back to sleep again."—*Success.*

"THE HERO OF THE MATCH" —Australian *Life*

PARSON (discovering odd-job man working at the chapel) "Why, Giles, I was not aware that you cut the grass for the dissenters too?"

GILES: "Well, your reverence, I does sometimes; but I don't use the same scythe!" —*Punch*

AN ANALOGY.

In the late financial stringency a clerk in one of the New York banks was trying to explain to a stolid old Dutchman why the bank could not pay cash to depositors as formerly, and was insisting that he be satisfied with Clearing House checks. But the old man could not grasp the situation, and finally the president of the bank was called upon to enlighten the dissatisfied customer. After a detailed explanation of the financial situation the president concluded: "Now, my good man, you understand, don't you?"

"Yes," dubiously replied the Dutchman, "I tinks I understand. It's just like this; ven my baby vakes up in der night and cries for milk, I give her a milk ticket."—*Harper's Weekly.*

FELINE CONVERTS.

A street boy of diminutive stature was trying to sell some very young kittens to passers-by. One day he accosted the late Rev. Phillips Brooks, asking him to purchase, and recommending them as good Episcopal kittens. Dr. Brooks laughingly refused, thinking them too small to be taken from their mother. A few days later a Presbyterian minister who had witnessed this episode was asked by the same boy to buy the same kittens. This time the lad announced that they were faithful Presbyterians.

"Didn't you tell Dr. Brooks last week that they were Episcopal kittens?" the minister asked sternly.

"Yes, sir," replied the boy quickly, "but they's had their eyes opened since then sir." — *Everybody's Magazine.*

THE MERRY MUSE

THE THUNDER

By DONALD A. FRASER

When de win' is wild an' roarin'
  An' de rain comes down a-pourin'
An' de lightnin' sets to chatt'rin' ev'y
    toof;
  Wid a whoop an' wid a bellow,
  Comes a hurly-burly fellow,
An' he starts to rollin' bar'ls along
    our roof.

All night long he keeps dem rollin'
  Like a lot o' boys a-bowlin',
An' I get all sort o' creepy; dat's
    de troof;
  For I feel de house a-shakin',
  An' I lie dere all a-quakin'
'Cause I hate to hear dem bar'ls upon
    our roof.

If dat fellow doesn't drop it,
  When I'm big, I'll make him stop
    it,
An' he'll have to show de quickness
    of his hoofs;
  For, if he don't skedaddle,
  I will show him dere's a lad'll
Shoot de man who rolls ol' bar'ls
    down people's roofs.

* * *

CUPID'S BARGAIN DAY

There's the sound of eager voices,
  And the fluttering of skirts,
While the maiden fair rejoices
  And the golf links fast deserts.
Should you wonder whence arises
  This wild thronging from all parts—
Crafty Cupid advertises:
  "Here's a bargain day in hearts."

There are hearts with gold all braided,
  There are hearts with fatal hurts,
There are hearts all bent and faded
  That are quickly snatched by flirts.
Sales go forward—never stopping—
  Cupid's counters soon are bare;
Womankind delights in shopping,
  And these hearts are remnants rare.

Some these hearts are cracked or
    broken,
  Every one possessed a flaw;
Many bitter words are spoken,
  Wrathful maidens go to law.
Yet, to-day, no fraud surprises
  And once more upon the marts
Crafty Cupid advertises:
  "Here's a bargain day in hearts."

J. G.

* * *

OPTIMISM

I'm quite devoid of money,
  As everybody knows;
But the summer sky is sunny
  And there's perfume to the rose.
For gold that's bright and yellow
  The golden-rod will do.
I'm as rich as any fellow,
  Or that's my point of view!

The song the breezes utter,
  The twittering of birds,
The leaves that lisp and flutter,
  My true love's tender words.
The lakes that dance and dimple,
  The scent of fir and pine—
I own them in fee simple—
  Hence, all the world is mine!

I have no broad green acres
  Of which I'm over lord,
But joy's for any takers,
  And joy's my only hoard;
And while my comrades name me
  Companion in their mirth,
I shall myself proclaim me
  "The richest man on earth!"

—Berton Braley, in *Life*.

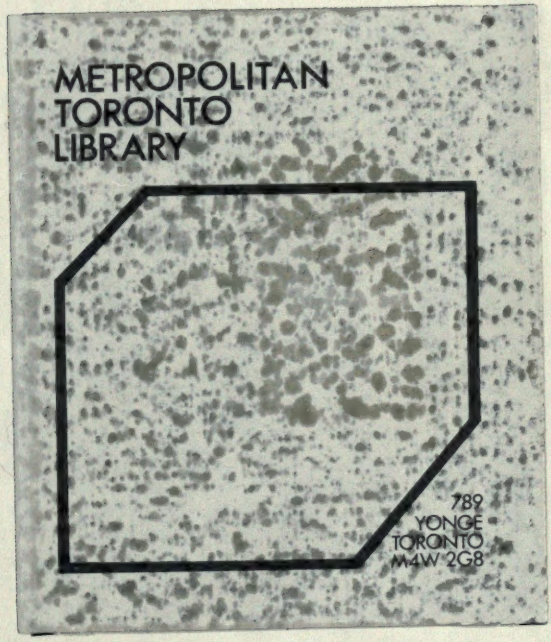
* * *

SPECULATION

I married her for money, boys,
  Just as a speculation,
The girl herself I didn't take
(And that's just where I made the
    break)
  Into consideration

K. C.

GIC
REF
CIR
SR
REF
CIR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